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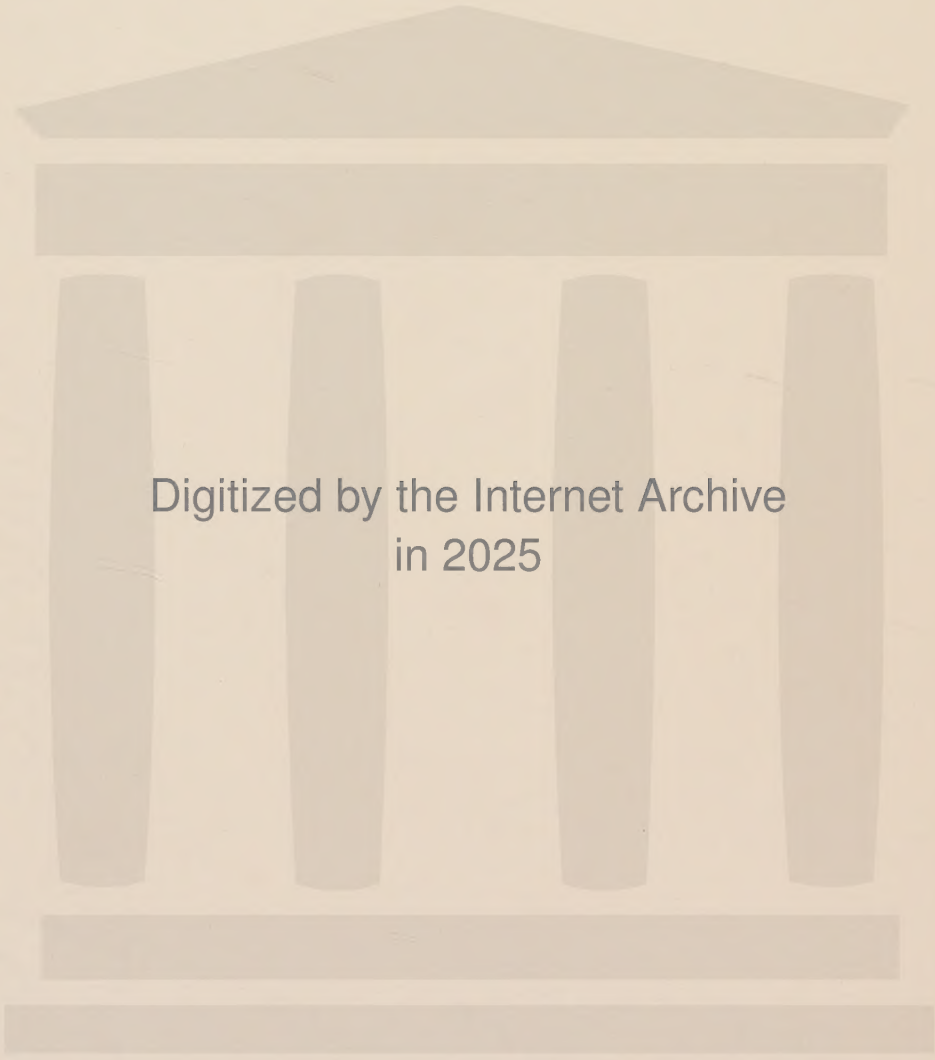
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THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE T. KEATING

1929
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Garden City, New York

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GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

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JOSEPH TEODOR KONRAD KORZENIOWSKI

DECEMBER 3, 1857—AUGUST 3, 1924

FOREWORD

THIS *library, I believe, speaks for itself. Completeness, condition, and association interest are present in every item. Conrad's position in literature is secure, and is in need of no further testimony His nobility of character and understanding of the human heart have been revealed to us by his wife and his friends, and by Conrad himself in his books. Ford Madox Ford truly says 'He was the noblest human being I have ever known," and that—is everything.*

Above all I am indebted to the master himself; only his sustained interest in the collection made possible its completion. He wrote on October 28, 1922, "Here are the two pamphlets for your Conrad Collection, by which I feel much honored"; on January 28, 1924, "Your project of a marvelously illustrated catalog is almost too much for my modesty"; and again on May 29th of the same year, "I venture to add to it four pages of another preface for a little book called 'The Nature of a Crime'—collaborated with Hueffer many years ago—which will appear at the end of this year. I hope you will put those very scratchy pages away with your other MSS. as a memento of our friendship and the affectionate esteem in which I hold you. It is a very small item, but it is unique as the only preface I have written for any collaborated piece of work."

I wish to express my appreciation and deepest thanks to Mrs. Jessie Conrad for her invaluable assistance, and to those artists who have

paused in their own creative work to render tribute through the special prefaces that appear in this catalogue; to Mr. Richard Curle for his many kindnesses, and, further, as literary executor of the estate, for allowing me to include the several unpublished fragments of MS. and certain letters of Conrad's that appear in the text; to Mr. Ford Madox Ford, friend and collaborator of Conrad's; to Mr. James F. Drake and Colonel Marston E. Drake, Mr. Gabriel Wells, Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, Mr. Meredith Janvier, Mr. Alwin J. Scheuer, Messrs. Maggs Brothers of London, all the finest of gentlemen and the most honourable of booksellers; to M. Gaston Pilon and M. Henri Hardy, "The French Binders," foremost in their craft, who fashioned the bindings and solander cases for the entire collection.

And to my good wife for her patience with the foibles of a bibliophile, the truth of which every collector will understand.

GEORGE T. KEATING

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD	vii
ALMAYER'S FOLLY: THE PRELUDE, *H. M. Tomlinson*	3
1-3	7
AN OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS, *Sir Hugh Clifford*	14
4-6	23
THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS, *Christopher Morley*	28
7-17	31
TALES OF UNREST, *Edward Garnett*	50
18-24	56
LORD JIM, *T. F. Powys*	65
25-29	70
THE INHERITORS, *Ford Madox Ford*	74
30-33	83
YOUTH, *Llewelyn Powys*	88
34-40	94
TYPHOON, *Mary Austin*	103
41-55	110
ROMANCE, *William McFee*	120
56-59	129
NOSTROMO, *John Galsworthy*	138
60-66	138

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE MIRROR OF THE SEA, *Felix Riesenberg*	151
67-72	153
THE SECRET AGENT, *Hugh Walpole*	159
73-79	164
A SET OF SIX, *Arthur Symons*	170
80-87	181
UNDER WESTERN EYES, *Henry Seidel Canby*	187
88-89	193
SOME REMINISCENCES (*A Personal Record*), *Jessie Conrad*	196
90-96	200
'TWIXT LAND AND SEA, *Liam O'Flaherty*	207
97-102	212
CHANCE, *John Cowper Powys*	217
103-107	223
WITHIN THE TIDES, *Struthers Burt*	230
108-112	240
VICTORY, *Arthur Machen*	245
113-116	249
THE SHADOW LINE, *David W. Bone*	255
117-125	261
THE ARROW OF GOLD, *Richard Curle*	273
126-130	278
THE RESCUE, *Neil Munro*	288
131-136	294

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
NOTES ON LIFE AND LETTERS	301
137-177	301
THE ROVER, *G. Jean-Aubry*	326
178-184	336
THE NATURE OF A CRIME	348
185-187	348
SUSPENSE, *G. Jean-Aubry*	351
188-192	358
TALES OF HEARSAY	364
193-200	364
LAST ESSAYS	371
201-229	371
PERSONAL DOCUMENTS, WORKS BIOGRAPHICAL, CRITICAL, AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL, LETTERS, ETC.	397
230-304	397

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Joseph Conrad, from the painting by Walter Tittle *Frontispiece*

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS

Mrs. Conrad, 1926 54

Ford Madox Ford, 1927 86

Drawing by Philip Carter for "Heart of Darkness" 102

Joseph Conrad, 1904 134

Joseph Conrad, 1922, with Inscription 150

Conrad in New York, 1923 214

Conrad's Master's Certificate (No. 124) 230

Inscribed Photographs of Conrad Aboard of H.M.S. *Ready,* 1916 (No. 215) 278

The *Torrens* (No. 207) 294

Conrad's Sketch of Peyrol (No. 178) 342

The Last Picture, 1924 358

Inscribed Photograph of H.M.S. *Ready* (No. 214) 390

Conrad's Grave 406

FROM BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS

Inscription to Miss Jessie George in "Almayer's Folly" (No. 1) 8

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Inscription in "Almayer's Folly" (No. 2) 10

Inscription in "An Outcast of the Islands" (No. 4) 22

Inscription to Mrs. Conrad in "An Outcast of the Islands" (No. 5) 26

Title-Page of the 1897 "Nigger" (No. 7) 32

Conrad's Discharge from the *Narcissus* (No. 11) 40

Part of Letter from Conrad to T. Fisher Unwin (No. 11) 44

First Page of MS of "A Victim of Progress" ("An Outpost of Progress") (No. 21) 61

Inscribed Title-Page of "Lord Jim" (No. 25) 71

Last Page of MS of "Heart of Darkness" (No. 37) 99

Page from MS of "Typhoon" (No. 44) 114

Page from MS of "Romance" in Conrad's Handwriting (No. 56) 128

Page from MS of "Romance" in Hueffer's Handwriting (No. 56) 130

Last Page of MS of "Nostromo" (No. 60) 140

Page from MS of "Nostromo" (No. 65) 149

Half-Title Page of "The Mirror of the Sea," with Inscription on the *Tremolino* (No. 67) 154

First Page of MS of Author's Note to "The Secret Agent" (No. 76) 166

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Inscribed Title-Page of "The Secret Agent" (No. 77) 168

Inscription in "The Point of Honor" (No. 83) 185

Inscription in "Under Western Eyes" (No. 88) 194

Signed Title-Page of "Some Reminiscences" (No. 90) 201

First Page of MS of "A Smile of Fortune" (No. 102) 215

Inscribed Title-Page of "Chance" (No. 103) 225

Inscribed Title-Page of "Within the Tides" (No. 108) 241

Inscribed Half-Title Page of "Victory" (No. 113) 250

Inscribed Page in "The Shadow Line" (No. 117) 262

First Page of the MS of "The Shadow Line" (No. 120) 267

Conrad's Sketch of Doña Rita in "The Arrow of Gold" (No. 126) 279

Inscription in "The Rescue" (No. 131) 295

Corrected Proofsheet of "The Rescue" (No. 135) 297

Inscription on Proofsheet of "The Rescue" (No. 135) 299

Inscription in "Notes on Life and Letters" (No. 138A) 303

Page from the MS of "Henry James" (No. 143) 306

Inscribed Title-Page of "Autocracy and War" (No. 157) 314

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Page from an Autograph Letter of Lord Nelson (No. 178) 338

First Page of the MS of "The Rover" (No. 183) 346

Page from an Early Draft of "Suspense" (No. 191) 362

First Page of the MS of "The Humane Tomasov" ("The Warrior's Soul") (No. 196) 368

Page from the MS of "Geography and Some Explorers" (No. 204) 374

Inscribed Title-Page of "The 'Torrens'" (No. 207) 377

Last Page of the MS of "Outside Literature" (No. 211) 381

Inscribed Half-Title Page of "John Galsworthy" (No. 221) 390

First Page of MS of Preface to "The Shorter Tales of Joseph Conrad"—the Last Complete MS from Conrad's Pen (No. 223) 393

Earliest English Signature of Conrad Extant (No. 232) 398

Conrad's Discharge from the *Adowa* (No. 232) 400

Letter Requesting Conrad to Take Command of the *Roi des Belges* in the Congo (No. 279) 431

Autograph Letter of Conrad, Sept. 27, 1885 (No. 289) 437

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THE PRELUDE

CONRAD has told us that he "was never one of those wonderful fellows that would go afloat in a wash-tub for the sake of the fun . . . and . . . it was ever just the same with my writing. I must confess," he continued, "that my sybaritic disposition will not consent to write without something at least resembling a chair. Line by line, rather than page by page, was the growth of *Almayer's Folly.*"

Then, if his career as an author depended on the chance of finishing his first book, it would be hard to say how many times we very nearly missed getting the names and the stories which are now so familiar to us that we accept them as we do our own existence, as part of the predestined and inevitable pattern of the world. This story was begun in 1889 in a Pimlico boarding-house, where maybe there was something resembling a chair. Yet sometimes Conrad was in the "wash-tub" at sea, not for fun, but because there was no way out of it, and, cramped and unhappy—nothing near him even remotely suggesting a chair of ease—added a line or two to the folly of poor Almayer. Then he would be compelled to secrete the sheets of his slowly lengthening manuscript under a bunk pillow, or anywhere out of sight of messmates or stewards. Voyage after voyage Almayer and Nina, and some Bornean Malays and Arabs, an invisible company, followed

about the foreign seaman who had adopted the Red Ensign as his emblem, for this Pole had not only become a British master-mariner, but desired to establish a furtive fancy or two in English prose, and for that purpose had enlisted the wraiths of a Dutchman, some Orientals, and a vague adventurer known as Tom Lingard. These were his companions even on the Congo. When escaping, full of fever, from that heart of darkness, he admits there was a passage on the river when he sank so low that he did not care if he and Almayer and all were utterly extinguished. He was in the toils of a dark folly compared with which Almayer's lost significance, and the rapids of the Congo were welcome to both author and manuscript. But he emerged from the forest, with much more than that manuscript, as we see now. The ways of destiny are—let me beg use of the platitude—inscrutable. Almayer came out of the heart of darkness, and much else that we value, and with it all the sailor and author bearing unseen upon him the touch of death, for his period on earth was set by that journey.

There came a time when this story had its first reader, though it was then uncompleted. The clipper ship *Torrens*, Captain W. H. Cope—she was the last of the London sailing ships to carry passengers—in 1893 sailed from the Thames for Adelaide. She had a mate named Joseph Conrad. She had as a passenger a Cambridge graduate named Jacques, who discussed Gibbon, we learn, with the mate of the ship, and the mate asked, as Mr. Jacques was leaving his cabin one night,

whether it would bore him to read a manuscript. The sheets which had survived the forests of tropical Africa were handed over, and later, when the mate asked the passenger—who was returning the manuscript—whether it was worth while completing it, the passenger replied, "distinctly."

We hear of the presence of the same manuscript in the Royal Victoria Dock (Canning Town, London, E.); and again that it was hidden from the eyes of a fellow seaman who had brought a banjo into Conrad's cabin when their steamer lay at a Rouen quay. The company of Malays and Arabs had then carried their secret sharer to Chapter Ten, but the banjo exorcised them for the night. Nina Almayer was speaking at the time, and she was pointing to the sun which was sinking behind the hills of Borneo. "It has set at last," she said. Just then the mate of the steamer, which was moored to a French quay in winter, came in with his banjo and stopped her.

In return for some words of mine about the Amazon, a river I had visited a year or two before, Conrad, beginning with a confession that Para was a landfall he regretted he had never made, spoke of the *Torrens*, and I think he told me his voyage in her was the one after she was dismasted in a blow, when she had to put into a West Indian port for repairs; and I remember his surprise over the fact that I knew her well enough, and could recall the name of her owner when he had forgotten it. How was that? There was really nothing in my knowledge, for I accepted that ship and many more as

casually as I did my father's name; yet when I looked up at Conrad, to add a little about her, I found him alert and watching me as though I were a visitor, not from London, but strangely from a place and time that had gone. Then the conversation began to go much more freely.

As for Almayer, I recall another year when, looking round the "remainders" on the shelf of a Croydon bookseller, I saw, with deep regret, six copies of the first edition of the story of his folly, and took one, for a missionary purpose, and passed it round, and never had it back. It did not, I fear, waken the wonder of those who were warned of what was in it.

Yet now I don't see why it should have done so. What was Macassar to them? What "the poisonous shores of Java," or a river of Borneo? Conrad tells us that a lady described a tale—probably his own—in such a setting, as "decivilized." She was thinking, we can easily guess, of the lurid accessories, still very popular, that are usual to stories of those rivers and coasts—of head-hunters, pirates, island princesses who nourish daggers in their bosoms, and white blackguards who would make a holocaust of innocents for two dollars. To her the Malays were savages. She was unaware that many years before Conrad was coasting in a little steamer between Singapore, Borneo, and Bangkok, Alfred Russell Wallace was voyaging in a junk, in fair comfort, and with the usual measure of safety, between Macassar, and the Aru Islands, with a perfect gentleman (Javanese) for the master of the junk, and that he had established

the tranquil truth of it in a very salty and noteworthy chapter of his *Malay Archipelago*. As to civilization, compare Nina and Dain Maroola of Almayer's Borneo and Bali with, let us say, the civilized characters in Miss Lehmann's *Dusty Answer*, who were so much admired by us; or Malaya with the Mayfair as we are permitted to see it distantly in Mr. Arlen's stories. Personally I prefer the honest smell of the Durian fruit; and only visitors to Malaya will know what that is like; it is useless to explain to those others who do not know it.

This prelude to Conrad's contribution to English letters is genuinely indicative of what was to follow. It is in his veritable handwriting. It is not sensational, and I do not think any of us could have said of it more than did Mr. Jacques of the *Torrens*, who replied merely, when asked whether it would be well to finish the story, "Distinctly." Only that and nothing more. It is not sensational, if by that we mean something explosive and startling, and not in the unseen and usually unnoted fears and pain at the heart. The "remainder" shelf, in the year in which I saw it there, was perhaps its foredoomed seclusion, while Conrad was seeking easier chairs in which to write.

H. M. Tomlinson

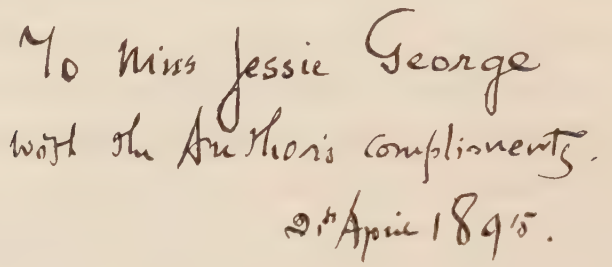
[1] ALMAYER'S FOLLY

A STORY OF AN EASTERN RIVER

12mo, original dark green cloth, gilt top, uncut. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1895.

First edition.

Presentation copy of the author's first book to his betrothed, Miss Jessie George. They were married eleven months later —March 24, 1896.
Inscribed on the first blank leaf:



Laid in is a 4p. unpublished autograph letter signed by Conrad written from Brussels, March 12, 1895, to his first publisher, relating wholly to the forthcoming publication of *Almayer's Folly.*

DEAR MR. UNWIN:

As you have been good enough to mention to me several times your willingness to arrange for a French translation of Almayer's Folly, I venture now to ask you for your good offices in that matter. My aunt is too unwell to undertake the work now, and she will be too busy with her own forthcoming novel to make any arrangements for the future—unless a very remote one; and this does not meet my views.

I have sent the proof sheets to Paris to "The Bentron" (Mme Blanc) who writes on England and America in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and knows the literature and institutions of both countries. My aunt (who is her colleague on the staff of the "Revue") is writing to her today asking her to read the work and if possible to write a short appreciation of it. It would be a good thing—only I am afraid it is not in the traditions of the "Revue" to publish anything of that kind. They do have, now and then, an analysis of the work of more known men; but in my case I am afraid it would be too much of an uphill drag to obtain Brunetiére's consent. Still we shall try; for the thing is well worth trying.

I return to town next week—for the 18th. Isn't the 18th the date for the appearance of a certain Immortal work?!

I warn you that if I am disappointed I shall surely have some kind of a fit; and if I die on your office carpet the Conservative papers will have big headlines: "horrible cruelty of a well-known publisher" and not even the bravery of the young men of the Daily Chronicle shall save you from popular fury.

The above frivolity of expression disguises very deep feeling. In common mercy to a suffering fellow creature let it be the 18th, without fail.

I am—in great anguish— Yours very faithfully

J. CONRAD

H. L. Mencken has written:

. . . Nor is *Lord Jim* a chance masterpiece, an isolated peak. On the contrary, it is but one unit in a long series of extraordinary and almost incomparable works—a series sprung suddenly and overwhelmingly into full dignity with *Almayer's Folly*. I challenge the nobility of Christendom to point to another opus I. as magnificently planned and turned out as *Almayer's Folly*. The more one studies it, the more it seems miraculous. If it is not a work of absolute genius then no work of absolute genius exists on this earth.

[2] ALMAYER'S FOLLY

A STORY OF AN EASTERN RIVER

12mo, original dark green cloth, gilt top, uncut. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1895.

First edition.

This and the preceding item are first issues, both containing the omitted "e" in "generosity" in next to the last line on page 110 and an omitted "of" in the last line of the same page.

Inscribed by Conrad on the first blank leaf:

From the moment I had in the simplicity of my heart and the amazing ignorance of my mind written that page the die was cast. Never had Rubicon been more blindly forded, without invocation to the gods, without fear of men. *J. Conrad*

The last printed page of the book contains the inscription reproduced on p. 10.

And as they passed through the crowd that fell back before them, the beads in Abdulla's hand clicked, while in a solemn whisper he breathed out piously the name of Allah! The Merciful! The Compassionate!

... You came to me stripped of all prestige by men's queer smiles and the disrespectful chatter of every vagrant trader on the Islands. Your name was the common property of the winds: it, as it were floated naked over the waters about the equator. I wrapped your ill unhonoured form in the royal mantle of the tropics and have tried to put into hollow sound the very anguish of paternity — feats which you did not grime — but remember that all the toil and all the pain were mine

THE END

Joseph Conrad

UNWIN BROTHERS, THE GRESHAM PRESS, CHILWORTH AND LONDON.

(Pers: Rec: apostrophe to Almayer's Shade)

ALMAYER'S FOLLY

Inserted at the commencement of the volume are two unpublished autograph letters signed by Conrad, the first written from Elstree where he was living with the Reverend L. Sanderson and relating to the publication of this, his first book. The second letter was written from Geneva and is concerned with the press notices given the book. They are both addressed to Mr. Unwin.

Elstree (Thursday)

I do not want to make myself a nuisance—at least not very much, but since I have been staying with my friends here I became aware that the expectation of Almayer's Folly is unsettling this glorious and free country. All the people that have been told to look out for the book in March are writing letters, full of anxiety and tears to know when—Oh! When! they will be able to get the immortal work. Letters by every post. They come from North and West and South and East—they are as numerous as the rain-drops—as persistent and loud as the wild West wind. Not being able to say anything definite I find I am becoming unpopular. One lady even hinted in her letter that she believed there was no such book and never would be. You will ruin my career at its very outset by a too prolonged delay. Can you? Will you? give me a date so that I can appease the universal thirst for information—and be called blessed by an anxious and enthusiastic crowd of respectable and intelligent people—do! If you can.

I am working as conscientiously as a penny-in-the-slot machine: and about as fast. Likewise the quality of my work comes up to the standard of the Mechanical Supply Co. Meantime I remain Yours very faithfully

J. Conrad

Champel, Geneve,
18th May 1895.

Thanks very much for the cuttings which have been sent to me from your office. Norman has been very kind and I wrote to tell him that. I trust I have done nothing against the etiquette of journalism.

I have since received many cuttings from the agency. The provincial press is very good to me so far. The "Realm" so-so, but with evident good will. But the poor old "World" kicks at me (in 15 lines) like a vicious donkey. It is severe blame (perhaps deserved) but, I think, no criticism in the true sense of the word.

I trust you are well. I am living on here in a state of continual exasperation with myself and my work. Yesterday snow fell. Jura are all white.

Yours faithfully

J. CONRAD

There is further inserted in this volume an original bill of lading issued for merchandise shipped in the steamship *Vidar* dated Singapore, December 4, 1887. The goods are consigned by Palo Laut unto Shaik Syed Abdad. The trading company is Syed Mohsin Ben S. Al Jaffree. It is of interest to know that Abdulla (the appellation of Syed joined to his name signified that he was a descendant of Mohamet, which conferred on him high rank amongst Musselmans) was the elder son of Syed Mohsin, the Arab to whom the *Vidar* belonged.

Almayer's Folly was begun September, 1889, in London. After many strange wanderings, as recorded in *A Personal Record*, it was finished the 22nd day of May, 1894.

In August, 1887, Conrad signed as mate of the *Vidar*. Of only 206 registered tonnage, she traded up the rivers of and on the wild coasts of Borneo, Celebes and Sumatra. The original certificate of discharge issued to Conrad at Singapore on January 4, 1888, and countersigned by him as of that date, "Conrad Korzeniowski" is in this library (No. 232). It was on one of these voyages that Conrad saw the real Almayer, and writes (*A Personal Record*): "I had seen him for the first time some four years before from the bridge of a steamer moored to a rickety little wharf forty miles up, more or less, on a Bornean river."

[3] ALMAYER'S FOLLY

A STORY OF AN EASTERN RIVER

12mo, original dark blue cloth. New York: Macmillan and Co., 1895.

First American edition.

Only 650 copies of this edition were printed, and it is a rare book.

Signed by the author on the first blank leaf: *Joseph Conrad.*

AN OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS

IT was in 1895 that Joseph Conrad published his first novel—*Almayer's Folly*—a work upon which he had been engaged, on and off, both ashore and afloat, for a very prolonged period. He had begun it while occupying some dismal London lodgings in the neighborhood of the Vauxhall Bridge Road. He had carried the manuscript with him to his home in Poland and on a trip up the Congo, where he for a space commanded a river steamboat, and where he garnered the material which he subsequently put to such splended purpose in two of the greatest of his short stories—"An Outpost of Progress" and "Heart of Darkness." He had worked at it amid constant interruptions, and in the most unfavourable circumstances and surroundings, because genius, like murder, "will out"; and those of us who knew him during the early years of his amazing literary career realize that the impulse which drove him to write the story of Almayer derived no impetus from personal ambition, or from any desire to achieve distinction or eminence as a man of letters. Though, during all the long years that he had spent at sea, he had read voraciously, alike in English and in French, and though his childhood had been passed in a distinctly literary environment, he was at this time the least self-conscious of natural artists. Little by little he had set up within his heart certain literary ideals, which throughout his life were

destined to be the objects of his worship; but of this, I think, he was not even dimly aware when he first essayed authorship. A Voice came to him, like that which sounded in the ears of the belovèd Disciple, uttering the mandate "Write!"; and asking no questions, he obeyed it with instinctive and simple fidelity. Thus, in a sense, though Conrad was from the beginning and throughout his life a slow, exceedingly painstaking and keenly self-critical craftsman, *Almayer's Folly* may be said to have written itself. It was *plus fort que lui*. No harassing interruptions, no adverse conditions, no intruding preoccupations had the power to stay it. Such things might delay, but they could not prevent production. None the less, when *finis* was at length written on the last page of the travel-worn manuscript, and even when this new book by a quite unknown author had been welcomed with approval by some of England's most exacting critics, Conrad, the seaman, was slow to recognize that a new being—Conrad, the author—had come into existence. The Voice had been obeyed and stilled. The impulse to write had, for the moment, been satisfied. The fact that his book had been accepted for publication, even the stimulating new experience of proofsheets and of seeing his carefully chosen phrases born afresh in print, excited in him no itch to put his pen once more in motion. It was quite possible, I think, that at this period Conrad might, with perfect contentment, have returned to the sea, and have taught himself to regard literature as a mere recreation of his by no means

abundant leisure. This was, indeed, his intention; and he tells us that the scale was tipped in favour of authorship by a chance suggestion made by Mr. Edward Garnett—"Why not write another?" It was on his return to his lodgings after a night-walk through the streets of London in company with Mr. Garnett, in the course of which this remark had been made, that Conrad sat down and wrote, before going to bed, the first page of *An Outcast of the Islands*. The parting of the ways had been not only reached, but passed.

The gods, who order the destinies of us poor mortals, are doubtless wise to withhold from us the faculty of prophetic vision; and great though Conrad's courage was, it may be questioned whether, if that gift had been vouchsafed to him, he would have made his choice between the sea and letters quite so impulsively. The years that were to follow, from 1896 to 1913—seventeen long, long years, packed with grinding labour, darkened by recurring periods of depression and discouragement, and seared by constant material anxieties—were a sore trial to a man of Conrad's fervid and irritable spirit. Success of no mean kind was his almost from the first. Recognition of his genius was accorded to him in full measure by many of the best judges of quality in modern literature. The *Academy*, a London journal which occupied a considerable position as a critical paper, crowned "Youth," as the best short story of its year, with the not unsubstantial diadem of a hundred guineas. As early as 1902, the late Sir Edmund Gosse, in conversation

with the present writer, ranked Conrad with Thomas Hardy and George Meredith as one of the three greatest English novelists of his day, and declined to be lured into an expression of opinion as to which of them might justly claim the place of honour. Conrad's books made for him many friends, but while they appealed strongly to genuine lovers of good literature, they inexplicably failed during more than a decade and a half to win for him a large audience among the general reading public. Perhaps "inexplicably" is hardly the right word. Conrad's work has about it a certain exotic flavour, which is perhaps to be judged, in a measure, an acquired taste. His mind moved on curiously original lines and produced a kind of literary mosaic, every fraction of which fitted into its preordained place in the perfect whole; and this, combined with his habit of attacking his narrative from all manner of unexpected angles and of dealing with it without much regard to chronological sequence, made Conrad's work what is popularly called "difficult" reading. The average novel-reader, it is to be feared, concerns him or herself more with the story than with the artistry of its presentment. Light reading, rather than intellectual exercise, is sought after: the odious vice of skipping is a frequent, secret indulgence. But Conrad's work, more perhaps than that of any other contemporary author, does not admit of "skipping." To be appreciated, it must be read studiously, for though there are many words, each word has been carefully chosen to fulfil its allotted purpose, and each phrase

has its essential part in the design which is gradually unfolded When once, however, the general reading public has been taught to read Conrad—which was not until *Chance* had taken the United States by storm in 1913-1914—the response was electric. When I introduced the late Mr. Gordon Bennett to *The Nigger*, *Youth* and *Typhoon* in 1911, that great lover of the sea, incredible as it may now seem, had never heard of Joseph Conrad; but his recognition and admiration were instantaneous, and by commissioning Conrad to write *Chance* and running it as a *feuilleton* in the Sunday edition of the New York *Herald*, he was instrumental in introducing him to thousands of American readers. Very quickly, on the western side of the Atlantic, Conrad became a cult. American enthusiasm aroused an answering interest in Great Britain; new editions of all his books were repeatedly called for; each fresh volume became at once a "best seller"; and the last ten years of this great writer's life were passed, I am glad to remember, in affluent circumstances and in the enjoyment of world-wide fame and appreciation. For those of us who knew and loved him and his work during those long years of stress and travail and of comparative obscurity, there was a poetic justice about this climax such as is rarely sent to rejoice mankind in this work-a-day world.

For all disciples of Conrad *An Outcast of the Islands* must always have a special, sentimental interest of its own, inasmuch as it is this book which caused him definitely to deter-

mine to turn his back upon the sea and to embrace authorship as a profession; but though it contains many memorable pages and some admirable and impressive pictures of Malayan riverine scenery, it can never, I think, be ranked among the most successful of his works. It was not the spontaneous, inevitable product of Conrad's genius that *Almayer's Folly* had been. It owed its existence to the fact that its predecessor had been written, and had achieved a considerable success, and that Conrad had been urged "to write another." It belongs, also, in my judgment, to a transition period in its author's literary development—a period during which Conrad, the writer, had come into being, almost in spite of Conrad, the seaman, but before the former had completely found himself. This criticism seems to me to apply also to some of the stories in his third book, *Tales of Unrest;* and fine and impressive as is, for instance, "Karain: A Memory," it was not until he gave us "An Outpost of Progress" that we find the Conrad of *Almayer's Folly* once more exercising the full magic of his genius. It is, indeed, a somewhat ironical fate that has allotted to me the task of writing an Introduction to *An Outcast of the Islands*, for it so chances that this book deals largely with the psychology of Malays—the one-eyed Babalatchi and the girl, Aïssa—and even Conrad's wizardry fails to persuade me that these folk are recognizably Malayan.

During the years that he spent in the Malayan Archipelago on board windjammers and steam tramps, Conrad had seen a

good deal of the Eurasian population and of the kind of white men who frequented the billiard rooms of the cheaper hotels of the Singapore and Batavia of those days. His portraits, with which *An Outcast* opens, of Willems, the confidential clerk of Hudig & Co., of his half-caste wife and of her parasitic relations are masterly in their fidelity to life. Almayer is the Almayer of the earlier book—younger, more hopeful, but essentially the same. Conrad had, in imagination, dwelt with him too long to make any mistake where he was concerned. But the Lingard to whom he here introduces us is too ineffective and indecisive to fulfil our expectations of the famous Raja Laut. Yet I make no doubt that for the devout Conrad-lover, the power, the art and the sincerity with which the book is written will suffice to convince and to enthral; that he will find himself carried forward upon a wave of interest and excitement to the tragic climax of Willems' assassination by Aïssa, and will exhale his hard-held breath in a sigh as he reads the ironical pages with which the novel concludes. For me, alas, devoted admirer of Conrad and of his work though I account myself, this book must ever remain unconvincing. Neither Babalatchi nor Aïssa think as Malays think, or speak as Malays speak. When the poet Pope asked Dr. Johnson how he liked his *Homer* the great doctor is reputed to have replied:

"'Tis a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but it mustn't be called *Homer*."

So I, but with I trust less arrogance, say of *An Outcast of the Islands:* 'Tis a very enthralling novel, but these folk must not be called Malays.

Yet, all the while, I have a saddening feeling that I am missing much that is accessible to other readers of this book; that the expert knowledge of the men and women of a little known race, with which the circumstances of my life have chanced to endow me, and to which, be it said, Conrad was the last ever to pretend, mars for me enjoyment that, lacking that knowledge, would have been mine. None the less, I like to recall, it was through a review of this and others of Conrad's early books, which was far more outspoken than anything which I have here promised to write and through a signed review by Conrad in the *Academy* of my *Studies in Brown Humanity*, that in 1899 he and I first foregathered. His lament was that, while I possessed unusual knowledge, I made of it an indifferent use; mind that though his style was a miracle, his knowledge was defective; yet it was upon this unpromising foundation that a friendship was built up which endured without a falter for a quarter of a century, and ended only on that sad day in August, 1924, when I stood mourning at my old friend's grave-side in the quiet Kentish cemetery where he lies sleeping.

HUGH CLIFFORD

AN OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS

BY

Joseph Conrad

AUTHOR OF "ALMAYER'S FOLLY"

... But you were always an unlucky man Almayer. Nothing was ever quite worthy of you. What made you so real to me was that you held this lofty theory with a strange force of conviction and with an admirable

Pues el delito mayor
del hombre es haber nacido

CALDERON

Conrad.

(Personal Record p. 158)
apostrophe to Almayer

LONDON

T. FISHER UNWIN

PATERNOSTER SQUARE

MDCCCXCVI

[4] AN OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS

12mo, original dark green cloth, gilt top, uncut. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1896.

First edition.

With two inscriptions by the author. On the half-title page: ". . . *No other answer.*" The last words of the story. *Joseph Conrad, 1919*

On the title-page is the inscription shown on p. 22.

In the first edition there occur the following typographical errors corrected in all subsequent editions: on p. 26, fourth line from the bottom of the page, read "there" instead of "this," and on page 110, the twelfth line from the top, read "ablution," instead of "absolution." These errors occur in all copies of the first issue.

Laid in is a 4 p. autograph letter signed by Conrad to Edward Garnett dated Champel, Geneve, 12th of May, 1895.

Thanks for your friendly letter. It gave me great pleasure tho' your Highness was pleased to jest, and notwithstanding sombre allusions to "dead lions" which by a fatal association of ideas caused me to think of myself as a "live donkey." Still, being alive is something,—I shall let you know when I come back—but I do not for a moment wish to suggest the propriety of you hiring a few of the unemployed to bestrew the path of my four-wheeler with rushes and thistles,—I wish to return to London incognito. Respect this! (as in the formula of the edicts of that poor dear Emperor of China).

I am working every day:—tolerably bad work. Like poor Risler the Elder's cashier "I haf' no gonfidence" [allusion to Alphonse Daudet's *Fromont jeune et Risler aîné*]—Some people I have sent the book [*Almayer's Folly*] to wrote very kindly. They [very probably his uncle in Poland or some relatives of his] seem rather surprised—and I am amused.—

I dread the moment when you shall see my "Outcast" as a whole. It seems frightful bosh. I never felt like that even in the first days of my "Folly."

Meantime I live lazily and digest satisfactorily. At my age that last is important. Do not laugh. Your time will come. Slowly I hope.

I see you have lighted your camp fire in a new place. . . .

There is further laid in an original bill of lading covering fifty-eight bags of dammer shipped by Babalatchie in the steamship *Vidar* bound for Singapore and dated at Dongala the 12th of August, 1887. This is of considerable association interest because it shows the origin of the character Babalatchi whom Conrad creates in *An Outcast of the Islands*. Babalatchi appears in Chapter V. "The burst of clear flame lit up his broad, dark, and pock-marked face, where the big lips, stained with betel-juice, looked like a deep and bleeding gash of a fresh wound. The reflection of the firelight gleamed brightly in his solitary eye, lending it for a moment a fierce animation that died out together with the short-lived flame. With quick touches of his bare hands he raked the embers into a heap, then, wiping the warm ash on his waist-cloth—his only garment—he clasped his thin legs with his entwined fingers, and rested his chin on his drawn-up knees." Here the master novelist in just a few words gives us a clear picture of the old rascal. Conrad writes in the same chapter: "They were Malay adventurers; ambitious men of that place and time; the Bohemians of their race. Babalatchi had blundered upon the river while in search of a safe refuge for his disreputable head. He was a vagabond of the seas, a true Orang-Laut, living by rapine and plunder

of coasts and ships in his prosperous days; earning his living by honest and irksome toil when the days of adversity were upon him. So, although at times leading the Sulu rovers, he had also served as Serang of country ships, and in that wise had visited the distant seas, beheld the glories of Bombay, the might of Mascati Sultan; had even struggled in a pious throng for the privilege of touching with his lips the Sacred Stone of the Holy City. He gathered experience and wisdom in many lands, and after attaching himself to Omar el Badavi, he affected great piety (as became a pilgrim), although unable to read the inspired words of the prophet. He was brave and bloodthirsty without any affectation, and he hated the white men who interfered with the manly pursuits of throat-cutting, kidnapping, slave-dealing and fire-raising, that were the only possible occupations for a true man of the sea." (Text of the first edition.) G. Jean-Aubry in *Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters* also calls our attention to this fact (Vol. I, pp. 97-98): "Babalatchi and Lakamba, whom we also meet in Conrad's other Malayan books, were two natives of the Celebes established as merchants at Broeuw. They were much respected by the inhabitants, and their remarkable appearance attracted Conrad's attention."

[5] AN OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS

12mo, original dark green cloth, gilt top, uncut. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1896.

First edition.

JESSIE CONRAD'S OWN COPY

The first blank leaf is inscribed:

To Chiquita
from the Author.
27th Febry 1896.

There are laid in some twenty-seven clippings from leading papers of England reviewing this second novel of Conrad's. Conrad has endorsed the name of each paper in his autograph and in most cases dated the same in his handwriting. A most interesting series of reviews.

Also laid in is an original bill of lading issued for one case of crockery ware shipped by Abdulla Bahasoean in the steamship *Vidar* bound for Broeuw. The bill of lading is dated at Singapore the 30th of September, 1887. "'Mr. Conrad,' said Captain C——[Craig, master of the *Vidar*] 'often called my attention to Abdulla and to the natives doing obeisance to him and kneeling to kiss his hand—their servility seemed repugnant to him.' From Captain C——[Craig], James Allen and John C. Niven (first and second engineers) he got all the information

he could about these people: their antecedents, morals, intima cies, and intrigues. Thus he mastered completely this corner of the world, where the clash of two races and many religions, the passions, follies, principles, and failures of men wove those intricate plots, of which he was to become the astonishing dramatist"—G. Jean-Aubry, *Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters*, Vol. I, p. 98. "That part of the Eastern Seas from which I have carried away into my writing life the greatest number of suggestions."—Author's Note to *The Shadow Line.*

The manuscript was finished in London, September 14, 1895. Conrad's first choice for a title was *Two Vagabonds* and the sub-title *A Tale of the Islands.* As he began with the eighth chapter he decided upon *An Outcast of the Islands.* The setting is the same corner of eastern Borneo in which *Almayer's Folly* is staged, but the actual town of Willem's rise and fall is Macassar in Celebes.

[6] AN OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS

12mo, original green cloth. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1896.

First American edition.

Autographed by the author: *Joseph Conrad.*

THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS

THE NIGGER is a book too noble to be considered merely as a work of art. It is a rendering of life, a monument of a whole era; a voice for a race of speechless men and a hierarchy of vanished things. The reader, if (literally) worthy of his salt, must rise to great heights also; for here you find life's glamour and struggle and anguish (things difficult and jumbled as that heap of nails in the terrible third chapter) tried in the blaze of pure vision. It avails nothing to speak, as one would prefer to, of the book's glorious humour, irony, compassion, charm. These are all valid; but beneath, in the very ribs and kelson of the tale, is the naked timber of despair. Its hull is permeate with salt. It is cruel as great poetry has to be. It *is* great poetry; which is what makes it so immeasurably greater intellectually than (for example) "Typhoon."

The Nigger is great because it comes from the secret places of the heart; distilled from the loyal brooding of a very simple, very naïf, very profound mind; the mind of a man in the strong prime of life and unspoiled by too much attrition of highbrow palaver. A poetic mind that made the instantaneous electric circuits that poetry completes when it sees that some things are unexpectedly like other things: for instance that a dangerous breaching sea may look like a madman with an axe.

The simpleton would say, and for all I know has been saying, that Conrad, writing in 1896, forestalled by twenty years the cunningest effects of so-called Modernist Impressionism; forgetting that Homer and Chaucer and all writers of real kidney have always been impressionists by instinct. A really good writer would not even be able to define impressionism very intelligibly, but I suppose its essence is the suggestion of encircling significances by brief irrational and punctilious attributions: the pure poetic gift of informing inanimate things with the emotion of live spirits. In this Conrad was superb. Throughout *The Nigger* you find examples that thrill you to the marrow, if you have any marrow. The gale that seemed to shake Singleton by the beard; the soft breeze that touched the men's hair "like an indulgent caress" during their sublimely risible argument on gentility; the shaking canvas that recalled them to a sense of reality; the murmur of voices in the fo'c'sle that seemed to pile up higher and higher "as if unable to run out quick enough through the narrow doors"; the buoys in the river tugging at their chains like fierce watchdogs—and many more instances. The mooring lines, striking viciously at the docks like snakes, is one of the supreme examples, for anyone who has watched the berthing of a ship.

I do not know the exact word for this life-giving and world-old quality of Conrad's observation, but I perceive it perfectly, and perceive also that he was sparing and nimble

in its use. Side by side with it runs his exquisite pictorial skill; and furthermore his surcharge of what we can only call sheer rhetoric; pressing home his effects by a steady tramp of syllables in battalion, particularly at the close of long paragraphs and mostly when less strongly moved; for in his highest passages he grows brilliantly crisp. And how you must love him for certain hokums of divine virtuosity, the reckless artist stunting just for love of the stunt. See that last sentence in Chapter Three. Pure trickery! Successful—adequately so, at least; but a trick—a trick at the wheel, we might say. There's none of that when he has all sail set. See him coming home up Channel, by God! Nothing else in the whole glorious book is quite so fine, perhaps, as those pages of the *Narcissus*' homecoming and docking. I think of only one conceivable disappointment. . . . Why didn't he, at the end, remind us once more of the cat? I feel sure he really meant to.

Great, magnificent, noble, cruel book: wringing out the experience it treats to the last reddest drops. Conrad knew, of course, how great it was (have you ever noticed its grandly disdainful touches?) but probably not until after it was finished. The great artist does not often foresee nor calculate his finest strokes. He lets the current flow through him. A remark by W. H. Chesson that struck Conrad sharply was "One almost regrets Donkin being one of the crew." The important word there was *almost*. Of course, as a human being, one deplores Donkin; but as a philosopher one sees that he was a necessary

part of the picture, an integer in that vile absurdity and paltriness that infect all mortal affairs and make them fit for art. Let's not use the word art again here. *The Nigger* is too beautiful to be thought of except as pure poetry of being. You remember that one day Conrad received in the mail an official envelope that he anxiously supposed contained an income tax blank. It was an offer of knighthood. Well, *The Nigger* may look, on the shelf, like just a book. But it is a life, a microcosm. Lovely and solitary as the *Narcissus* herself—"a fragment detached from the earth, like a small planet"—it sails the ocean of romantic fiction, a celibate story, lonely, beautiful, and proud. Sometimes I wonder if any woman has ever really read it, or ever will? CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

[7] THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS

A TALE OF THE FORECASTLE

Royal 8vo, contemporary cloth, with the original printed wrapper preserved. London: William Heinemann, 1897.

First edition.

The rarest of Conrad's books, as only seven copies were printed for copyright purposes. These were struck off from type set up for the *New Review*, August-December, 1897, where the novel appeared in serial form. (No. 8.) This edition was issued in London, July 29, 1897. The object was to secure the English copyright. The first published edition of the book did not make its appearance in London until December 2, 1897, with

THE NIGGER

OF THE

"NARCISSUS."

A Tale of the Forecastle.

BY

JOSEPH CONRAD.

London:
WILLIAM HEINEMANN,
21, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

1897.

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

the title-page dated 1898, although it appeared in the United States on November 30, 1897, under the title *Children of the Sea*, Dodd, Mead & Company, with the title-page dated 1897. (No. 9.) This first issue is No. 3 in Thomas J. Wise's *A Bibliography of the Writings of Joseph Conrad*. Messrs. William Heinemann testify that only seven copies were actually printed, these being the seven copies required under the Copyright Act. Conrad presented one of these copies to Mr. Chesson and one to Mr. Garnett. Another copy is preserved in the library of the British Museum, press mark C. 58. g. 16. It was received on August 7, 1897. The fourth copy is in the University of Cambridge This copy contains the University's copyright stamp dated August 25, 1897. The fifth copy is in the National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh, and the sixth is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The latter was received August 25, 1897. The Edward Garnett copy is now in the library of Henry A. Colgate. It is a peculiar fact that no copy appears in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, the fifth library designated to receive copies under the Copyright Act. The type is the same, but the layout at the beginning of the chapters differs from that in the *New Review*. There are also traces of verbal revision; e.g., on p. 100 of the book, "On clear evenings the silent ship under the cold sheen of the dead moon took on the false aspect . . . "; in the *New Review*, Vol. xvii, p. 608: "On clear evenings, under the cold sheen of the dead moon, the silent ship took on . . ."

A PRESENTATION COPY. Presented by Conrad to W. H. Chesson. On the inside of the original front wrapper is the following signed autograph presentation inscription:

I obtained this copy for you wishing to present the book to you in this shape, unlovely indeed, but which in this sordid age has the merit of not having its price—for, it can't be bought. It seems to me that thus I can show better how much I have been comforted by the generous warmth of your appreciation. Believe me, always,

Yours faithfully,
Joseph Conrad

Mr. Chesson has written on the top of the leaf: *Received 1st Feb. 1898.*

Tipped in on the flyleaf of the volume is a 4 p. autograph letter signed by Conrad:

Sunday, 16th Jan. '98.
Stanford-le-Hope,
Essex

DEAR MR. CHESSON:

Your unexpected and delightful letter reached me yesterday morning. I would have answered it at once had it not been that the house was in a state of disorganization on account of the arrival of an infant of the male persuasion. However this fuss is over thank God.

Your letter shows such a comprehension of the state of mind which produced the story, that had you given blame instead of generous praise it would still have been a rare pleasure to be thus understood—seized in the act of thinking, so to speak. Of all that has been said about the book this what you say gives the most intimate satisfaction, because you not only see what the book is but what it might have been. When you say, "One almost regrets Donkin being one of the crew," I take it as the very highest praise I have received—inconceivably different in its insight within those dark and inarticulate recesses of mind where so many thoughts die at the moment of birth, for want of personal strength—or of moral rectitude—or of inspired expression.

One would like to write a book for your reading.

This is what touched me most. The other words of commendation I take as your recognition of a tendency of mind repulsive to many, understood by few,

clearly seen by you—and which I cannot help thinking of as not wholly without merit. But a tendency of mind is nothing without expression and that the expression should please you is in my opinion my very great fortune. It is to your letter (now incorporated with my copy of "The Nigger") that in moments of doubt and weariness I shall turn with the greatest confidence as to an infallible remedy for the black disease of writers. I've read it several times since yesterday.

I have also corrected all the "like" into "as" in my copy. One is so strangely blind to one's own prose: and the more I write the less sure I am of my English.

Thanks for going to the trouble of pointing out to me the passages. I don't think the N will have a second edition, but if—in years to come—it ever has, the corrections shall be made.

Believe me very gratefully and faithfully yours JOSEPH CONRAD

P.S. I trust you haven't bought the book. I haven't forgotten I have the privilege to owe you a copy. But I am coming to Town soon and the precious debt shall be discharged.

The original of the letter from Mr. Chesson dated January 13, 1898, was inserted by Conrad IN HIS OWN COPY OF *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, the first published 1898 edition (see No. 10), and reads as follows:

DEAR MR. CONRAD:

I cannot delay telling you how good I find "The Nigger of the Narcissus." The psychology of the poltroon is traced with a hand so cunning and relentless that there are those who will think it inhuman. And words will not contain my contempt for those who deprecate the lack of story or plot in a novel that is alive with all the horrible antics of fear accompanied with the noise and tumult of the sea. I dismiss too, cheerfully, the argument that a seaman,—a "shellback" maybe—is not to write with fervid orchestral style against which the colloquial speech of his comrades sounds with double futility and increased clearness.

As a work of art, the thing seems to me well-nigh faultless. There is no illegitimate interruption of the ironic spectacle at the end of which you cleverly inveigle the reader into sharing the superstition of the devoted mariners. I expected the breeze to come and I expected an impediment up to the last. The

crawly way of Jimmy's obscene malady of mind dominated the accompaniment of ineffectual wind in order that all who serve him should be deeply involved in his uncanny night. Seldom have I talked with sailors, but I have sought to observe them and have been impressed with a curious childishness,—a chronic state of wonder and submission which intemperance and bad temper scarcely seem to disturb. You have caught that childishness.

One can't but congratulate you on the romantic force which you apply to a scheme so scientific in its loving inclusion of symptoms. The Captain's splendid patience and authority,—Singleton's indomitable fidelity, flash at me even now when the book is closed. Fine sentences like the first of Chapter IV march through my mind. The storm; the extrication of Jimmy (wonderful realist to have thought of those nails!); his death; (the extinguishing of his eyes); his funeral; the reluctance of the precipitated corpse; the throwing of the word of God upon the unlistening sea; I am in a percipience of it all. And lastly, though I repeat myself in saying so, it takes *shape*,—there is a beautiful anatomy, dexterously contrived, under all this display of imagination. "The Nigger" is not an episode of the sea; it is a final expression of the pathology of Fear. At least you made your villainous oaf Donkin pull it out into an unbearable horror of countenance like a gutta percha mask. Is it, I wonder, some shrinking from an Irony made colder and for a moment less polished than steel that makes me almost regret Donkin being one of the crew?

One last word, and I know you will forgive me, why, O friend, will you encourage the asinine critics to prick up their ears by employing "like" when you ought to use "as"? You are sure to have a second edition and I therefore remark that "like" appearing for "as" on pp. 144, 170, 187, 214 and 222. It is used on page 187 in a conversation where I admit it may be natural enough, as slipshod chitchat.

With my warmest wishes for a very remarkable and powerfully written book, believe me, Yours always,

W. H. Chesson

What a lovely vision is that on pp. 170-171!

W. H. Chesson, afterward a well-known critic, was in 1895-1897 associate of Edward Garnett with T. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Chesson's duty was to take charge of the manuscripts. Mr. Garnett has told us that Mr. Chesson called his particular attention to the manuscript of *Almayer's Folly* when first submitted by

Conrad. In the very first letter Conrad addressed to Garnett, January 4, 1895, he wrote, "I have no doubt that Mr. Chesson will handle 'Almayer's Folly' very tenderly. I shall send on the preface tomorrow."

Christopher Morley writes:

> In having the Chesson copy of this great book, you have one of the most precious things of our time. *The Nigger* is a monument not only to one ship and one group of men but to a whole era and a whole way of life, and Conrad's troubled heart must have been proud, in those last years, to remember the nobility of the tribute he had given them. It is small secret pride to me and my own share in the whole "Nigger" saga to recall that it was I, who as a youngster at Doubleday's agitated the question of having the preface put in. The little pamphlet which you list as No. 16 was conceived and set in motion by me. I had at that time just read *The Nigger*.

[8] THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS

In the *New Review*, Edited by W. E. Henley.

Illustrated. 4to, original wrappers, five numbers. London: August-December inclusive, 1897.

First appearance in print.

The last number contains the suppressed preface which did not appear in the first editions of the novel. It was not actually printed until 1902 and then in a limited privately printed edition for the author. (See No. 12.)

The first (August) number is signed in full *Joseph Conrad* and the fifth (December) number containing the famous Preface, perhaps the greatest expression of a creative artist's credo in existence, is signed at the beginning: *J. Conrad*, and at the end, *Joseph Conrad.*

[9] THE CHILDREN OF THE SEA

A TALE OF THE FORECASTLE

12mo, original cloth. New York: Dodd, Mead Co., 1897.

First published edition.

This edition was placed on sale November 30, 1897, predating the published edition in England, which was issued December 2, 1897.

The first blank leaf contains the author's full signature: *Joseph Conrad.*

The recto of the half-title contains the following inscription:

> *Efficiency of a practically flawless kind may be reached naturally in the struggle for bread. But there is something beyond—a higher point, a subtle and unmistakable touch of love and pride beyond mere skill: almost an inspiration which gives to all work that finish which is almost art—which* is *art.*
>
> (*From "The Mirror of the Sea" at the desire of G. T. Keating.*)
>
> *Joseph Conrad*

There is inserted an autograph letter signed by Conrad to Edward Garnett written on June 2, 1897. In this letter Conrad speaks of a number of books on which he was then working. It reads in part: ". . . I must go on now with The Return—then shall jump upon the Rescuer. The Nigger is bought. . . "

[10] THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS

A TALE OF THE SEA

12mo, original dark slate-coloured cloth, uncut. London: William Heinemann, 1898.

First English published edition.

CONRAD'S OWN COPY.

The first blank leaf is inscribed:

Jessie Conrad Korzeniowska
27th November, 1897
Stanford-le-Hope

Laid in is a 3 p. letter of A. T. Quiller-Couch dated "The Haven, Fowey, Cornwall, December 20, 1897," and reading as follows:

My dear Sir:

Will you let me congratulate you on your "Nigger of the Narcissus," or, at any rate, thank you for the pleasure it gave me?

I tried it promptly upon an expert seaman of my acquaintance, & we agree that it *is* a book. And I have tried to say this in a causerie I've been scribbling for the Pall Mall Magazine: though that doesn't amount to much, & won't appear before the middle of Feb.

It is perhaps a pity that so good a yarn did not come out in book form earlier in the Autumn, & so give people a better chance of making its acquaintance before Christmas. But it *must* succeed anyway. Singleton & the skipper are splendid.

No man, to my knowledge, has written of the merchant seaman so truthfully or so heroically. With best wishes for the book & apologies for bothering you with a private letter of thanks (which, however, needs no answer) believe me

Yours very faithfully,
A. T. Quiller-Couch

Also laid in is the Chesson letter that is printed under No. 7. There are also laid in this copy thirty-three newspaper reviews glazed for preservation, all concerning *The Nigger of the Narcissus.* Practically all of these are marked with the name of the publication in Conrad's autograph and passages are underscored and underlined by him throughout.

On pp. 144, 170, 187, 214 and 222 appear the corrections in Conrad's handwriting in accordance with his promise to Mr. Chesson.

This is to certify that
Conrad Korzeniowski
has served with me on board
the ship Narcissus as Second
officer from 20/4/84 to 26/10/84
on a voyage from Bombay
to Dunkirque: for which
I can recommend him to any
Ship Master requiring his services
as being a good and sober
officer and should take
him as Chief officer if he should
succeed in passing

Geo. Duncan
Master

Ship Narcissus
at Dunkirque
19/10/84

[11] THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS

A TALE OF THE SEA

12mo, original dark slate-coloured cloth, uncut. London: William Heinemann, 1898.

First English published edition.

It was actually published December 2, 1897, and the second issue was published in April, 1898.

It is practically impossible to define or distinguish the earliest copies of the first published English edition. The lettering on the back of the binding differs in various copies of the same issue. The Hope copy for example has "Heinemann" printed in large letters on the spine of the binding. As this copy was presented by Conrad to Mr. G. F. W Hope on November 30, 1897, it certainly constitutes one of the earliest copies. Conrad's own copy (No. 10) has the "H" in "Heinemann" in slightly larger type than the rest of the name. Conrad's copy is dated November 27, 1897, and must also be one of the earliest copies In this copy the letters in "Heinemann" are in small type and of even size. The publishers, Messrs. William Heinemann, Ltd., testify that there were four binding orders on the first issue. They state that the alteration of the imprint lettering is very common as the binder holds a number of brasses of "Heinemann" and does not always use the same one on an order, and that damaged copies returned are sometimes bound differently. It is therefore an impossibility authoritatively to state which lettering marks the first copies of the first issue.

It is a fact that there was only one issue in December, 1897. The second issue, in April, 1898, is clearly defined and bears on the reverse of the title-page "New Impression." The first blank leaf is inscribed by the author:

For G. T. K.
With regards
from Joseph Conrad—1919

On the half-title page Conrad has written the following inscription:

"I never saw one of them again. But at times the spring-flood of memory sets with force up the dark River of the Nine Bends. Then on the waters of the forlorn stream drifts a ship—a shadowy ship manned by a crew of Shades. They pass and make a sign, in a shadowy hail. Haven't we, together and upon the immortal sea, wrung out a meaning from our sinful lives? Good-bye, brothers! You were a good crowd. As good a crowd as ever fisted with wild cries the beating canvas of a heavy foresail; or tossing aloft, invisible in the night, gave back yell for yell, to a westerly gale." *Joseph Conrad*

Inserted is a 4 p. unpublished letter of Conrad's dated Stanford-le Hope, 19th of October, 1896, to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin:

. . . As you see I have meditated upon your communication for more than a day. It has interfered fiendishly with the work upon my last story. But it had to be meditated over and the result of the aforesaid meditation is embodied in the alterations marked in red ink upon the copy of agreement which I return for your final decision.

I am very sensible of your readiness to secure my American rights and very much cheered by the fact that with your great knowledge of such matters you think it worth while. From snipes of enlightened criticism reaching me across the pond I would think it a very hopeless undertaking.

As to my demands, which you might think excessive, it's just this: I can't afford to work for less than ten pence per hour and must work in a way that will give me this magnificent income. I don't like to give up anything I have taken hold of and intend to stick to scribbling till I am fairly convinced of my wisdom or my folly. I will see it out—but I do not wish to see it out at your expense. After all my work has some value, but if people won't have any of it, I can do one or

two other things less gentlemanly (save the mark) but not a whit less honourable or useful. But I have no time to lose and must look about quickly so as not be left standing between two stools occupied by better men.

Should you entertain my modifications I wish to tell you that I would like to try W. Henley with my "Nigger"—not so much for my own sake as to have a respectable shrine for the memory of men with whom I have, through many hard years, lived and worked. The story will contain 25,000 words *at least* and shall be ready very soon. I am ever yours faithfully,

Joseph Conrad

See illustration on p. 44.

The manuscript was begun in June, 1896, and finished in February, 1897. "It is the story," says Conrad, "by which, as a creative artist, I stand or fall. A landmark in literature, I can safely say, for nothing like it has been done before." It was accepted by W. E. Henley for serial publication in the *New Review*—then the leading literary paper in England—on the strength of the two first chapters, and its acceptance induced Conrad to abandon the sea for the sake of writing.

Conrad left Bombay on April 28, 1884, as second mate of the *Narcissus* and after five and a half months of storms and other vicissitudes on October 16th reached Dunkirk. James Wait, the "nigger," was an actual person whose death occurred as stated, but belonged to the crew of the *Duke of Sutherland* on which Conrad sailed as ordinary seaman on October 15, 1878, for Sidney, Australia. This was Conrad's second engagement on board an English ship. Of eighteen men before the mast all were English save Conrad, one Norwegian, two Americans, and the St. Kitts negro, James Wait. Wait was in Conrad's watch, "He was," says Conrad, "afraid of death,

all my work has some value but if people won't have any of it I can do one or two other things less gentlemanly (save the mark) but not a whit less honourable or useful. But I have no time to lose and must look about quickly so as not be left standing between two stools occupied by better men.

Should you entertain my modification I wish to tell you that I would like to try W. Henley with my "Nigger" — not so much for my own sake as to have a respectable shrine for the memory of men with whom I have, through many hard years lived and worked. The Story will contain 25.000 words at least and shall be ready very soon.

I am ever Yours most faithfully — Jph Conrad.

The Idiots are well spoken of — but Smithers had not had the courtesy to send me a copy of his magazine. I shall write to him.

and making her his accomplice, was an imposter of some character—mastering our compassion, scornful of our sentimentalism, triumphing over our suspicions."

The original discharges issued to Conrad from the *Duke of Sutherland* in 1879 and the *Narcissus* in 1884 are in this library (No. 232).

[12] THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS

A TALE OF THE FORECASTLE

12mo, original wrappers. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1899. *First American edition with this title.*

Inserted is a 4p. autograph letter signed by Conrad addressed to Edward Garnett, together with the autograph addressed envelope, dated January 10, 1897:

. . . Nigger died on the 7th at 6pm; but the ship is not home yet. Expected to arrive tonight and be paid off tomorrow. And the end! I can't eat—I dream—night-mares—and scare my wife. I wish it was over! But I think it will do! It will do! Mind I only think—not sure. But if I didn't think so I would jump overboard. Thank you both for your kind letter. I am not so absorbed as not to think of you every day. I think of you captive and desolate within the magic circle of duty. May the gods help you. I am all right—have sold myself to the devil. Am proud of it. . . .

Undescribed by bibliographers. This work was originally issued in America by Dodd, Mead & Co. under the title, *The Children of the Sea*, in 1897. (No. 9.) It was argued that the American public would not read a book about a "nigger." In the Ashley Catalogue Mr. Wise quotes an inscription by Conrad in which he states that the original title was not used in America until Doubleday, Page & Co. issued the "Deep Sea

Edition" of Conrad's works. It is indeed curious that Conrad himself apparently remained unaware of the existence of the present edition. The book had not been re-set for the issue of 1899, as the running-head throughout is *The Children of the Sea*. This edition is, therefore, one of the rarest as well as the most newly discovered items of Conradiana.

[13] THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS. PREFACE 8vo, 8p., stitched. Hythe: Privately printed for the author by J. Lovick, 1902.

First edition.

The first separate appearance of the famous preface, limited to one hundred copies, of which about forty, on the authority of Conrad, were accidentally destroyed.

On the first page Conrad has written his full signature, *Joseph Conrad*, and on the last page the following inscription:

This Preface suppressed before publication in book form was printed in the N. R. by Mr. Henley at the end of serial publication as an after-word. *J. C.*

And on the same page Conrad has written out in his autograph the wonderful closing words.

". . . *and when it is accomplished—behold!—all the truth of life is there: a moment of vision, a sigh, a smile—and the return to an eternal rest.*"

1924. *J. Conrad.*

This Preface was suppressed when the story was published in book form—"on advice," Conrad says, "which I now think was wrong"—though W. E. Henley had it printed as an After-

word at the close of the last instalment when the tale appeared serially in the *New Review.*

This preface was not reprinted in book form until 1914 when Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., issued the second American edition under the title *The Nigger of the Narcissus.* (See No. 17.) In the same year the same publishers issued it separately with a short note to American readers. (See No. 16.)

[14] THE ART OF FICTION

In *Harper's Magazine.*

Illustrated, original wrappers. New York, May 13, 1905.

This is a reprint of the Preface to *The Nigger of the Narcissus* printed under the above title.

The blank space above the title is occupied by the following note in the handwriting of the author:

Preface to the "Nigger of the Narcissus," printed by Henley in the "New Review," but suppressed in book-form on the advice of the late S. S. Pawling, partner in the firm of W. Heinemann.

At the end of the article appears the author's full signature: *Joseph Conrad.*

[15] THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS

Small 8vo, original cloth. London: William Heinemann, 1910.

Popular Edition.

CORRECTED AND REVISED THROUGHOUT BY THE AUTHOR.

Inscribed on the first blank leaf: *Corrected Text for the corrected edition. J. C.*

And on the last leaf: *J. C. Ap. 1916.*

Containing numerous corrections and alterations, all in the author's handwriting, including, among others, the suppression of most of the superfluous aspirates in the speech of Donkin, the elimination or change of many adjectives, and the revision of unusual constructions. These revisions, all in Conrad's autograph, were done for the first "Collected Edition" published by Heinemann in 1921. They are of great interest as showing the critical spirit in which Conrad re-read his earliest work. Adjectives, redundant phrases, and whole passages are ruthlessly deleted, and here and there a fastidious change of word bears witness to his continual striving after perfect expression.

[16] JOSEPH CONRAD ON THE ART OF WRITING
Being a reprinting of the original preface to *The Nigger of the Narcissus.*
16 mo, stitched in wrappers. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1914.
First separate American edition of the suppressed Preface.
First edition of the 2p. Preface—"To my Readers in America."
Autographed by author on the front wrapper: *Joseph Conrad.*

[17] THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS
A TALE OF THE FORECASTLE
With frontispiece, 12mo, original cloth. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1914.
First American edition with the Prefaces

THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS

On the first blank leaf Conrad has inscribed his full signature: *Joseph Conrad.*

This book is made up of remainder sheets of the original *Children of the Sea* (the first published edition; No. 9) with a new title page. Thus the title reads: "The Nigger of the Narcissus" and the running heads "The Children of the Sea." This edition was the first to contain the suppressed Preface and the Preface, "To My Readers in America." (See No. 16.) It is therefore the first edition with the two prefaces.

TALES OF UNREST

TALES OF UNREST is not only a true description of the book's contents, but is symbolical of Conrad's own state of mind in the two years in which they were written. "Neither in my mind nor in my heart had I then given up the sea. In truth I was clinging to it desperately. . . . I was a victim of contrary stresses,"[1] says Conrad, speaking of the year 1894. In January of that year Conrad left the mercantile marine, finished *Almayer's Folly* in May, commenced *An Outcast of the Islands* in November, and completed the novel ten months later, in September, 1895! In the following six months he produced nothing but four chapters of *The Sisters*, which he laid aside, and on the eve of his marriage, March 24, 1896, he decided to devote himself to *The Rescuer: A Tale of Narrow Waters*.[2] But after writing seventy pages of the first draft in Brittany he was brought to a standstill, and it was then that he first tried his hand at a short story, "The Idiots." On May 24, he wrote to me from Ile Grande: "This month I have done nothing to *The Rescuer*—but I have about 70 pages of the most rotten twaddle. In the intervals of squirming I wrote also a short story of Brittany. Peasant life. I do not know whether it's worth anything."

[1]Author's Note to *An Outcast of the Islands*, Collected Edition.

[2]Letter to Edward Garnett, March 23, 1896.

Conrad's statement twenty-five years later, "*The Lagoon* . . . is the first short story I ever wrote,"[1] is thus disproved by the above and by the dates given in his following letters to me. The first story was "The Idiots," and the second was "An Outpost of Progress," written in July, the final draft in manuscript dated "17th-21st July," being despatched to me from Ile Grande a few days later.

Conrad's distaste for "The Idiots," in his latter years—"Such an obviously derivative piece of work that it is impossible for me to say anything about it here"[2]—came from the fact that it betrays too openly Maupassant's influence. In directness and solid force of style and in the presentation and handling of such figures as Madame Levaille, the French master's influence is strongly felt, but both in the psychological and atmospheric effects Conrad's individuality asserts itself. Note how essentially Conradian is the visualization of the penultimate scenes starting from the passage "Susan had run out . . . ," up to the point where the story ends with the hard-edged note of Maupassant, "Madame Levaille sat . . ."

In "An Outpost of Progress," the second story, written six weeks after the first, the influence of Maupassant is also to be detected. Note especially the hard conciseness and precision of the opening and the ironical brutality of the last sentence.

[1]Author's Note to *Tales of Unrest*, Collected Edition.
[2]*Ibid.*

But the subject-matter, environment, and tropical atmosphere are so absolutely Conrad's own that one can scarcely say the younger master is patently under an obligation to the older. "An Outpost of Progress,' this study of the revenge black Africa takes on the rapacity and imbecility of the civilized white, was an important step in the development of Conrad the writer. Concentrating in it the essence of his bitter experience of the Belgian Congo, of its fruits of insidious disease and death, Conrad exposed in a sardonic light the sinister aspects of "the white man's burden" hymned by Rudyard Kipling. At this period, while the scramble for Africa was still engaging the European Powers, the public press diffused a cloud of semi-philanthropic righteousness to screen the designs of the Imperialists. England was being steadily worked up to her "mission" of protecting the native races from the aggressive designs of foreign Governments—the sequel to which was the unhappy Boer War and the annexation of the Transvaal, the Orange Free State and the Rand Gold Mines. Naturally "An Outpost of Progress," which stemmed the flowing tide, could not be popular. The tale did nothing much for Conrad but excite interest in a few quarters and bring him the friendship of Cunninghame Graham; and *Cosmopolis*, the magazine which printed it, expired not long afterwards. But the writing of this merciless masterpiece heartened Conrad and gave him much needed confidence in his powers. ". . . I stepped into the very different atmosphere of 'An Outpost

of Progress.' I found there a different moral attitude. I seemed able to capture new reactions, new suggestions, and even new rhythms for my paragraphs. For a moment I fancied myself a new man—a most exciting illusion."[1] My criticism in a letter to him, that the opening, with the attitude of Makola, gives away the sequel at the start, was on a point of artistic technique, which can be argued *pro* and *con.*

Of the third story, "The Lagoon," Conrad wrote to me, August 5, 1896: "I wrote the 'Outpost of Progress' with pleasure and difficulty. The one I am writing now I hammer out of myself with difficulty but without pleasure. It is called 'The Lagoon' and is very much Malay indeed," and on August 14: "I've sent a short thing to the *Cornhill.* A Malay tells a story to a white man who is spending the night at his hut. It's a tricky thing with the usual forest—river—stars—wind—sunrise, and so on—and lots of second-hand Conradese in it." Twenty-five years later Conrad wrote of the story, "conceived in the same mood which produced *Almayer's Folly* and *An Outcast of the Islands,* it is told in the same breath . . . seen with the same vision, rendered in the same method. . . . Anybody can see that between the last paragraph of *An Outcast* and the first of "The Lagoon" there has been no change of pen, figuratively speaking. It happens also to be literally true. It was the same pen: a common steel pen."[2] But, as his letters prove, ten

[1] Author's Note to *Tales of Unrest,* Collected Edition.
[2] *Ibid.*

months lay between the completion of *An Outcast* and the writing of "The Lagoon."

It is true that "The Lagoon" is a return to the mood and method of *An Outcast*. After the dramatic opening the description flows on with incomparable picturesqueness to mirror the tropical atmosphere of brooding forests and silent flowing rivers. "The Lagoon" is the work of the early Conrad, little touched by any literary influence, whose human characters moved against a great background of Eastern seas and skies and who contrasted his mirage of infinite nature and harmonized it with the passions of men's hearts. "The Lagoon" is a lyric in prose, the forerunner of the finest piece of poetical ardour, "Youth," that Conrad ever penned.

Between the writing of "The Lagoon" and the fourth story, "Karain," five months intervened which were given up to the composition of *The Nigger of the Narcissus*. "Karain," begun in the first week of February, 1897, was sent to me in the first draft on February 28, Conrad writing, "And understand well this: if you say, 'Burn!' I will burn and won't hate you. But if you say 'Correct! Alter!' I won't do it but shall hate you henceforth and for ever." The perspective of the tale was, however, confusing, and Karain's figure was not sufficiently detached and objective, so Conrad set to work and remodelled it, writing, March 10, "A painful task! Strangely enough though I always recognized the justice of your criticism, it is only this evening, etc." Conrad had a double feeling

To Mr & Mrs Keating with hearty Christmas
Greetings from Jessie Conrad
1926.

about "Karain." In a letter to me, later, he said that he had never liked it; but its acceptance by *Blackwood's Magazine* opened a fresh, pleasing chapter in his relations with publishers which led him naturally later on to the composition of "Heart of Darkness," "Youth," and *Lord Jim*. "Karain" is indeed a brilliant piece of work, one of true individual quality, but it has no deep roots under its polished surface. The last pages, from the passage "a watery gleam of sunshine," recall vividly to me Conrad's figure walking the London streets when London had never heard of him.

The fifth tale, "The Return," was begun early in May, 1897, and not finished till September 24. It is the only complete failure Conrad made at story-telling. On July 19, he wrote to his friend, E. L. Sanderson, "Alas! I've been ten weeks trying to write a story of about 20 pages of print. I haven't finished yet, and what I've written seems to me too contemptible for words. Not in conception perhaps, but in execution. This state of affairs spells Ruin—and I can't help it, I can't." Having finished the tale he sent it to me for criticism; and for his disgusted disillusionment about it see his letters to me of September 27 and 29, and of October 8 and 11. His critical remark, 'You see I wanted to give out the gospel of the beastly bourgeois—and wasn't clever enough to do it in a more natural way. Hence the logic which resembles the logic of a melodrama," hits the nail right on the head. In trying to make his middle-class Alvan Hervey condemn himself out of his own

mouth Conrad threw himself with such intensity into the character as to burst him into fragments. It is Conrad's brain fiercely mocking and parodying this type of conventional man so that the illusion of an actual individual disappears before our eyes and at the same time the physical impressions of the street, the house, the rooms, are so vividly rendered that a nightmarish impression of reality adds to our confusion. The story of twenty-three thousand words cost Conrad three or four months of wasted toil. The year, 1897, was indeed the least productive of any in Conrad's writing life, and the hopeless tangle he had got into over *The Rescuer*, with his consequent failure to keep his promises to his publishers, was to be prolonged painfully for yet another Year of Unrest.

EDWARD GARNETT

[18] TALES OF UNREST

8vo, original dark green cloth, gilt top, uncut. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1898.

First edition.

The earliest issue with the gilt top and other edges uncut. The first blank leaf contains the following inscriptions, which continue on to the second blank leaf, facing the title-page:

"The Lagoon" is my first attempt at a short story. It is the only work of mine I ever heard read aloud. I remember the reader grew emotional toward the end. *J. C.*

"The Return" was begun immediately the "Nigger of the Narcissus" was finished. A thorough change. It shares with one other story of mine the distinction of never having been serialized. No editor would accept it—and I do not wonder at their unanimity. One was good

enough to write: "Very fine. But I can do nothing with it." Some cultured Scandinavians tried it in translation. Nothing would induce me to look at it again. J. C.

"An Outpost of Progress" is my first piece of work as a married man. It and "The Idiots" were written in Brittany, on Ile Grande in a peasant's cottage. Serialized in a trilingual review "Cosmopolis" which had a very short life. "The Idiots" appeared first in "The Savoy" edited by Arthur Symons. J. C.

"Karain" was my first piece of work as a father. I don't know that this new dignity helped the writing very much but it acted as a stimulant to exertion. Memorable to me as the beginning of my connection with "Blackwood's Magazine," where it appeared serially. J. C.

Written for my friend G. T. Keating,

J. Conrad

Inserted at the commencement is a very interesting holograph letter of four pages dated January 24, 1898, to Edward Garnett about "The Return." It reads in part, ". . . Tell her [Mrs. Garnett] please that as to the story I think it as false as a sermon by an Archbishop. . . . You have missed the symbolism of the new gospel (that's what 'The Return' is) altogether and you call yourself a critic!"

There is next laid in a 4p. autograph letter signed, unpublished, written by Conrad from Ile Grande on August 14, 1896, in connection with "An Outpost of Progress." It reads in part, ". . . I am glad to think the story has a chance of acceptance by the Cosmo. The delay in publication does not affect me beyond measure tho' I see it would put off the appearance of a volume of stories far into the next year. The cutting in two does worry me a little. I don't think the story is strong enough right through to stand cutting. All the sting

—so to speak—is in the tail and the first half read by itself would appear strangely pointless perhaps. But all those matters are left to your discretion and I sit still and am thankful—anyhow. . . ."

There is further inserted a 4p. autograph letter signed by Conrad, unpublished, dated June 7, 1896, addressed to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, relating mainly to "The Idiots."

The fourth holograph letter signed by Conrad inserted in this volume is an unpublished letter dated December 11, 1897, to Mr. Unwin in connection with "The Return,"—"The Saturday Review says that the most notable contribution to the current issue of B'wood is my story. It should be the first in the vol. . . ."

Also there is laid in next to the story to which it refers an autograph letter signed by Conrad, unpublished, dated December 11, 1897, to Mr. Unwin in connection with "Karain." The original MS of this story went down on the *Titanic*.

Further there is inserted a long 4p. autograph letter signed, unpublished, dated November 5, 1897, to Mr. Unwin, referring to these stories.

There is laid in also an autograph memorandum in Conrad's handwriting containing his suggestions as to how the stories are to be placed in the book and the number of words in each story, also a note regarding the title of the volume. "Must think of it. Would you suggest something?" Regarding the fifth story, "The Return," he writes, ". . . I shall send the MS

to you as soon as I myself can get hold of the infernal thing. It's knocking about somewhere. I've asked peremptorily for its return. . . ."

[19] TALES OF UNREST

8vo, original dark green cloth, gilt top, uncut. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1898.

First edition.

PRESENTATION COPY TO MRS. CONRAD, with the following inscription on the first blank leaf: *Dear Jessie's Copy*

Inserted at the beginning is a 4p. autograph letter signed by Conrad and dated Stanford-le-Hope, March 24, 1896, to Mr. Edward Garnett. In this letter Conrad speaks of the story "Karain" he was writing for Pawling, the publisher. It reads in part: ". . . I can't shame myself free of it though I don't like it—never shall! But I can get rid of it only by finishing it coute-que-coute. . . ."

"The Lagoon" and "Karain" suggest further memories of his service in the Archipelago. "An Outpost of Progress" is "the lightest part of the loot I carried off from Central Africa," and is a reminiscence of his voyage up the Congo in 1890. (See G Jean-Aubry's "Joseph Conrad in the Congo," *The Bookman's Journal*, London, 1926, (No. 278), for a very logical account of the genesis of the two unfortunate characters in the story.)

The entire five stories were written between 1895 and 1897.

[20] TALES OF UNREST

12mo, original red cloth. London, 1909.

Second edition.

Copy given by Conrad to his wife, with the following inscription in his autograph: *Dear Jessie's Copy, 1911*

[21] AN OUTPOST OF PROGRESS

THE ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT

Written in ink on one side of 36 folio sheets, with numerous corrections in the author's hand. Bound in full blue levant. Originally published in *Cosmopolis* for June and July, 1897 (No. 22), and later included in *Tales of Unrest* in 1898.

There is tipped in at the beginning a long 4p. autograph letter signed, unpublished, written by Conrad under date of July 22, 1896, from Ile Grande, addressed to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. This is a very interesting letter dealing with the various stories in *Tales of Unrest* and principally with "An Outpost of Progress." It reads in part:

. . . Thanks for your unwearied endeavours to place my story. I am very much touched but suspect that you must have about enough of me and of my "masterpieces."

The acceptance of my story would have given me pleasure. But its refusal is not without its compensations,—for it is exactly what I did foresee. It shows me that I have judged the work rightly. I am not ashamed of it for all that. Bad or good I cannot be ashamed of what is produced in perfect single-mindedness—I cannot be ashamed of those things that are like fragments of my innermost being produced for the public gaze.

But I must live. I don't care much where I appear since the acceptance of such stories is not based upon their artistic worth. It is probably right that it should be so. But in that case there is no particular gratification in being accepted *here*

A Victim of Progress.

There were two white men in charge of the trading station. Kayerts, the chief, was short and fat. Carlier, the second, was tall with a large head and a very broad trunk perched upon a long pair of thin legs. The third man on the staff was a Sierra-Leone nigger who maintained that his name was James Price. However some reason or other the natives down the river had given him the name of Makola and it stuck to him through all his wanderings about the country. Everybody called him by it. He spoke English and French with a rumbling accent, wrote a beautiful hand, understood book-keeping and cherished in his innermost heart the worship of evil spirits. His wife was a negress from Loanda, very large and very noisy. Three children rolled about in the sunshine before the door of his low shed-like dwelling. Makola taciturn and impenetrable despised the two white men. He had charge of a small clay storehouse with a palm-leaf roof and pretended to keep a correct account of beads, cotton cloths, red kerchiefs, brass wire, and other trade goods it contained. Besides the store house and Makola's hut there was only one large building in the cleared ground of the station. It was built neatly of reeds with a verandah on all the four sides. There were three rooms in it. The one in the middle was the living room and had two rough tables and a few stools in it. The other two were the bedrooms for white men. Each had a bedstead, with a mosquito net for all furniture. The plank floor was littered with the belongings of the white men, open half empty boxes, torn wearing apparel, old boots, the things dirty, and the things broken

rather than there. If the Savoy thing asks for my work—why not give it to them? I understand they pay tolerably well (2 gs per page). The only thing I wish is that your rights to reproduce in a volume should be perfectly clear. You said you would—yourself. And it has been a great pleasure for me to hear it. And I feel that the stories will be worthy of your imprint—even if stones are cast at them. But I should like to sell them. If you think I am greedy then consider I am greedy for very little after all. And if you knew the wear and tear of my writing you would understand my desire for some return. I write in doubt over every line. I ask myself—Is it right?—Is it true?—Do I feel it so?—Do I express all my feeling? And I ask it at every sentence. I perspire in incertitude over every word!—Perhaps you will smile over all this fuss. But I am sure you will not smile unkindly. After all it is my work. The only lasting thing in the world. People die—affections die—all passes—but a man's work remains with him to the last.

You will soon receive a story for the *Cosmo*. I suspect that they won't take it after all. I send it to Garnett for the reason that it refers (in its execution) to a certain discussion we had on matters of art and I should like to know whether I have succeeded in achieving my purpose—my artistic purpose. The effect produced on him will tell me that.

It is a story of the Congo. There is no love interest in it and no woman—only incidentally. The exact locality is not mentioned. All the bitterness of those days, all my puzzled wonder as to the meaning of all I saw—all my indignation at masquerading philanthropy have been with me again while I wrote. The story is simple—there is hardly any description. The most common incidents are related—the life in a lonely station on the Kassai. I have divested myself of everything but pity,—and some scorn—while putting down the insignificant events that bring on the catastrophe. Upon my word I think it is a good story—and not so gloomy—not fanciful—alas! I think it interesting—some may find it a bore! If the *Cosmo* won't take it (it is as long as the other) I shall put it by—a day may come for it. I wonder you find time to read my letters! . . .

The story was written in Brittany while Conrad was there on his honeymoon. He has spoken of it as "his first work as a married man." Mrs. Conrad says that it was written in three weeks and his humour was sardonic throughout. The first title chosen for this work was apparently "A Victim

of Progress" as this appears at the head of the first leaf of text. (See p. 61) However, the leaf preceding this carries the title as published, as well as the date, *17th-21st July 1896, Ile Grande.*

[22] AN OUTPOST OF PROGRESS

In *Cosmopolis.* An International Review. Edited by F. Ortmans.

June and July, 1897. Two volumes.

First printed appearance.

The first page—the title-page—contains the author's full signature: *Joseph Conrad*

[23] TALES OF UNREST

12mo, original decorative tan buckram, gilt top, uncut. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1898.

First American edition.

Conrad has recorded that this edition was uncorrected by him and probably contains differences in text from the first edition.

The first blank leaf contains the author's full signature: *Joseph Conrad*

[24] LES IDIOTS

16mo, original wrappers. London: George C. Harrap & Co., 1920.

First separate edition in book form.

Autograph presentation copy from the author with the following inscription on the fly-leaf: *To Richard C.* [Curle] *from Joseph C. 1920*

This story, the second in *Tales of Unrest*, is here given in French and English, the original on the recto of the leaf and the translation on the page opposite. It is one of the "Bilingual Series," edited by J. E. Mansion.

The only separate publication of "The Idiots" in book form.

LORD JIM

IN THAT heavenly dream of Lucian, that seized upon him as he slept in the dead time of night, two women laid fast hold of his hands and contended earnestly for him, each saying that he was hers. The one was a homely, sturdy dame, with her hair ill-favouredly dressed up and her hands overgrown with a hard skin, the other a well-faced wench of comely proportions and handsomely attired. And so Lucian, having been finely beaten for using a carving tool too crudely, chose the dainty maiden to go along with, who promised him all good things with little toil.

The same two women must have appeared to Joseph Conrad—perhaps when he had given himself up to the idleness of a haunted man who looks for nothing but words wherein to capture his visions—the one saying, "I, boy, am that sailor's art. Follow me as one of my family. Thou shalt be maintained in a plentiful manner." And the other, "I, sweet child, am Imagination. By my assistance thou shalt be clad in such a garment as this is"—showing the mantle she wore herself, which was very gorgeous to the eye—"and I will set such marks and tokens upon thee, that all men shall stand gaping to read thee, admiring and wondering at thee, blessing the power of thy pen and thy father's happiness to beget such a son."

Conrad, knowing that Truth itself is One—one for all men and for all occupations—bid the two women, who had each a hand upon him, to buss and be friends, and then kissing each of them upon the lips, invited both the one and t'other to his bed, saying heartily that there was no need for them to fight over him because he belonged to them both.

After he had embraced each of them in turn, he told them —walking up and down his room the while—that no great work can ever be completely a wonder of art, unless each of the two women gives her kindly assistance to it. And so, embracing the pair of them again, he bid them stay with him. And they stayed, ceasing to quarrel, for each took her share, and endowed Conrad with her own qualities, and his love of the fair face of Imagination could never make him unfaithful to the hard and wakeful toil of the sailor's life—for the rougher woman has as good a heart as the other.

Each woman, too, gave to him of her own freewill—for no force will compel either to yield what is hers, unless she is willing—the freedom of her own city. The one the city of toil, the other the city of Glory.

There have been some of the greater writers who have enjoyed the favours of both these wonderful women, but I know of none other besides Conrad—unless, perhaps, it were William Blake—who remained faithful to each until the end.

There was Hardy, who learned to build houses, to lay brick upon brick by a proper method, and to let the plumb-line down, so that nothing jutted out unbecomingly—for a lesson learned early from the rougher dame can go a long way—and so he built up his mighty novels and his immortal poetry.

John Bunyan, too, as all readers of *The Pilgrim's Progress* know very well, kept these two girls always in his employ, the one teaching him how to mend a kettle and many another matter, while, from the other, he learned how to get a sight of God's heaven and the path thither—and so he wrote down his vision.

No book that Conrad has written shows more clearly than *Lord Jim* that both these ladies were his bedfellows. Jim himself is the most significant of Conrad's creations. He loved him—one can feel that plainly enough—not as the old parson in Essex fancied his sailor son, but as himself.

One can get a look at Conrad's soul in this book—generous, full of love for all men, and even ready to give, eyes half-shut, with dull ears, a word of praise.

That Jim pleased Conrad is shown clearly, because Jim is so real a character. We hear his footsteps, we see him beside his girl, while the Patusan sky was blood red, immense, streaming like an open vein.

Conrad's pity rises high in *Lord Jim*, like a huge silent moving wave, that breaks at last with the crash of a final

tragedy, leaving behind only a rather shapeless brown-coloured mound, with an inlaid neat border of white lumps of coral at the base, and enclosed within a circular fence made of split saplings, with the bark left on.

The wave, though it breaks and vanishes, rises again—for the fair lady of imagination is immortal—and whoever chooses can view once more the immovable forests, rooted deeply in the soil of everlasting time, soaring towards the sunshine, everlasting in the shadowy might of their traditions.

One cannot wonder that Conrad, sitting silent in his study, should be shocked if brought back too suddenly from some far sea or country, to which his genius had carried him. There he would sometimes find the great peace, where all movement in the world had come to an end, and how hard for him to be broken in upon by a general's daughter!

The deep and silent calm, the everlasting beauty of the sea, together with its uttermost cruelty, go with Conrad where he goes, and so deep and vast a beauty must lead to death.

The faith that guides Jim up that terrible river—where there was no wisdom in thinking that an alligator was a log of wood—leads on to certain destruction. No matter whether 'tis Doramin's hand or Brown's that fires the shot. The child-like face, the Jewel, is death—the sea brings him there. . .

But Conrad had no wish, as some of us have—overborne by our own sorrows—to tumble the world down into a gulf of nothingness. "The human heart," he says, "is vast enough to contain all the world. It is valiant enough to bear the burden, but where is the courage that would cast it off?"

Of Conrad's devotion to women one might say much. He portrays them as wonderful creatures, beautiful, lonely, and a little idolatrous, and it is hard to believe that Jim's Jewel wore a chemise. But, whatever underclothes Conrad's young girls wore, and they are nearly always to be seen in white—as Dr. Johnson would have had his harem—they can always be known as Conrad's. He was their father, their spouse, their adorer. And have they not now—the girl in *Lord Jim* was his favourite perhaps—met him to crown him with a garland of leaves and flowers, where no general's daughter can break in to annoy?

I think it likely enough that Conrad found it a lighter task to tell a tale solely of the sea, than to work and pound the mud and clay of the land into a story. The storms and calamities that overtake a ship compel our interest. In a moment one is surrounded by waves like towers, the written words become a great noise and a shouting, and a man in danger there is always a hero. No one who is washed overboard in a storm is dishonoured. A rogue drowned in the deeps is a fine figure and becomes a pearl.

. . . Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange. . . .

Lord Jim will not be forgotten. It goes into the unknown places of the earth, it delves under its obscure surface, showing the horror, the hunger, that is in the soul of man. Always unrest, the wish for some other grave.

And Conrad, when he went, waved his hand, but not sadly, at his stories, as Stein waved his at the butterflies.

T. F. Powys

[25] LORD JIM

A TALE

12mo, original green cloth. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1900.

First edition.

On the blank first leaf the following inscription:

Signed for George T. Keating
by Joseph Conrad, 1919

And on the title-page Conrad has written the inscription shown on p. 71.

There is laid in the Author's Note extracted from the 1917 edition, the first to contain this Preface, autographed by Conrad, *Joseph Conrad*, on the first page, initialed by him on the last page, and inscribed:

Which is as it should be, is my thought about the book to which this is the note.

J. Conrad

LORD JIM

A Tale

....of an event which could conceivably colour the whole sentiment of existence in a simple and sensitive character.

(Preface)

BY

JOSEPH CONRAD

Joseph Conrad

"It is certain my Conviction gains infinitely, the moment another soul will believe in it."
—NOVALIS.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCC

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Lord Jim was imagined first as a short story connected with the pilgrim ship episode, and put aside. It was taken up again and developed when Mr. William Blackwood asked for a contribution to *Maga.* Jim, himself, was a figure seen by Conrad in the shadowy past. "One sunny morning in the commonplace surroundings on an Eastern roadstead, I saw his form pass by—appealing—significant—under a cloud—perfectly silent." Patusan, where he worked out his salvation, was assumed to lie on the south coast of north-west Sumatra, and Stein's villa was outside some town of northern Java. Without much question this story is the result of Conrad's experiences on the *Vidar.* Arthur Symons writes: "To find a greater novel than *Lord Jim,* we might have to go back to *Don Quixote.* Like that immortal masterpiece, it is more than a novel; it is life itself, and it is a criticism of life. In *Lord Jim* Conrad has revealed more finely than elsewhere, his ideal. . . . It is *Lord Jim* in which his genius has attained its zenith."

[26] LORD JIM

A TALE

12mo, original green cloth. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1900.

First edition.

PRESENTATION COPY TO MRS. CONRAD.

The first blank leaf is inscribed:

Dear Jessie's copy
16th Oct. 1900
Pent Farm

[27] LORD JIM

A ROMANCE

12mo, original decorative light green cloth. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co., 1900.

First American edition.

Inscribed, *Joseph Conrad*, on the blank first leaf.

[28] LORD JIM

A TALE

12mo, original cloth, with frontispiece. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1917.

A new edition, containing for the first time the Author's Note, three pages.

Autographed by the author on the blank first leaf:

Oswalds
Joseph Conrad
1924

[29] BIG BRIERLY

In the *Living Age.*

No. 2965, Boston, May 4, 1901.

This is the first appearance in magazine form in America of the greater part of Chapter Six of *Lord Jim.*

At the beginning of the extract the author has written his full signature: *Joseph Conrad.*

THE INHERITORS

I HAVE always been averse from book and autograph collecting in their commercial aspects, since by the creation of artificial values in the by-products of his work the writings themselves of an author are apt to find their literary values confused. If $49,999 is paid for a Conrad MS the general public will exclaim: "This must be a great writer!" whilst, should a slump occur in his market prices, the writer's work will be correspondingly underestimated. Yet, all the while, the value of the work as writing remains precisely the same. The writer has, in fact, taken very largely the place occupied by the Saint in the Middle Ages when unthinkable crimes, larcenies, violences, frauds, and forgeries were associated with the collection of relics and a tooth of St. Chrysostom, warred for by contending shrines, could send more men-at-arms to hell than ever the Saint could have saved by his prayers.

Still, poor Conrad, at a time when his fortunes were the most desperate, availed himself so freely of the offers of the late John Quinn and the prices paid by Quinn for his relics were the cause of such relaxation of his mind that it would be churlish to adopt an attitude of too rigid consistency towards a collection which contains many of the original Quinn purchases. Besides, if, at my age after thirty years of monachal

rigidity, I cannot allow myself a little inconsistency at the request of a friend, where is the fun of living or of writing? For—as for Mr. Keating—we twa hae paidlet in the burn, as Mr. Micawber said; that is to say, we have been together at the Horse Show, and the Play, and motoring, and we should have been together at the Army and Navy football game if I had not had a fit of conscience and done some work instead, and we have bets running on the Presidential Election which he is sure to lose, and we disagree as to the merits of President Wilson, Charles Dickens, the Divine Right of Kings, the status of Cuba and so many things as to which it is proper that true men should disagree that . . . well, I intend to write a few words about his achievement.

The main emotion that I have on looking through the catalogue of this collection—not on seeing the collection itself—is one of sheer queerness. The collection itself, the familiar forms of the books, the familiar criss-crossing of the MSS, the re-seeing of all these things calls back whispers, echoes, mournfulnesses at the swift passage of time . . . a whole atmosphere of vanished travails and regrets. . . . But the catalogue: ah, that is queer! Over many of the books here designated we laboured together for so many years: for I should say that not merely over *Romance*, but over *Nostromo*, *The Rescue* or "The End of the Tether," I laboured at least as hard as over any book of my own of these days. I do not mean to claim any special creative part in these works, but in such

matters as providing good working conditions, trying passages from dictation, suggesting words, listening to reading and the endless supplying of the moral support for which Conrad was eternally clamourous, I certainly bothered more over Conrad's work than over my own. Not that I bothered much about my own, for it is not too much to say that the formidable job of getting Conrad afloat was for many, many years the main interest of my life—and "worth it," as I once heard a ship's captain say to a lady about a man who had died in her arms.

And what is queer is that all these struggles, outcries, triumphs and despair should end in:

12 mo, original pictorial yellow cloth, uncut. New York: McClure Phillips & Co., 1901.
The extremely rare first issue of the first edition.

For I suppose it all ends in that. I cannot imagine anyone today reading *The Inheritors*—queer!

In green shades, through dark nights, on the shores of seas, we slaved at that miserable book. It is true that, as Conrad says, I held the pen, but, whilst I wrote, for most of the time, Conrad would lie on a sofa or sit up in an armchair and groan and grind his teeth and spring up and pace violently back and forth. And I would say: "Shall I write so and so?" and he would explode: "Oh yes, write any blasted, imbecile thing you like! *Mon cher* this book becomes *une scie!*" So day-long and night-long through weeks and months we struggled with angels

and begot cockatrices, for those innocent little words "extremely rare first issue" produce all sorts of jealousies, one collector thinking that *his* copy is of the real first issue, another thinking the same of his which is of another variety. And so, for once, I am in the position of being an expert—about a book.

What happened was this:

The Inheritors was first printed in America. After a very few copies had been issued McClure, Phillips & Co. found a misprint on the dedication page. We had dedicated the book to our respective eldest children—Borys Conrad and Christina Margaret Madox Hueffer. But the publishers found the dedication page to read:

TO BOYS AND CHRISTINA

They therefore withdrew the book from circulation whilst they had that dedication page excised from the book and gummed a corrected page on to the remaining stub. Conrad told me, on the authority of Mr. S. S. McClure, that only four copies with the faulty dedication had got out, and I daresay this was right. In any case specimens in this state must indeed be extremely rare.

With regard to the English edition, the following are the facts:

The American publication having occurred before the English one, some copies were sent over to England for copyright purposes and were used for that purpose by Messrs. Heinemann. The bindings of these appear to have been more or less

carelessly stamped, so that the covers vary slightly. But this was not the English edition. That duly appeared with a startling yellow and black cover decorated with a singular flying female form who might be about to sweep the cobwebs from the sky. Yellow was that year the fashionable colour for book covers, because somebody had sacked the Imperial Palace at Pekin, or something of the sort. But, when the book reached our hands Conrad discovered that the dedication page had been omitted. And, as he attached great importance to dedications and as I, indeed, was annoyed at the omission, we proceeded straight to London and exploded in the office of poor William Heinemann, who was the most decent and generous of publishers. I can still see Conrad exploding and the puzzled, rather heavy, blond face of Mr. Sydney Pawling, who was Heinemann's partner and who could not understand why such emotion should be evinced at the mere omission of the dedication from a work by two rather obscure authors. However, the scene ended with comparative amicability on Pawling's promising that a dedication page should be included in all subsequent copies of the book that were sold. I imagine that Conrad got a cheque out of the always yielding Heinemann, for I remember that we proceeded to the Bodega at the bottom of Bedford Street and played dominoes and drank champagne and soda water until it was time to catch the four twenty for Sandling Junction. . . *Tempi passati, tempi passati!*

And that, I suppose, is the way that most *rarissima* of the bibliophile get themselves produced. For I understand that the earlier copies—and much the more numerous—that were issued without the dedication have the dignity and rank of first English editions, whilst the work complete with the dedication takes a secondary place. I should have thought myself that it ought to be the other way around, for copies in that complete state are by far the rarer. I notice that one collector states in his catalogue that the dedication is only found in about one seventh of the copies that were issued. I should have thought myself that they were even rarer, for I have long suspected that the astute Mr. Pawling only had a sufficiency of those pages inserted to hoodwink Conrad and myself. I, at least, have never casually come across a copy that did contain the dedication.

In that I may be wrong, but as to the other facts that I have stated, I am certain of being right. Strange, however, as it may seem, even about this minute point controversies have raged. One collector whose sale catalogue I have seen actually states that the dedication, present in the earliest edition, was omitted from all subsequent ones, the implication being that some sort of divorce had taken place, presumably between Conrad and myself, or else between Conrad's son and my daughter who, however, were never married. This, of course, is purely nonsensical. The poor *Inheritors* never had more than one edition and did not so much as sell out its first.

Mr. Keating's collection contains a whole series of the various states of this work, and his catalogue gives you exact, collectors' technical descriptions of the various forms taken by the book. And indeed Mr. Keating's industry and assiduity in getting together all these items and the soft persuasions by which he extracted from Conrad—and indeed from myself—the various notes and elucidations that enliven his pages can seldom have been equalled. The amount at least of absolutely abhorrent labour that he has got out of myself fills me with amazement.

Still, I am glad to have done it—I mean to have had a small hand in Mr. Keating's monumental achievement, for humanity is apt to regard a memorial as enhancing the status of the man to whom it is erected and, perhaps, rightly so, for, if you can find another human soul to undertake enormous labours amongst your relics after you are laid in the ground that fact is a testimony to your attractiveness. And in what does greatness in a writer or in another take its rise if not in his power of attraction—of exacting sacrifices from other human beings! And the self-sacrifice that Mr. Keating must have put into making this collection must well have been enormous. There are, of course, persons so fortunately endowed that they can go into the house of business of one or other of the great dealers and say, whilst handing over a cheque for mor'n a million dollars, "Procure for me the most complete collection of this or that that exists." And I must say that is what I should

be inclined to do myself. But Mr. Keating, I understand, is the Collector *pur sang*. Without millions at his disposal he has spent unceasing years, his eye upon every corner of the habitable globe in which books can be found; his couriers have hastened over empires and seas to obtain the smallest item making for completeness; he has spent an appreciable portion of his life, his back bent over twopenny book boxes, and in the arena he has contended, sometimes triumphantly, with the great ones of the public auction. Moreover, when the inclusion of the last three-page pamphlet distinguished by a broken comma shall have permitted Mr. Keating to sing his *nunc dimittis*—his memorial collection is destined to take its place in a public gallery.

Well, then, it is in truth an honest and impressive memorial to Joseph Conrad. And of those there cannot be too many. I am accustomed to hear people say that in time there may come an obscuration of my friend's fame. There probably will. It is natural for each succeeding age to react against the masterpieces produced by the age immediately preceding it. That, however, does not mean that the masterpieces are not masterpieces. It means merely that immediately surrounding circumstances and temporary pressures obscure the vision of the moment. Yesterday's newspaper makes my gorge rise though I read to-day's with avidity and can read the 1820 news sheets of William Cobbett with pleasure and admiration. And Pepys and the critics of his day could speak of "A Midsummer

Night's Dream" as a mass of barbarous and obscure antiquities. Each age has its own problems to which the thought of the preceding generation is of little avail or is even a stumbling block.

But in the end time prepares a region in which there are no questions of the day, when it matters little what is the solution of the problems set by masterpieces, and a masterpiece is none the less authentic because of a temporary obscuration. Imperialism, let us say, may well be gradually dying on the earth—that is to say that the better people of all nations daily more and more deprecate the spoliation of subject races. Well, "Heart of Darkness" gained when it was written a certain vividness from its fierce lashings at the unspeakable crew that exploited the natives of the Congo. If, then, imperialism vanished from the world, if there were no more subject races, for a time one would feel a certain distaste at reading excoriations of the vanished exploiters. But let time pass on a little more and that reaction too will die out and the masterpiece will no longer be obscured by those temporary currents. The masterpiece will then stand by its poetry, by its writing, by its proportion, by its power to hold the attention, and by its projections of the triumphs and despairs of the humanity of which it treats.

That that will be the fate of the work of Joseph Conrad I remain quite tranquilly undoubting. You find in all the work of masters that has survived a great variety of methods and

of qualities. But they are all united by a certain quality that I will call authenticity. It is a quality arising from a fierce or a steadfast determination on the part of the writer to render his world as he sees it, and it is a quality that arises from an equally fierce or an equally steadfast determination of the writer to seize and hold the human attention. That in the end is what "technique" is, and even if I had no work of Conrad's to read, or even if he had practiced an art or a science of which I knew nothing, I could have told from the fire, the energy, and the fierce determination that I saw him put into his work that that work must be lasting, for his whole mind, his whole ambition, his whole life, went into his work. And he was a great poet and an honest man. So scientifically and with precision we may deduce his immortality, and his dust may lie in its Kentish sunlight heedless of passing clouds. FORD MADOX FORD

[30] THE INHERITORS

AN EXTRAVAGANT STORY

By Joseph Conrad and Ford M. Hueffer.

12mo, original pictorial yellow cloth, uncut. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co., 1901.

Extremely rare first issue of the first edition.

Containing the rare leaf of dedication, misspelled "To Boys and Christina."

There were issued only *four copies* of this first issue. The later issues of this edition contained the dedication page corrected to "To Borys and Christina."

Inscribed on the title-page:

". . . *Fox was dead, and Churchill I have never had the heart to face. . . .*"
last page
J. Conrad

On the fly-leaf facing the title-page Hueffer has written the following inscription:

This, I suppose, is the rare, suppressed American edn. which I never saw before. It was presumably suppressed because of the misprint in Borys Conrad's name in the dedication. I cannot see any other reason.

Ford M. Hueffer,
Ford Madox Ford,
New York, Nov., MCMXXVI

And on the rare dedication page the following inscription:

According to my recollection only four copies in this state were issued to reviewers when the misprint was noticed. It was corrected before further copies were issued to the press.
Ford Madox Ford (Hueffer)
30 Sept., 1927

In *Joseph Conrad—A Personal Remembrance,* Conrad's collaborator, Ford Madox Ford, states that in America *The Inheritors* attracted even less attention than it later did in England, and the publishers having issued the book, with a fault on the title-page, or possibly on the cover (it actually occurred on the dedication page, which fact Ford confirmed when seeing a copy of this book for the first time—see above), withdrew it after only four copies had been sold and then re-issued it with the title-page corrected. He states further that these four copies are said to command an exorbitant price from

collectors. He does not remember having seen one before examining the above copy.

This undoubtedly establishes this issue as one of the rarest of Conrad's firsts. The copy in the Curle Collection No. 38, sold at the American Art Association, April 28, 1927, was incorrectly catalogued.

[31] THE INHERITORS

AN EXTRAVAGANT STORY

By Joseph Conrad and Ford M. Hueffer.

12mo, original pictorial yellow cloth, uncut. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co., 1901.

Second issue of the first edition.

This issue contains the dedication page inserted on a stub, which establishes the second issue of the book. It is correctly printed "To Borys and Christina."

The first American edition was issued before the English edition, and the American publishers forwarded seven or eight copies of this corrected issue to William Heinemann to establish the English copyright.

Presentation copy to the sister of Mrs. Conrad by both authors. The first blank leaf inscribed in Conrad's handwriting excepting for Ford Madox Hueffer's signature:

To
Ethel George
from
Joseph Conrad
and
Ford Madox Hueffer

[32] THE INHERITORS

AN EXTRAVAGANT STORY

By Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Hueffer.

12mo, original decorative yellow cloth untrimmed. London: William Heinemann, 1901.

First issue of the first English edition.

The first blank leaf contains the following inscription by Conrad:

There is very little of my actual writing in this work. Discussion there has been in plenty. F. M. H. held the pen. *J. Conrad*

And on the same page an inscription in the handwriting of Hueffer:

It gives me great emotion to read a quarter of a century after, and so many thousand miles away from where this book was written—these words of Conrad's. The account of the writing of this book, given in my "Joseph Conrad—A Personal Remembrance" is, as I consider, on re-reading it, as accurate as anything of the kind can be—p. 132 et seq.

Ford Madox Ford,
Ford M. Hueffer,
New York, Nov., MCMMXXVI

At the sale of the Richard Curle Conrad collection held at the American Art Association, April 28, 1927, this item was incorrectly catalogued as the second issue (No. 41). This was contrary to the facts as substantiated by Hueffer, who on the half-title of this copy has given us the correct collation. The inscription follows:

This is the first issue of the First English Edition—without the dedication to Borys and Christina. This dedication was inserted in later copies at the urgent (instance) of Conrad. I remember hearing him ask Pawling (of Heinemann's) to see that this was done.

Ford Madox Ford (Hueffer),
Sept. 30, 1927

This is the correct binding with the "W" and the "H" on either side of the windmill on the backstrip, and with the "Heinemann" in large capitals.

[33] THE INHERITORS

AN EXTRAVAGANT STORY

By Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Hueffer.

12mo, original decorative yellow cloth, untrimmed. London: William Heinemann, 1901.

Second issue of the first English edition, containing the dedication page.

Presentation copy to Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson, who with the Hopes were Conrad's oldest English friends.

The first blank leaf is inscribed in Conrad's handwriting:

H. & E. L. Sanderson
With love
from
Jph. Conrad

and on the same page the following inscription in the handwriting of the collaborator, Ford Madox Ford (Hueffer):

For George T. Keating
New York
July 1928

This is the second state of this book, i.e., the dedication which was omitted in the earliest copies issued has been pasted in. *Ford Madox Hueffer*

YOUTH

TO those of us who know Africa a story by Joseph Conrad which has for its setting the unregenerate pear-shaped continent could not fail to arouse an especial interest. Our attention is alert to learn what so great an artist has to say of this astounding country which, like an enormous earring suspended from an Ethiope's ear lies pendant below Europe. What kind of impression did he carry away from this vast tract of the earth's surface whose inhabitants are black as so many mining devils let loose from the coal fields of hell? "Heart of Darkness" gives us our answer.

Never was the great writer's insight clearer, or his craft more sure than when he wrote this masterpiece. Out of its pages a "black laughter" rises to the stars. Here we find an author who has not evaded the sinister implications of this land of the Congo, of the Niger, and of the Zambezi. He sees Africa prostrate in her travail, he sees her with her fecund matrix contorted by a monstrous bringing to birth, and with her lips giving utterance to a cry charged with a mysterious and fabulous misery.

In truth, this feral country is an accursed inheritance. It would seem that a cloud of doom is forever suspended over its swaying tree tops, over its abrupt escarpments. This doom is graven upon the mask-like countenances of its inhabitants

of these negroes with their slaves' heads. It is audible in the screams, the hoarse shrieks that issue from the equine, wide-agape mouth of the zebra when it feels the terrible taloned weight of a lion bearing it down in the darkness. It may be observed in the calculating merciless bead eyes of the roosting birds, as savage as griffins, attached each one to its tree by hooked claws.

Joseph Conrad visited Africa, he saw, he heard, he understood. Yet the continent's shocking utterance could be borne, perhaps, if cruelty alone held sway there, if its dark cry was not strangely mingled with a note of infinite inexpressibly wild beauty, like the untamed immemorial calling of the plover heard fresh and clear at the very hour of murder. Who, indeed, can gainsay the dangerous loveliness of those shadowed forests, the trumpet-shaped flowers, the festooned branches decorated with swaying monkeys? What invention could rival the wonder of the giraffe carrying her mute, bizarre body with such high grace over the scorched veldt? Here, as ever, good and evil, ugliness and beauty, dance across the magical plains of life hand in hand.

Superficial people visit Africa and return uninstructed. It was not so with Conrad—he saw it, he heard it, he smelt it. In fact, what distinguishes a really great writer from his imitators is that such an one is never, no, not for a single instant, taken in by the superficial appearance of things. Such fishermen ever sink their lines deep. It is not their pastime to flick at

the surface of the stream of life. Down, down, down, down go their leads, down to where with their bellies flat on black mud, the eels of truth move backwards and forwards slippery and evasive. Popular writers, and especially is this the case with those who take Africa as their subject, present us with a completely meretricious view of life. They cry peace, peace, when there is no peace. They offer to the corrupt palates of the crowd, false dishes. Well do they know that the roots pulled fresh from mould have a bitter taste.

The exploitation of Africa by Europeans is one of the iniquities of our age, but it requires the sensitiveness, the imagination of a Joseph Conrad to see this and with a dispassionate and terrible artistry to make us see it also. There is, however, no spirit of propaganda to weaken the force of his story. His comments are innocent of any moral taint. He extends towards the lamentable situation of Africa an interest detached, unimplicated, and philosophic. Like all deep thinkers he has understood long ago that it is necessary to regard life in the light of a spectacle, of a spectacle with infirm foundations. And it is for the very reason that his approach is always aesthetic rather than moral that his writings have so great a value in advancing the cause of what is sensitive and religious in opposition to what in life is obtuse, base and inert.

How admirably, for example, he reveals to us the first sinister impressions received by Marlow, "a most discreet, understanding man," on landing at the Company's station, far

up the river of death in Central Africa. So wonderfully does he conjure with his words, it seems that we ourselves follow the scorched path leading up the hill, with our own eyes observing the "undersized railway-truck lying there on its back with its wheels in the air" (that single stroke paints with the sureness of genius the desolation, the imbecile waste inseparable from European enterprise in Africa when prompted by rich absentee financiers endeavouring to add to their wealth by an unscrupulous exploitation of black ivory) until we reach the place where Marlow was overtaken by the chain-gang, by those six fettered convicts who went by "without a glance, with that complete, death-like indifference of unhappy savages."

Conrad is not taken in by talk of "the white man's burden." No one appreciates better than he the incongruity, the anomaly, the malign injustice of superimposing our Western notions upon these natural children of the sun. "They were called criminals, and the outraged law, like the bursting shells, had come to them, an insoluble mystery from the sea."

And what a picture he gives of the white settlement when once it is reached! We can never forget the chief accountant of the company in his "high starched collar, white cuffs, a light alpaca jacket, snowy trousers, a clean necktie, and varnished boots" stepping out for a moment "to get a breath of fresh air," the expression sounded wonderfully odd, with its suggestion of sedentary desk life, or sitting at work in his

hut "built of horizontal planks, and so badly put together that, as he bent over his high desk, he was barred from neck to heels with narrow strips of sunlight."

With the illuminated insight of a poet Conrad sees in visible images the desolation of abomination that has fallen upon the continent with the invasion of the white man. "But as I stood on the hillside, I foresaw that in the blinding sunshine of that land I would become acquainted with a flabby, pretending, weak-eyed devil of a rapacious and pitiless folly." He watched the white traders wandering here and there with their absurd long staves in their hands, "like a lot of faithless pilgrims bewitched inside a rotten fence" and he sees their victim the overburdened carrier "dead in harness, at rest in the long grass near the path, with an empty water-gourd by his side. A great silence around and above."

In Africa death weighs light as a vulture's feather. A negro more or a negro less, what does it matter? The black Gods of the hippopotami of Lake Elmenteita have no counting-out rhyme. Their monstrous craniums harbour no brains. They have eyes of bright mica, and hearts of stone. A thousand sparrows could fall to the ground and never one would be missed, a thousand black mortals could grow crooked in death and never one be numbered.

How Joseph Conrad in a few words can sketch in a character for us! He will lay stress on some physical feature and behold he has made dry bones live. We ourselves have surely

seen managers with a smile such as he describes "an indefinable, faint expression of his lips, something stealthy—a smile —not a smile—I remember it, but I can't explain. It was unconscious, this smile was, though just after he had said something it got intensified for an instant. It came at the end of his speeches like a seal applied on the words to make the meaning of the commonest phrase appear absolutely inscrutable."

And ever behind the shallow contemporary drama being played upon the stage of this "tenebrous land invaded by these mean and greedy phantoms" there can be heard the beating of the great tragic "heart of darkness" of Africa herself, old as the world, tragic, formidable, and impotent to die.

The murmur, the articulation of this measureless land when it has once been heard cannot easily be forgotten. Joseph Conrad, by the power of his incomparable style, causes us to listen once more to the ancient melancholy rumour. We are made to heed it "in the tremor of far-off drums, sinking, swelling, a tremor vast, faint: a sound weird, appealing, suggestive, and wild—and perhaps with as profound a meaning as the sound of bells in a Christian country," or it may be in the midnight splash of the hippopotamus audible to Marlow in his rusty engine room, or in the unceasing soughing of the great forests unaltered from the "earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings."

LLEWELYN POWYS

[34] YOUTH

A NARRATIVE AND TWO OTHER STORIES

12mo, original pale green cloth. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons, 1902.

First edition.

With the 32p. publisher's catalogue dated "10/02."

THE DEDICATION COPY.

Inscribed on the first blank leaf:

Dear Jessie's copy
17th Nov. 1902
Pent Farm

Laid in is an autograph letter signed by Mrs. Conrad that is related to this copy:

It was during our occupation of Pent Farm, in that first most carefree period, that I received my due tribute of having a book dedicated to me I did not think it was overdue, but I was beginning to wonder when it would come. It came in the volume of stories called "Youth" which followed "Lord Jim," though the first two stories in it were written before that long novel. The inscription consists merely of the words, "To my Wife," but the motto on the title page arrested my attention. I knew that Conrad's title page quotations had always a close and direct relation to the contents of the book itself, and that they often expressed the mood in which the work was written. After having pondered a little over this one, I decided to ask him whether that quotation from "Grimm's Tales" had been selected in reference to the book, for indeed I was puzzled a little by it. He said, "No, not to the text, but to the dedication alone." It runs like this: "But the dwarf said, 'No; something human is dearer to me than the wealth of all the world.'" This quotation and the one taken from *The Rover*, and which we have used on the stone above his grave, have more personal meaning than any of the others. The first because as he always insisted showed that to him his wife was intensely human, the second, because as I would wish to point out, it seems written almost for that last purpose.

Laid in is a long 8p. autograph letter signed by Conrad from Pent Farm, Stanford near Hythe, December 22, 1902, to Edward Garnett—a very interesting letter referring to the reviews that appeared after the publication of *Youth.* It reads in part:

. . . How nice they are I renounce to tell. My dearest fellow you quite overcome me. And your brave attempt to grapple with the foggishness of H of D, to explain what I myself tried to shape blindfold, as it were, has touched me profoundly. You are the Seer of the Figure in the Carpet. The Figure in the Carpet of the E of the T you have seen so perfectly and described in a line and a half with so much precision that even to me it has been a sort of revelation.

Thanks and thanks again.

The ruck takes its tone from you. You know how to serve a friend! I notice the reviews as they come in since your article. Youth is an epic; that's settled. And the H of D is this and that and the other thing—they aren't so positive because in this case they aren't intelligent enough to catch on to your indications. But anyhow it's a high water mark. If it hadn't been for you it would have been dreary bosh—an incoherent bogie tale. Yes. That note too was sounded only you came just in time. As to the E of T you have seen the Figure—but the miserable threadbare warp and woof of the thing had fascinated them already. They didn't want you there. Touching, tender, noble, moving. . . .

However the Manchester Guardian was fairly intelligent—and, I suppose, you have seen the thawing of great snows on the hoary summits of the Athenæum? I am still shaking at the august phenomenon.

J. Bl'wood sent me word that the thing sells decently and that if the Christmas does not kill it or if. . . .

[35] YOUTH

A NARRATIVE AND TWO OTHER STORIES

12mo, original pale green cloth. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons, 1902.

First edition.

With the 32p. publisher's catalogue dated "10/02."

WITH FOUR SIGNED INSCRIPTIONS BY THE AUTHOR

On the title-page appears the first inscription:

". . . *loved him after all.*"
Joseph Conrad
1919
[The last words of "The End of the Tether."]

On the half-title of "Youth," Conrad has written the following note:

"Youth" is a feat of memory. It is a record of experience, but that experience, in its facts, in its inwardness, and in its outward coloring begins and ends in myself.
Joseph Conrad

On the half-title of "Heart of Darkness" in the autograph of the author:

". . . *We called at some more places with farcical names, where the merry dance of death and trade goes on in a still and earthy atmosphere as of an over-heated catacomb; all along the formless coast, bordered by dangerous surf, as if nature herself had tried to ward off intruders; in and out of rivers, streams of death in life, whose banks were rotting into mud, whose waters thickened into slime, invaded the contorted mangroves that seemed to writhe at us in the extremity of an impotent despair. Nowhere did we stop long enough to get a particular impression, but the general sense of vague and oppressive wonder grew upon me. It was like a weary pilgrimage amongst hints for nightmares."* *J. Conrad*

And on the last printed page (375) following the last words of the story, Conrad has written:

It accords best with my feelings to part from Capt. Whalley in affectionate silence.
J. Conrad

Tipped in, preceding "Heart of Darkness" is an original autograph letter signed in full *Conrad Korzeniowski*, written in French. It is dated London, November 4, 1889, and addressed to the Managing Director (M. Albert Thys) of the Société

Anonyme Belge pour le Commerce du Haut-Congo, Brussels
Conrad had suddenly made up his mind to go to Africa, and through friends and relatives in London and Brussels was making an effort to obtain command of a steamer on the Congo. The letter follows:

. . . I have the honor to inform you that I have decided not to take the trip to Mexico and the West Indies, in the service of Messrs. Walfords & Co., having obtained, of course, their permission for doing so.

In view of the fact that I have just returned from the warm countries, where my stay was very long, and the probability of my trip to Africa within a few months, I consider it very important for me to profit for as long a time as possible of the European climate.

I take the liberty to inform you at once of this change in my itinerary, because I consider it a duty to inform you of any changes.

My correspondence may be sent to the address below, whence it will be forwarded to me.

I have the honor to remain, Dear Sir, your most obedient servant . . .

On the verso of the last page the Director has written the following note, which informs us of the impression produced by the visit of Conrad:

Good Captain for when we shall need one for the Haut-Congo. Ask for information.

On the last blank leaf of this book H. L. Mencken has written an original tribute to Conrad which is printed in full on the last page of this *Conrad Memorial Library.*

On September 19, 1882, Conrad signed at London as second mate on the SS. *Palestine*, bound for Bangkok. The ship caught fire off the coast of Sumatra and the crew had to take to the boats and the voyage was thus completed—in open boats—as far as

Singapore. Conrad in the story "Youth" transmits the thrill of the experience of a young seaman's first command, though it was command only of a shipwrecked crew in a small boat. Conrad's original discharge issued in Singapore on April 3, 1883, and containing his signature, *Conrad Korzeniowski*, as of that date, is in this library (No. 232).

[36] YOUTH

A NARRATIVE AND TWO OTHER STORIES

12mo, original pale green cloth. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons, 1902.

Second edition.

The first blank leaf contains the author's full signature: *Joseph Conrad.*

[37] HEART OF DARKNESS

THE ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT

Written on 211 quarto pages. All that exists of the original holograph, commencing with p. 11 (about the middle of p. 55 of the printed version) and continuing to p. 157 (p. 141 of the book). On the verso of the foregoing leaves there is written practically the balance of the story.

In the manuscript are many corrections, deletions, and additions. The manuscript is bound with a wrapper on which Conrad has written: *Heart of Darkness, parts of MS.*

H. L. Mencken writes:

. . . I give you "Heart of Darkness" as the archetype of his whole work and the keystone of his metaphysical system. Here we have all imaginable

~~He wanted only justice.~~

"Lord!" he said "he wanted only justice." But I couldn't. I could not tell her. It would have ~~been too dark. too dark. It would have been too dark~~ been too dark — too dark altogether.

Marlow ceased and sat in the pose of a meditating Buddha. Nobody moved for a time. "We have lost the first of the ebb" said the Director suddenly. He looked around. The offing was barred by a black bank of clouds and the ~~estuary~~ tranquil waterway ~~that~~ leading to the uttermost ends of the earth flowing sombre under an overcast sky seemed to lead into the heart of an immense darkness.

The End

human hopes and aspirations reduced to one common denominator of folly and failure, and here we have a play of humor that is infinitely mordant and searching. Turn to pages 136 and 137 of the American edition; the burial of the helmsman. Turn then to 178–184; Marlow's last interview with Kurtz' intended. The farce mounts by slow stages to dizzy and breath-taking heights. One hears harsh roars of laughter, vast splutterings of transcendental mirth, echoing and re-echoing down the black corridors of empty space. "Youth," "Heart of Darkness," and "The End of the Tether," make up the best book of imaginative writing that the English literature of the twentieth century can yet show. There is in "Heart of Darkness" a perfection in design which one encounters only rarely and miraculously in prose fiction; it belongs rather to music. I can't imagine taking a single sentence out of that stupendous tale without leaving a visible gap; it is as thoroughly "durch componiert" as a fugue. And I can't imagine adding anything to it, even so little as a word, without doing it damage. As it stands it is austerely and beautifully perfect, just as the slow movement of the Unfinished Symphony is perfect.

Conrad tells us "Heart of Darkness" is experience, too. "That sombre theme had to be given a sinister resonance, a tonality of its own, a continued vibration that I hoped would hang in the air and dwell on the ear after the last note had been struck." This story of the Black Continent is the heavier portion of his African "loot." Shortly after Stanley's exploration, he piloted as second in command, and finally in command, a small river steamer between the uncharted banks of the Congo in the neighbourhood of Stanley Falls. The story was written in four months, an incredibly short time for Conrad, showing how fresh the memory of the Congo experiences was in his mind.

G. Jean-Aubry in his book *Joseph Conrad in the Congo* has done the student of Conrad memorable service in compiling and publishing the actual facts in Conrad's life that dealt with

his determination to go to the Congo, and has paralleled the text of the above story insofar as it has been possible, with Conrad's actual experiences in Africa. (See No. 279.)

There is in this library under AUTOGRAPH LETTERS FROM CONRAD TO MAJOR ERNEST DAWSON 1902-1924 (No. 235) an original autograph letter of Conrad written on June 25, 1908, unpublished, which refers to his Congo experience. It reads in part:

. . . I have been in a state resembling yours, some time after my Congo experience. It was not the convalescence from the fever. The convalescence was over for a year, and I was apparently as well as ever when that sort of weakness stole over me. I couldn't move *my fingers* (not hand, *fingers*) without sending the pulse up an incredible number of beats. I lay on my back in dismal lodgings and expected to go out like a burnt out candle any moment. That was nerves, and it was a six months' job. But you being looked after ought to do this variety turn in 3 months at the outside. . . .

[38] YOUTH

AND TWO OTHER STORIES

12mo, original light green cloth, uncut. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co., 1903.

First American edition.

Signed on the blank first leaf: *Joseph Conrad.*

[39] YOUTH

A NARRATIVE AND TWO OTHER STORIES

12mo, original green cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1917.

In this reprint appeared for the first time the Author's Note of 4pp.

The blank first leaf is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

[40] YOUTH AND GASPAR RUIZ

With frontispiece portrait, 16mo, original red cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1920.

First edition to contain a Conrad catechism and a bibliography, and the first separate edition of these two stories.

This edition also contains an Author's Note to "Gaspar Ruiz," specially written for this volume. The note to "Youth" in this volume is a reprint of the note written for the Dent edition of 1917 (No. 39).

Laid in is a long unpublished holograph letter of Conrad written from Montpelier dated January 3, 1907, addressed to Major Ernest Dawson. It refers largely to "Gaspar Ruiz," which had just appeared.

AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY PHILIP CARTER REPRESENTING THE WOMAN IN "HEART OF DARKNESS" STANDING AND LOOKING AT THE PILGRIMS ON THE STEAMER

"Her face had a tragic fear and aspect of wild sorrow and dumb pain mingled with the fear of some struggling half-shaped resolve. She stood looking at us without a stir and like the wilderness itself, with an air of brooding over an inscrutable purpose."

TYPHOON

THERE is a fashion, in the writing of introductions to the work of deceased authors, of laying between the reader and the work the very pattern of public approvals and acceptances, over-arched with all his titles to distinction—as if somehow the death of the author left his fame too much exposed to weathers of misapprehension brewed by time and change; as if the very front of human behaviour and the structure of human occasions against which his genius was displayed, required, with the necessity of inviting new inspections, much refurbishing.

But for the present herald of a work made timeless by the very element it employs, no such ambassadorial gesture will serve; since for me from every window of the house of Conrad's fame, his face looks out, lean, harassed, touched with the illimitable melancholy of the sea and lit by reflections of the fires along shore toward which he hopefully steered, and never, with any security to himself, set foot upon. He was, as I knew him, in respect to that fame, whose windy announcements were never certainly distinguished in his own mind from flappings of disaster, like any sailorman who has been so long on ship that he feels forever the dry land heave under him with the unceasing rhythms of sea change. If I laid any such honorific tapestry of literary estimate between the reader and

"Typhoon," I should expect to see the author steadying himself along it with the seaman's anticipation of treacherous lurchings under foot—as he did on first confronting him with my conviction, derived from my own reactions, of its imperishable values.

"Typhoon" was the first of Conrad's books to come to my hand, but it was not until after reading "Youth" and "Heart of Darkness" that I ventured to write to the author, and received from him a reply in which, for him, the note of astonishment was struck by my saying that the work had been recommended to me by my banker. Mr. Conrad doubted that there was a banker in England who had read him, much less called him to the attention of his clients; and formed from the circumstance an opinion of the advanced state of the reading public of the United States which was probably undeserved. It was not until several years later when Herbert Hoover drove me down from The Red House in Hornton Street, to the ancient Kentish farmhouse in which the Conrads were then installed, that I had any answer to what I had tried to convey, of the impression I had of being shown, in the core of a tropic hurricane, the missing fragment by which the pattern of human society had been, once for all, rendered intelligible; tried, but did not altogether succeed, since at that time all that Conrad knew of America was that it was beginning to seek him out—though I was not absolutely the first I was among the earliest—at a time when the English were largely unaware

of him. I recall offering him as assurance on that point, and, as a way of leading up to my own, the possibility that the very familiar quality of his novels, of "Typhoon" in particular, might account for the English taking them with less astonishment than they had aroused in my own country. It was in speaking of the effect of such response upon himself that Conrad used the figure by which I have described him, as a lonely seafarer steering his little skiff along an unknown shore toward which he shouted, and heard occasionally, broken and rendered small by thunder, an answering voice.

It was when I undertook to make the author of "Typhoon" realize that for this particular American the book stood out as a revelation of the stark adventure of the human male completely out of reach, and beyond the perception, of that audience for which, in the United States, all adventure is more or less supposed to be undertaken. Whether as seaman, or Englishman, or simply European, Conrad was removed to the point of mystification from a society in which the male is assigned the perpetual rôle of petitioner for the social and moral judgment of women. He admitted to having heard, of American men that, in those intervals when they were necessarily offstage, they were not supposed to be doing anything worthy of the attention of women, or if significantly active, it was assumed to be about matters which the superior refinement of women could notice only to disapprove. But though Mr. Conrad as author, was omnisciently aware of the languid

disinterest of Mrs. MacWhirr in what might be happening to her husband on the roaring deep, except, of course, as it affected the possibility of his coming home again, the author of Mrs. MacWhirr's being found himself unable to realize this as a factor in social determination. "Why? why?" he cried, flashing his fine eyes and lifting his lean sensitive hands against my assertion that the quality of realism in his picture of a group of otherwise quite ordinary males in the heart of a typhoon was a thing that American women were least prepared to face, even though there was nothing occupied them so much at the time—this was in 1908—as their concerted effort to break into the field where it occurred. How, indeed, was one to explain to the author of "Typhoon," of *The Nigger of the Narcissus* and *Lord Jim*, that there was as yet no realism in American fiction that was not simply the obverse of the romanticism of men and women about each other as male and female. There had been, for a decade or more, fiction in which women had revealed to men that the applause which had been produced by women as audience was not all that it appeared, and men had retaliated on women with uncoverings of off-stage performances in which their objections to the posed rôle were stated as objectionably as possible. There were novels in America in which men and women had given over being romantically noble for the sake of being even more romantically something less than noble, but none in which there was not always an eye out on one side to see how the other was taking it. There were no novels in

which men showed for what God made them with no audience other than the impersonal elements against which they were pitted. Or, if there were God present, it was a deity so obscurely hidden behind the flat mask of working rules, such as make up the cultus of men like Captain MacWhirr, that they remained almost completely inarticulate about Him. They scarcely, these men that Conrad showed me in every exigency of the sea, played audience to each other except as they came to conclusions to the extent of deciding whether or not they would choose each other again with whom to face "the immeasurable strength, the immoderate wrath, the wrath that passes exhausted but never appeased, the wrath and fury of the passionate sea." I have always thought that if the *Nan-Shan* had been captained by a woman, she would have dismissed the second mate, in addition to the loss of his berth and his breakfast, as a prelude to pitching him overboard in the presence of an applauding crew, with superb, romanticized scorn. It remains in my mind with the penetrating and persistent, the amazing quality of experience, that all that MacWhirr found time and occasion to say of him was that he had "lost his nerve." I am certain that Captain MacWhirr in the flesh would have appeared to me as a total loss, but in "Typhoon" I found him magnificent to the point of producing in me that humility which as a traditional attitude of women toward men, I, along with other American women, was doing all that could be done to abolish.

I think I did not get far in explaining all this to Joseph Conrad that morning that we sat at the upper window of the low old Kentish farmhouse—the lower floor had been, I understood, originally planned to shelter the cattle of the farmer overhead—while a red cabbage rose tapped at the pane, and Mr. Hoover, who had been too shy to intrude himself upon our talk, passed and repassed along the hedged lane, with repeated tootings of impatience in the hot sun. Later I took the subject up again with Conrad at Bishopsbourne, having read in the interval of fifteen years, everything that had come from his pen, without finding anything which overlaid the freshness of first impressions. On this second occasion we talked again of this impersonal quality of man in adventure with the elements, which I thought women had still to learn if they were to take personal part in such adventure, unless—this was merely a guess on my part which later approaches a conviction—women had already learned it in respect to their own adventure among those spiritual realities, toward which men remain incurably, emotionally romantic. I recall that Mr. Conrad thought that somehow this was rather fine of the men and proceeded to illustrate it for me out of the lives of those he himself had vested for us with the character of mutual acquaintances. From that we approached the question that was beginning to interest me very much, as to the effect on character, and especially on the literary presentation of character—primarily on the author's way of perceiving character—of the natural environ-

ment in which it was developed. I recalled that in reading "Typhoon," I seemed to feel the rhythms of the sea in torment, with an intensity that implied a more or less conscious feeling for it on the part of the author. Pressed upon this point, Mr. Conrad admitted that most of his stories began in a sea mood, an aspect or motion of the sea in which somehow the sea participated, if not governing at least subtending the spirit and action of the piece. He thought this might well influence, though not consciously, on his part, the mode of literary expression. He was often, he said, so taken in recollection with the feeling of the sea as he wrote, that he would leave off composition for a while until he had subdued it to its place as material; that such re-experienced motions might not have been without effect he admitted, but did not feel sure in his own case. From that point he reverted to what I have already said about Captain MacWhirr, and added that he thought that the very immensity of the sea, the impossibility of reducing it to human terms, had its appeal for men of the type of MacWhirr inasmuch as it did not excite in them the urge toward an impossible articulateness, just as in men like himself it provided the background of immutability which rested them from the importunity of their own souls. It made, as he said of his wife, "a kind of peace around him." It is out of this charmed peace which is said to lie at the heart of a hurricane that works of genius such as the novels of Joseph Conrad are plucked. All of which seems to suggest that between MacWhirr, whose

appearance was so much like his mind, "simple, ordinary, unruffled," and the most romantic of modern novelists, there is one of those unsolved similarities of spirit that are the perpetual incitement and mystery of the literary life.

MARY AUSTIN

[41] TYPHOON

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen. 12mo, original dark green cloth with decorative design on front cover. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1902.

First edition.

In the first complete edition published in England the following year, three other stories were included. A separate edition of "Typhoon" was not published in England until 1912.

With the following autograph inscription by the author:

A pendent to the storm-piece of "The Nigger of the Narcissus," the "Narcissus" being a sailing-ship, and the "Nan-Shan" a steam-ship in a gale. *J. Conrad*

There is laid in an unpublished 4p. autograph letter signed, dated August 24, 1919, addressed by the author to Mr. W. S. George. It contains a great deal of Conrad's righteous indignation at certain politicians and also touches on "Typhoon": ". . . I've never read Tchekhov but I've re-read the few lines on pp. 15-16 of *Typhoon*, and, since you are so encouraging, I don't mind confessing that they seem to me all right. Charming little lot. What gave me serious concern, however, is that MacWhirr could not get a house like that nowadays for £45 or anything like it. It looks like a howling mistake on

my part and some readers with no sense of chronology will be raising their eyebrows at the figure. . . ."
The manuscript was completed at midnight, January 11, 1901
"Typhoon" gives an unforgettable picture of the immensity and relentlessness of the destructive forces of nature, and of the indestructible spirit of man. Conrad writes: "MacWhirr is not an acquaintance of a few hours, or a few weeks, or a few months. He is the product of twenty years of life. My own life." It is a story of the China Sea, and as Conrad tells us, the subject matter itself has no foundation in actual experience. He remembered the instance of a steamship full of coolies returning from Singapore to some port in northern China. Years before he had heard it talked about in the East. The motif of the story as it is developed in the book is not the bad weather, but "the extraordinary complication brought into the ship's life by the human element below her deck." As a description of a storm at sea it has no rival, and as human drama, the mad Chinamen imprisoned below decks, milling from side to side of the heaving ship in pursuit of their dollars, make an unforgettable scene.

[42] TYPHOON
AND OTHER STORIES
12mo, original slate-coloured cloth, uncut. London: William Heinemann, 1903.
First complete edition.

With the following autograph inscription by the author on the half-title page:

". . . his trust in an everlasting tomorrow."

1919 *Joseph Conrad*

and on the recto of the first leaf of the book Conrad has written the following inscription:

"He cried in an agitated tone 'our boats are going now, Sir.' And again he heard that voice forced and ringing feebly, but with a penetrating effect of quietness in the enormous discord of noises, as if sent out from some remote spot of peace beyond the black wastes of the gale; again he heard a man's voice—the frail and indomitable sound that can be made to carry an infinity of thought, resolution and purpose, that shall be pronouncing confident words on the last day, when heavens fall, and justice is done—again he heard it, and it was crying to him, as if from very, very far—'all right.'" *Joseph Conrad*

The entire edition consisted of 3000 copies. This is one of the first 1500 copies with the publishers' windmill, and without the words "Reserved for Colonies only" on the verso of the half-title. First edition in book form of all the stories except "Typhoon," and first appearance of "Falk." The last story, "To-Morrow" was dramatized by Conrad under the title *One Day More* and was first published in the *English Review*, August, 1913 (No. 53), and first appeared in separate form in a privately printed edition in 1917 (No. 49).

[43] TYPHOON

AND OTHER STORIES

12mo, original slate-coloured cloth, uncut. London: William Heinemann, 1903.

First complete edition.

PRESENTATION COPY TO MRS. CONRAD

The first blank leaf contains the following inscription:

Dear Jessie's copy
Pent Farm, 1902

[44] TYPHOON
AND OTHER STORIES

12mo, original slate-coloured cloth, uncut. London: William Heinemann, 1903.

First complete edition.

Inserted is one large quarto page of ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT. The original holograph manuscript in the John Quinn collection, sold at the Anderson Galleries November 13, 1923 (No. 1807), was complete, but Mrs. Conrad writes: "Once or twice it happened that two pages bore the same number although there might be quite a considerable difference in the text. He may have interlined one with the contents of the other and both pages have been accidentally preserved."

[45] TYPHOON
AND OTHER STORIES

12mo, original slate-coloured cloth, uncut. London: William Heinemann, 1903.

First colonial edition.

Presentation copy with the following autograph inscription on the flyleaf:

From the Author
1904

The title, without the windmill device, is inset.

Having just enough imagination to carry him through each successive day and no more he was tranquilly sure of himself, and from the very same cause he was not in the least conceited. It is your imaginative superior who is touchy, overbearing and difficult to please. It was as impossible for him to take a flight of fancy as it would be for a watchmaker to put a watch together with nothing but a two-pound hammer and a whip-saw in the way of tools; but the ships captain McWhirr commanded were floating abodes of harmony of peace. The lives of men so temperamentally involved in the phase of the actual existence may not be interesting but to a reflective mind appear mysterious; for each life no matter how independent of hopes and fears its days has ultimately its shape stands in the end like an attempted rough-hewn statue ~~hinting at an imaginative conception~~ with a motive other than sheer hunger, conveying ~~with~~ a hint of imaginative conception. And it was impossible in Captain McWhirr's case for instance to understand what under heaven could have induced that perfectly satisfactory son of a small ~~the Belfast~~ shopkeeper in Belfast to run away to sea. And yet ~~it was~~ he had done that very thing at the age of fourteen. It was enough when you thought it over to give you the idea of an immense potent and invisible hand thrust into the

No half-title. One leaf of press notices of *The Nigger of the Narcissus* before the title and sixteen pages of advertisements at the end.

[46] FALK

AMY FOSTER, TO-MORROW. THREE STORIES

12mo, original dark blue cloth, uncut. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co., 1903.

First American edition.

On the first blank leaf Conrad has written the following inscription:

"Falk" owes its inception to a well-known at the time (1886) fact of a broken-down steamer drifting for 3 weeks in the Southern Ocean. She had plenty of provisions, and the people on board of her suffered only from awful boredom. But it is the personality of a certain man whom I met the year before which suggested the psychology of the Captain of the tug—and lover of Herman's niece. Falk's psychology is absolutely true to my experience of certain straightforward characters combining a perfectly natural restlessness with a certain amount of moral delicacy. *Joseph Conrad*

The first and only separate edition of "Falk," "Amy Foster," and "To-Morrow" in book form. "Falk" was written at Winchelsea, a small historic English town, and completed in May, 1901 "Falk" owes much to things seen and heard by the author at the time he took over his first command, the *Otago*, in Bangkok. The actual locality is unnamed.

[47] TYPHOON

Frontispiece. 16mo, original cloth. London: William Heinemann, 1912.

First separate English edition.

With the following inscription by the Author on the recto of frontispiece: *For R. C. Joseph Conrad*

[48] TO-MORROW

In the *Pall Mall Magazine.*

4to, original wrappers. London, August, 1902.

First appearance of this story in print.

The title-page contains Conrad's initials *J. C.* and the end of the story is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

[49] ONE DAY MORE

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

Small 4to, original wrappers, uncut. London: Privately printed for Clement Shorter, February, 1917.

First edition.

Limited to 25 copies privately printed for distribution to friends, of which this is No. 4, signed by the editor, *Clement Shorter.*

On the title-page Conrad has written in his handwriting:

"Careful! Go slow . . ."
Joseph Conrad

and has initialed the last page: *J. C.*

One Day More was originally prepared for the stage, and produced in 1904, when it was performed by the Stage Society, and also at the Maison de l'Oeuvre in Paris. In 1913 it appeared in the August number of the *English Review* (No. 53). The play

was founded upon the story "To-Morrow," first printed in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for August, 1902, and afterwards included in *Typhoon* in 1903. The dramatic version was the work of the author himself.

[50] ONE DAY MORE

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

8vo, original decorative boards, vellum back, paper label. Westminster: The Beaumont Press, 1919.

First published edition.

The edition was limited to 24 copies on Japanese vellum, of which this is No. 24, signed in ink by the author: *Joseph Conrad.* Upon the title-page the following inscription:

Dramatization of my short story "To-Morrow," the last in the "Typhoon" volume.
Joseph Conrad

[51] ONE DAY MORE

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

8vo, original decorative boards, vellum back, paper label. Westminster: The Beaumont Press, 1919.

First published edition.

The edition was limited to 250 copies on hand-made paper, of which this is No. 226.

On the title-page Conrad has written in his bold handwriting the last words of the play:

". . . *You! Bessie!*"
Joseph Conrad
1919

[52] ONE DAY MORE

12mo, half vellum, uncut. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1920.

First American edition.

This edition is limited to 377 copies, of which this is No. 69.

Signed in ink by the author: *Joseph Conrad.*

Also the following autograph inscription:

for G. T. Keating
this, my first attempt to dramatise one of my stories.
J. Conrad

[53] ONE DAY MORE

In the *English Review.* Original wrappers, 4to. London, August, 1913.

First appearance in print of this play.

The first page of the play itself is inscribed:

Joseph Conrad
Signed 1919

[54] LAUGHING ANN & ONE DAY MORE

TWO PLAYS

With an Introduction by John Galsworthy.

12mo, original cloth, original dust wrappers. London: John Castle, 1924.

First edition of the two plays together, with Galsworthy's Introduction

Galsworthy has written his full signature, *John Galsworthy*, at the end of his Introduction.

Laid in is a 2p. autograph letter signed, written by Conrad to the writer, and dated Deal, September 6, 1920.

"One Day More" was dramatized from the story "To-Morrow" in *Typhoon and Other Stories.*

[55] LAUGHING ANN. ONE DAY MORE
TWO PLAYS

With an introduction by John Galsworthy.

12mo, original cloth, original dust wrappers. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1925.

First American edition of these two plays together with the Galsworthy Introduction.

The Introduction is signed in full: *John Galsworthy.*

ROMANCE

WE had come up the Red Sea from Jiddah and Loheija, past the dreadful barrenness of the Sinaitic Peninsula, and we were anchored in front of the extremely Dutch-appearing canal-town of Port Tewfik. To complete the illusion we had a Dutch firm of contractors, very busy with what the British Navy calls "defects," and in the evening we were free to discover that, however fair a city Suez may be, it is not on the Suez Canal. It lay a league distant, very fair to behold when the sun was setting beyond the shining valley of the Nile, its domes and minarets rising above irrigated gardens, beckoning us toward unknown delights, more or less oriental.

So it appeared then and now, its lines and colours softened by distance of time, it retains the glamour of a dream city because of the experiences and moods of those days. Suez is a romantic memory, and its quality arises from the peace that enfolds an engineer when his ship is, in the naval phrase, "in dockyard hands." He subsides from a state of suppressed hysteria and sustained vigilance to a benevolent neutrality. Seduced by the apparent ease with which a paternal navy causes new machinery to grow where is now only a collection of unmanageable antiques, he enlarges his requisitions and resigns himself to the Dutch contractors in a Dutch-looking canal-

town. He even takes on some of the tranquillity of a Dutch uncle. And he has time to read books, to answer letters, to contemplate the prospect. Suez, with her shining roofs amid green gardens, looks very good to those who have had nothing to look at for several months save the red-hot mirages of Arabian coast-towns.

This preamble is necessary to explain how a number of officers of the Reserve, having been ferried ashore in Port Tewfik by their devoted deck-ratings, boarded the little train one evening and later appeared, in extremely clean white suits and cork helmets, on the verandah of the hotel in Suez, holding to their bronzed faces beakers of beer. It was expensive stuff, from the point of view of gentlemen getting ten shillings a day (income tax deducted at source). It was twelve piastres tariff a bottle, which is about fifty cents of American money, or one quarter of one officer's daily pay. By a curious mental perversion they preferred this dubious and valuable malt beverage to the sound wines in their wardroom which a canny Scots paymaster had picked up for a song, and a Scot's song at that. They liked the feeling of being sailors ashore. They were sick of the sight of our wardroom and of our ship. They sought, if you like, romance, though it lay not in their characters to express their desires. Some of them found it after numerous spurious imitations had beguiled inexperienced hearts. They felt that in their bottle of costly Suez beer they were more likely to discover "venturous hours" than in their wardroom hocks and

burgundies. They drank and savoured the unaccustomed pleasure of watching the street scenes. Suez is not a metropolis. Set down in Central Park it would excite comment as being a decidedly eastern town. But compared with Hodeida, Jiddah and Loheija it was Park Avenue and Riverside Drive. Those who sit on the verandah of Shepheard's Hotel at Cairo and feel themselves to be growing unbearably oriental; let them visit the coast cities of the Hedjaz. Let them, while the heated air, in Lawrence's expressive phrase, makes the distant city work up and down like pistons, go ashore and endure that heat within the narrow silent streets. From the shuttered houses and the dust-carpeted streets there is no sound or movement. It is the silence, not of a grave but of a crematorium. The sky flames. The shadows seem cut out of hot black iron. They are between the grate-bars of hell and will presently turn to crisp blackened cinders. And if the news arrives that the Turks have once more captured the water-holes they will discover all their humanitarianism has evaporated in the heat. The sight of planes circling above the Turkish camp, the thump of bombs exploding among tents and camels, will evoke only simple pleasure. The intolerable sunlight, the strong primary colours of the houses, the greyish earth, the sinister opacity of the dark wooden mushrebiyehs, behind which one imagines cruel and incomprehensible women watching the alien traveller, the revolting food of the nomads—all these factors are as affrighting to the guests at Shepheard's as to those of the Los Angeles Biltmore.

And the object of bringing these Arabian memories to mind at this moment is to sketch in a background for experience. The officers above mentioned, once their thirst was slaked, became aware of other needs. Across the way, a little distance down the street, was a kiosk for the sale of papers and books. There, as we found, one could get the London *Times*—supposing any human being really wanted the London *Times*—and the *Daily Mail*. One of the officers purchased a copy of the Sunday *Observer*, he having a passion for Mr. J. L. Garvin's Cassandra-like editorials. There were, of course, other, less solid periodicals. There was *Excelsior*, concerning whose name Mr. Arnold Bennett, when it was founded, expressed great wonder and delight. There was *La Vie Parisienne*, impossibly sensual, catering to those for whom romance assumes the guise of being a sort of immortal pasha. There was *John Bull*, popular with lower-deck ratings, symptomatic of the times with its demagogic drivel and laboured humour. One suspected that the bull dog standing on the Union Jack on the cover was not a pedigreed animal.

And there were books.

It used to be said that the war dealt books a savage blow. At this distance it seems rather to have stimulated sales. Certainly men began to read who had never read before. Those who had the habit read more and read more widely. Stuck in some place like Suez or Saloniki, they dredged the local stores for something they could get their teeth into, something that

would satisfy the strange and unfamiliar longings they discovered within themselves. That indeed was one of the most unexpected results of war—unexpected because we had forgotten what war was like. Men found that for the first time in their lives they had a chance to think. Moving as cogs in the vast mechanism of an army or navy, they became fatalists about the ordinary business of life, and automatically they became aware of spiritual needs. Some took to religion and some to undisciplined passion. Men who had never entered a church read devotional works, and men who had lived decorously in London suburbs forgot their wives and fell in love in a way that frightened themselves. And others, browsing among books in some alien shop, would buy and read, quite without intention, masterpieces.

Some spirit stirred among the publishers, too, in those days when the nations were organized to destroy each other. Forgotten books made their appearance in cheap shilling editions, books so good that nothing would induce publishers to offer them in peace-time. It almost seemed as though these gentlemen, convinced that men on active service would read anything, accidentally catered to our highest instincts! Certain it is that as that group of naval reserve officers crossed the street and gathered round the kiosk to make their purchases, one of them ran his eye along a row of squat volumes in bright blue cloth, priced twelve piastres tariff, exactly the value of a bottle of beer.

They stood in a row, in their somewhat gaudy and quite inadequate jackets and this officer, who had suffered in silence for some weeks the poverty of the wardroom library, looked them over. He wanted to read certain books, whereas his companions, for the most part, merely wanted "a book to read," as someone has already said. The difference is vital, but publishers have to consider both kinds of readers. So we had Miss Braddon and H. G. Wells, Booth Tarkington and George Horace Lorimer, Mrs. Humphrey Ward and George Gissing, Eden Philpotts and Jack London. Others were "in preparation." And at the end of the row, where the jackets changed to the noisier colours of avowedly "light" fiction, was a book called *Romance.*

To him, carrying that little square book through the green gardens outside the town, beyond the canals where buffalos wallowed and tall straight girls carried high jars on their heads, that was treasure trove. There is always, in the mind of a man familiar with the works of Joseph Conrad, a feeling of romantic wonder that there was once a time when he knew nothing of the magic world which Conrad created. More romantic and more wonderful to recall is that period when one was discovering him, as they say. Indeed there is nothing far-fetched in the comparison of such a revelation with that to the voyager approaching an undiscovered country. The first hints one has of a new author are vague and fragmentary, like the first glimpse of an approaching coast—one must be a good seaman

to distinguish them from mere vapour. As one approaches, the headlands take solid form, the beaches run back behind the wave-tops, the ranges detach themselves from their cloud-canopies, and the valleys, hidden in the folds of the mountains, open out to the view. So one came upon Conrad in life, if one were fortunate. At the moment when this officer found a copy of *Romance* he had in his possession the early Pantai Books, he had *Falk*, and *Youth*, and the immortal *Heart of Darkness* *Typhoon* and *Nostromo* had come to him, and *A Set of Six*. Even *The Secret Agent*, so long ignored by connoisseurs, had seemed to him to hold something of the master's incommunicable quality. *The Nigger of the Narcissus* had marked a fresh stage in this particular reader's conception of English prose. He had read an eminent critic's disparagement of *A Personal Record* when it was appearing in the *English Review* and been compelled to disagree with that critic when he read the book. It seemed to him that something had happened to English literature, something comparable with Chaucer and even Keats These are singled out from others because they mark advances in the use of words, not as dead counters in an academic game, but as living sounds, as vehicles of sonorous music. It is important to drag this distinction in here because we are continually being deafened by those who claim that some lively expositor of eccentric opinions, like Mr. Bernard Shaw, for example, is a great writer because he is witty and lucid. Such connoisseurs of literature would knock out all the painted windows from

a cathedral and install a couple of fifty thousand candle-power searchlights in the roof. They would have a gramophone and a loud speaker in place of the organ. They would abolish the carved pulpit and erect a soap-box. They would have the choir-boys in overalls, and the font, instead of being a marble basin, would be of hygienic porcelain. And they would claim to have improved the edifice.

This particular officer, with his copy of *Romance* under his arm, was of another opinion. And as he sat in a vine-arbour and opened the book, and the glamour of that marvelous opening evocation fell upon him, it seemed to him that lively expositors of eccentric ideas, as well as the conventional novelists, were no more than trivial inconveniences compared with one whom we may call a great artist.

And that conviction grew with the years. It is over a decade now since that little blue volume came into his possession, but it has been read many times. There again perhaps we may discern the difference between the authentic romance and the lively and lucid expositions of eccentric opinions. These latter are soon forgotten. They are superseded by expositions even more lively and lucid, by opinions even more eccentric. Their novelty is their one virtue, all too quickly ravished. But when, by a blending of fortune and genius, a great fiction is achieved, in the words of the master ". . . behold! all the truth of life is there: a moment of vision, a sigh, a smile—and the return to an eternal rest."

WILLIAM MCFEE

he directed the service from behind Don B's chair. At times he bent towards his master's chair. Don B answered with a murmur; and those two faces brought close together one like a noble ivory carving the other black with the white **patina** of the african races seemed to commune in a fellowship of age, of things far off remembered, lived through together. There was something mysterious and touching in this violent contrast toned down by the near approach to the grave — the brotherhood of master and slave. At a given moment an enormous iron key was brought in on a silver salver and bending over the chair the grey headed nigger negro held it by Don B's plate. "Don Sanchez' orders" he murmured.

The old Don seemed to wake up a little colour mounted to his cheeks.

— "There was a time young caballero when the gates of Casa Riego stood open

[56] ROMANCE

A NOVEL BY JOSEPH CONRAD AND FORD MADOX HUEFFER

12mo, original bright blue cloth. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1903.

First edition.

On the half-title page the following inscription:

for G. T. Keating
Joseph Conrad
1919

And on the same page Conrad's collaborator has written the following:

"And, looking back, we see Romance—that subtle thing that is mirage—that is life. It is the goodness of the years we have lived through, of the old time when we did this or that, when we dwelt here or there. Looking back, it seems a wonderful enough thing that I who am this, and she who is that, commencing so far away a life that, after such sufferings borne together and apart, ended so tranquilly there in a world so stable—that she and I should have passed through so much, good chance and evil chance, sad hours and joyful, all lived down and swept away into the little heap of dust that is a life. That, too, is Romance!"

Ford Madox Ford,
Nov. MCMXXVI
p. 463 F. M. Hueffer

Inlaid is one page of the ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT in Conrad's handwriting. (See p. 128.)

Inlaid is also one page of the ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT in Hueffer's handwriting. (See p. 130.)

Following there is tipped in a synopsis of the story heretofore unpublished. It is written on three pages, partly typewritten, and partly in the hand of Conrad. It is titled *Seraphina* —not *Romance*—and is a comprehensive summary of the story.

I whispered back again:
"Who is there?" I had the sense not to raise my voice; for it was obvious that a communication from outside, though it might be merely an attempt to draw one within shot, might also be a friendly overture. The moonlight was very bright outside but there were shadows beneath the walls in the street, the voice came from below & I had no wish to protrude my head. I whispered: "Who is there?" again. A whisper answered:
"It is I, Tomas Castro."
I said:
"What do you want?" & the whisper crept up to me again:
"You must go away — very quickly." — I asked very little more.
"You must go away." he whispered again. I felt very strongly the impulse to put my head out & take the risk of a shot — but I could not bring myself to do it. Tomas was whispering a longish speech but I could hardly catch the words. He seemed to be appealing to me to leave the house .... there had been harm enough done .... it was very lamentable .... they were going to bombard the house as soon as the dead body of the old dame no longer called for respect the Senhor must go away....
I whispered back:
"But how -- But how ..." Shall I walk out of the door?"
I heard quite plainly:
"No .... they would hack you to pieces ...." then the voice fell & I caught only the words — "respect for the Senorita ...." & "an English ship .... down the coast — no wind ....."
For a moment I forgot my caution in my eagerness:
I said: "What, what ... I cannot hear ...." & the voice made just the difference of the tone that spreads & the whisper that creeps. I heard:
"Pst ... Pst .... someone comes;" & the faint hush of clothes along the wall below. I waited for some time; I whispered "Tomas ... Tomas" ... but Tomas had gone. I went to the other window, hoping to find him there; but it faced the bay & the whole flood of the moonlight beat down upon it. I stood looking out & thinking

ROMANCE

SYNOPSIS OF SERAPHINA

A ROMANCE

A story told in the first person.
Length about 80,000 words.
Suggested by a trial for piracy at the Old Bailey in 1824. The accused was in fact innocent but the evidence against him was very strong. He was acquitted under dramatic circumstances.

The story begins in a farmhouse in Kent, goes on in Jamaica, then on the Cuban Coast and ends in England.

The narrator John Kemp, driven out of his home by his mother's severity, walks down to Hythe: falls in with some smugglers; joins them recklessly in a "tub-raising" expedition during which the boat sinks; and is rescued by an outward bound ship. Arriving in Jamaica he is given a home by a merchant whose wife had been a passenger in the ship that saved him. This man has dealings with a certain Don Balthasar, a Spanish store-keeper in Kingston, apparently of the highest respectability, but in reality the agent of a piratical organisation, infesting at the time the Leeward Passage. These, the last of authentic pirates in the Mexican Gulf, were secretly subsidised by people of repute in Havana. It is certain that official persons gave them protection. Their position was so secure that (as it came out at the trial of Kemp) sales of small plunder (by auction) were held in various ports of the Cuban seashore. Through agents like Don Balthasar, established in the islands, they had information of ships expected from Europe or expected to leave. In the course of the same trial it came to light that they had such audacity, and such powerful accomplices, that the cargoes of plundered ships were repeatedly sent on, and actually sold on the pirates' account, in the very ports to which these ships had been bound.

With the Kingston merchant (whose name was Macshane) Kemp spent some time, being treated as a member of the family, and becoming greatly attached to Mrs. Macshane, who was, by all accounts, a simple, motherly woman, slightly older than her husband. Macshane drank; gambled; was hospitable and popular; hand and glove with the planters whom he entertained in the town. He was reputed very rich and looked upon as an eminently successful business man. His extravagant habits, however, had involved him in some difficulties and, when Kemp was living with them, had already borrowed money from Don Balthasar and was (probably against his will) engaged in nefarious transactions with the pirates. These coming partly to Kemp's knowledge he keeps the secret (and even

saves Macshane in one particular case) out of gratitude to Mrs. Macshane. But on that very night he resolves to leave the house and even the island. He walks down to the harbour and, seeing some fishermen putting off, he desires them to set him on board an English vessel ready to sail for home. They do come alongside a craft and as he sets foot on deck he is knocked down insensible. He recovers to find himself on board a pirate craft which is masquerading as a merchantman. He has his first glimpse of Seraphina and her father; he escapes the same night and boards the English vessel. For certain reasons he refrains from speaking of his adventure and the English ship leaves for home followed by the pirate who captures her near the Cuban Coast. The pirates after looting the vessel let her go but Kemp is carried off as a prisoner to Rio Medias—a small port where the pirates have their head-quarters.

The country-side is either terrorised or in league with the pirates: a state of affairs which has lasted for some years. There, Kemp again comes in contact with Seraphina and Don Riego, her father. The Don is governor of the district. His predecessors had not only acquiesced in, but had actively supported the pirates. The scandal had at last become so great that the authorities in Havana had decided to dispatch a man of undoubted integrity to restore order. Don Riego, a high official, had volunteered for the dangerous task. On his arrival, however, he finds it necessary for his safety to follow, apparently, the conduct of previous governors and to pretend to countenance the pirates. Thus he appears in a false light to Kemp who, nevertheless, falls in love with Seraphina. Kemp is employed as a kind of accountant. He is also compelled to act as doctor and, while with the pirates, he manages, at great risk, to save an English ship from capture.

During one of the auctions, when the loot of the pirates is disposed of to the country people, a dispute arises amongst the pirates and Don Riego is forced into taking sides. He secretly dispatches his nephew to Havana to make the authorities aware of the situation. The pirate chief, El Demonio, sends two of his men to murder the messenger. Meantime the revolt headed by the chief's lieutenant breaks out, and Don Riego's life is in great jeopardy.

In this extremity, Kemp is taken into Don Riego's confidence. Many complications ensue. Storming of Don Riego's house by the seceding pirates. Kemp arrives too late. He finds Seraphina alone with the murdered man in a wrecked house. Kemp declares his love and in the presence of the dead man swears to protect Seraphina.

They make their way to the seashore and, by stratagem, get possession of the deck of the pirate vessel. The mutinous pirates who had murdered Don Riego pursue them and try to gain the vessel on their own account. At last Kemp and

the girl contrive to escape, reaching Havana in a small boat. Kemp recognises an old friend of his Kingston days in a certain Williams who is master of a British ship. They take refuge with him but when Kemp, leaving Seraphina on board, goes on shore to communicate with a certain British merchant the two emissaries of El Demonio recognise him. They judge there is something wrong and attempt his life. Kemp defends himself so successfully that he is imprisoned on a charge of murder. He reveals his connection with pirates and is then treated respectfully. But when he professes ignorance as to the whereabouts of the pirates' treasure, he is handed over as a dangerous English desperado to the British Admiral.

As he is being taken off in a man-of-war cutter he has the last sight of Seraphina, pursuing him in a small boat. He shouts to her, struggles with the officer, and is clubbed by a marine with the butt of a musket. He finds himself on board Admiral Rowley's flagship.

On his arrival home he is thrown into Newgate where he has various experiences characteristic of the time and place. Trial. Case looking black. Prisoner's defence. Captain of the ship, Kemp had saved from capture, turns up. Acquittal of Kemp but from the sailor who had given formal evidence of arrest he has learned that the boat with Seraphina had been seen to sink. He is let out, beside himself with grief, and wanders aimlessly about London. Is followed by "Burkers." At the last moment, he is rescued by Williams who had come too late to meet him at his liberation. Is taken back to the farm delirious, and comes to himself to find Seraphina who having been saved by Williams has come to England in his ship.

Reconciliation. Marriage bells. Estates in Spain.

The End.

Joseph Conrad
Ford M. Hueffer

The story of which this skeleton and many details are already worked out shall be greatly advanced if not absolutely finished in July, 1899.

Containing a further inscription by Ford Madox Ford (Hueffer) on the last blank leaves:

I remember again another journey in a railway train with a literary man. We had finished a book called "Romance" after an all-night sitting and were taking the manuscript up to London to Messrs. Smith & Elder, hoping to get a check and have a little spree. We went on correcting and correcting the manuscript in the train. It was a third-class carriage.

I grew exhausted. The train jostled frightfully. My collaborator in his exasperated haste over his corrections lay down on the floor and wrote and wrote, swearing frantically at the motion. The train went into Charing Cross, the terminus, and stopped. He still wrote and wrote—when I disturbed him, fearing the ridicule of porters, he sprang straight from the floor at my throat. He had been in the Cuba of our "Romance" among the pirates.

Ford Madox Hueffer
Ford Madox Ford

There is also inserted a 4p. autograph letter signed by Conrad, unpublished, dated Pent Farm, March 12, 1902, and addressed to Mr. J. B. Pinker. It reads in part:

". . . You are right no doubt as to the numbering of the chapters. The 8 and 9 of my MS must be the 10 and 11 of the clean copy. But there is nothing missing between the 10 and 11. They follow strictly and clearly tho' to a cursory glance they may not appear so. At the end of 10th Kemp and Seraphina are found in the ravine and rescued by two peons; and the 11th opens with their arrival at the door of the hacienda; but the very first paragraph describes concisely their journey at night over the plain and the forest to the gate. It is only a few lines but all that is necessary since the journey is uneventful. However if you think it necessary a line or two more may state the fact in so many words. But for anybody reading consecutively (which you had no opportunity of doing) the inference is clear. In Chap. 10th there are constant allusions to the hacienda as the goal they wish to reach. In Ch. 11 they are there, and afterwards make a fresh start for Havana carrying out strictly Sebright's plan as laid down for them earlier in the part. Nevertheless if you doubt my contention pray send me the two chapters and I promise to write in a bare statement of no more than 20 words. . . ."

It is wholly a story of imaginative adventure. As Conrad has written, "In this book I have done my share of writing. Most of the characters (with the exception of Mrs. Williams, Sebright, and the seaman) were introduced by Hueffer, and developed then in my own way with, of course, his consent and collaboration. The last part is (like the first) the work of Hueffer, except a few paragraphs written by me. Part second is

Joseph Conrad

1904.

actually joint work. Parts three and four are my writing, with here and there a sentence by Hueffer." Mr. Hueffer confirms this in the appendix to *The Nature of a Crime*, a note on *Romance* (No. 185). This note gives a very interesting and detailed description of their collaboration.

[57] ROMANCE

A NOVEL BY JOSEPH CONRAD AND F. M. HUEFFER

Illustrated by Charles R. Macauley. 12mo, original blue cloth, uncut. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co., 1904.

First American edition.

The blank first leaf is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

On the same page is the following autograph inscription:

No one of the great galaxy of writers that make England in truth a nest of singing birds: no one of them had any hand in the creation of "Romance." It was written—where it is splendid—by Joseph Conrad: the rest of it was by, Sir, your obedient servant,

Ford Madox Ford

The above is a passage from a letter to the New York World provoked by a reporter attributing the first chapter instead of the first review of "Romance" to a now famous English poet. A very fairly complete analysis of the respective parts written respectively by Conrad and myself will be found in the appendix to the "Nature of a Crime."

Ford Madox Hueffer,
per Ford
New York, Nov. MCMXXVI

On the last page Hueffer has corrected the last line as printed "Heap of dust that is life" adding the "a" which is correctly printed in most of the subsequent editions. Hueffer adds in his autograph: *The printers in this edition have omitted the "a," which makes the passage much more trite. F. M. H.*

[58] ROMANCE

A PORTION OF THE ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT

Written by Conrad on 190 pages quarto. This portion begins on p. 7 of the MS of Part 3, "Casa Riego," and continues to page 85, almost to the middle of Chapter Three of this book. Then there is a break to p. 446 (Chapter Ten of the Fourth Book, "Blade and Guitar"), and the manuscript continues to the middle of Chapter Eleven.

The character of Carlos in the printed book is "Sanchez" in the Manuscript.

The addressed wrapper in Conrad's hand and with his signature is included.

Ford Madox Ford (Hueffer), in his book, *Joseph Conrad: A Personal Remembrance* (pp. 27 and 28), writes very beautifully of the origin and commencement of this work of blazing imagination:

. . . It hung then in the balance. But there gradually appeared after dinner, through a long farm-house night until two in the morning: the magic. It was magic! There had been disclosures. Conrad had artlessly expounded his desires. Hearing, at Limpsfield, the writer develop his miraculous "subject"—of Aaron Smith, last pirate ever to be tried at the Old Bailey, of the Creek with Rio Media at the bottom of it and the pirate schooners with Nikola el Escoces in command sailing out to the sack of brig *Victoria* with her cargo of logwood, rum, raw sugar and dyes, Conrad had imagined a robust book, with every drop of the subject squeezed out of it. Whereas it was characteristic of the writer that though in the trial Aaron Smith had disposed to a lady bearing the glamorous name of Seraphina Riego, daughter of a "*juez de la premiera instancia*," known as the Star of Cuban Law, and inhabiting the pirate city of Rio Media in Cuba, the writer had very carefully left out this lady in the first draft of his book, the lady with whom John Kemp sat under the hoarse nightingale having been a carefully

limned figure with bare shoulders and a handkerchief called Veronica. . . . It was another of those magic enterprises. . . . Alas, after five years' work there was *Romance* with its "*succès d'estime.*" Not much of that even, for the critics of our favourite land do not believe in collaboration.

[59] ROMANCE

12mo, original blue cloth. London: Thomas Nelson & Son. n.d.

With the following inscription in the handwriting of William McFee:

Dear Keating:
My copy of "Romance" purchased in Egypt during my days of bondage.
Mac
Letheringham, Suffolk,
July, 1928

and containing the stamp:

K. Meawod, Cairo

NOSTROMO

THAT *Nostromo* should have seemed to Conrad his most considerable book is not amazing. It was, certainly, his most sheer piece of creation. For by his own confession, very much of his work was based intimately on his own adventures and experiences; and *Nostromo* creates a continent which he had only glimpsed. The writing of this book taxed his imagination in cruel measure. It is without doubt a brilliant piece of work, the more so, that Conrad's genius was not so suited to the long novel as to stories of the length of "Youth," "Heart of Darkness," "Typhoon," or a short novel such as *The Nigger of the Narcissus*. Novelists are at once the best and worst judges of their own work. I do not believe, for a moment, that Conrad realized the degree in which *Nostromo* becomes melodrama towards the end. His attempt to pile Pelion on Ossa failed, as it always must. With this reservation, his judgment of the book stands confirmed by the colour, richness, force, and subtlety of its pages.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

[60] NOSTROMO

A TALE OF THE SEABOARD

Thick 12mo, original bright blue cloth. London and New York: Harper & Brothers, 1904.

The newly discovered first issue of the first edition.

Inserted is the final page of the first holograph draft of the manuscript, reproduced on p. 140.

The first regular issue (No. 61) was published by Harper & Brothers on October 14, 1904, in London. There were but one English and one American edition in 1904. This copy has vii, 478, and iipp. of advertisements, whereas the first regular issue has viii and 480pp. The error in numbering of p. 187 as p. 871 occurs in both issues. The chief differences between this issue and the first regular issue are limited to the last two and a half pages (of this issue). The ending in this issue, beginning at the middle of p. 476, is as follows:

"But she did not betray me," he began again, opening his eyes very wide. "She was faithful. We were going away—soon. I could have torn myself away from that accursed treasure for her. For that child I would have left boxes and boxes of it—full. And Decoud took four. Four ingots. Why? Picardia! To betray me? How could I give back the treasure with four ingots missing? They would have said I had purloined them. The doctor would have said that. Alas! it holds me yet!"

Mrs. Gould bent low, fascinated.

"What became of Don Martin on that night, Nostromo?"

"Who knows? I wondered what would become of me. Now I know. The death was to come upon me unawares. You are all alike, you fine people. The silver has killed me. It has held me. It holds me yet. Nobody knows where it is. But you are the wife of Don Carlos, who put it into my hands and said, 'Save it on your life.' And when I returned, and you all thought it was lost, what do I hear? It was nothing of importance. Let it go. Up, Nostromo, the faithful, and ride away to save us, for dear life!"

"Nostromo!" Mrs. Gould whispered, bending very low. "I, too, have hated the idea of that silver from the bottom of my heart."

"Marvellous!—that one of you should hate the wealth that you know so well how to take from the hands of the poor. The world rests upon the poor, as old Giorgio says. You have been always good to the poor. But there is something accursed in wealth. Senora, shall I tell you where the treasure is? To you alone . . . shining! Incorruptible!"

hung brighter than a mass of silver in the moonlight, in that cry of a longing heart sending its never ceasing vibration into a sky empty of stars, the genius of the magnificent Capataz ~~de~~ de Cargadores dominated the place.

The End

30th Aug. 1904

Manford-le-Hope

A strange involuntary reluctance lingered in his tone, in his eyes, plain to the woman with the genius of sympathetic intuition. She averted her glance from the miserable subjection of the dying man.

"No, Capataz," she said. "No one wishes it now. Let it be lost for ever."

After hearing these words, Nostromo closed his eyes, answered no word, made no movement. At the door of the room Dr. Monygham, excited to the highest pitch, his eyes shining with eagerness, ran up to her—

"Now, Mrs. Gould," he said, almost brutally in his impatience, "tell me, was I right? There is a mystery. You have got the word, have you not? He told you—"

"He told me nothing," said Mrs. Gould, steadily.

The light of his temperamental enmity to Nostromo went out of Dr. Monygham's eyes. He stepped back submissively. He did not believe Mrs. Gould. But her word was law. He accepted her will like an inexplicable fatality affirming the victory of Nostromo's genius over his own. Even before that woman, whom he loved with secret devotion, he had been defeated by the magnificent Capataz de Cargadores, the man who had lived his own life on the assumption of unbroken fidelity, rectitude, and courage!

"Pray send at once somebody for my carriage," spoke Mrs. Gould from within her hood. Then, turning to Giselle Viola, "Come nearer me, child; come closer. We will wait here."

Giselle Viola, heartbroken and childlike, her face veiled in her falling hair, crept up to her side. Mrs. Gould slipped her hand through the arm of the unworthy daughter of old Viola, the immaculate republican, the hero without a stain. Slowly, gradually, as a withered flower droops, the head of the girl, who would have followed a thief to the end of the world, rested on the shoulder of Dona Emilia, the first lady of Sulaco, wife of the Senor Administrador of the San Tomé mine. And Mrs. Gould, feeling her suppressed sobbing, nervous and excited, had the first and only moment of cynical bitterness in her life, worthy of Dr. Monygham himself.

"Console yourself, child. Very soon he would have forgotten you for his treasure."

"Senora, he loved me. He loved me," Giselle whispered, distractedly. "He loved me like no one had ever been loved before."

"I have been loved too, girl," Mrs. Gould said in a severe tone.

Giselle clung to her convulsively. "Oh, senora, but you shall live adored to the end of your life," she sobbed out, in a paroxysm of sorrow and envy. And Mrs. Gould kept an unbroken silence.

Old Viola dropped the gun from his nerveless fingers. Linda, rigid, silent, helped him into the house, then stepped back and looked at her father, with her

coal-black eyes blazing in the light of the lamp, with her long face of passionate whiteness, where her red lips seemed like an open wound.

The old Garibaldino looked around, moved three steps with difficulty, and sat down in a chair.

"Give me the Book," he said with an inflexible calm.

"And is the Book of avail to you?" she asked.

"Yes," said the old man, austerely.

She laid it, closed, before him in its worn leather cover, the Bible given him years, ages ago by an Englishman in Palermo.

"Where are you going?" he asked mournfully.

"To the light," she answered in a dead voice, looking at him balefully.

"Si—duty," he mumbled.

He felt in the pocket of his red-flannel shirt for his spectacles—sitting very upright, white haired, leonine, heroic in his terrible quietness—the spectacles given him by Dona Emilia. How could he ever show his face before the English senora, disgraced, with one daughter gone from him against all honour and duty.

Methodically he put on the silver-rimmed glasses, then opened the Book, and looked at the pages of small print in double columns. He looked at them from on high, then swayed slowly forward till his leonine head rested upon the open pages. He fell, rugged, robust, undecayed, like an old oak uprooted by a tempest. A wooden clock, of German make, ticked on the wall; and growing slowly cold the old Garibaldino lay alone, up-rooted by the tempest.

In the wide and placid gulf the light of the Great Isabel burned peacefully above the lost treasure of San Tomé, like a bright beacon upon the shoals of crime and corruption. Into the cold, bluish sheen of a sky without stars, the lantern sent out a beam of light to the far horizon. Like a black speck upon the shining panes, Linda, crouching in the outer gallery, rested her head on the sail. She did not move. The moon from the west seemed to look at her radiantly.

Linda stood up. Her black figure detached itself on the lighted background, erect, tense, narrow, with the arms flung up above her head as though she were going to throw herself headlong into the sea.

"It is I who have loved you," she whispered. "She will forget thee—miserably killed for her pretty face. But I, unhappy, shall never forget thee. Never!"

Her voice had been rising to the word "Never," which she cried out, with a face like marble, in the moonlight.

From the deep welter of black vapours and the wall of immense mountains from Punta Mala round to misty Azuera, where the obscure gringos, dead in life

and living in death, remained chained to the legendary treasure; out upon the ocean, with a bright line marking the illusory edge of the world, overhung by a great white cloud brighter than a mass of silver in the moonlight, as that woman's cry sent out deep and mournful to vibrate for ever in space the invincible genius of the magnificent Capataz de Cargadores dominated the gulf.

The text of the first American edition (No. 62), published in November, 1904, and the texts of all subsequent editions, English and American, agree with that of the first regular issue (No. 61).

The text in *T. P.'s Weekly*, where *Nostromo* first appeared, running from January 29, 1904, to October 7, 1904, differs both from this issue and from the first regular issue.

The page proofs were marked with the printer's stamp, "William Clowes & Sons, Limited, London" and also were stamped, "Sent out August 4, 1904," and agree, as corrected, precisely with this issue. The page proofs were bound in the same cloth covers as this and the first regular issue. The leading is different, so that the last page of the page proofs is p. 475. In the bound page proofs there is inserted a page bearing the dedication to John Galsworthy, and the words "marked proof," both in Conrad's handwriting. This page also bears the stamp of the printer, "William Clowes & Sons, Limited, London," dated September 17, 1904. These page proofs were inscribed on the fly leaf, *To J. B. Pinker, affectionately, Joseph Conrad*, and were sold in the sale of the writings of Joseph Conrad by the Estate of the late James B. Pinker at Sotheby's, in London, on December 13, 1924.

Harper & Brothers' file copy in London is the first regular issue and their New York file copy is the first American issue.

The only copy Conrad himself possessed was the copy, inscribed to Mrs. Conrad, of the first American edition (No. 62). The copy in the British Museum is the first regular English issue, received by them on October 18, 1904.

Conrad seems to have known of the distribution of this issue, because in Mr. Richard Curle's copy of the first American edition (Curle catalogue No. 54) Conrad wrote: *This is the first Am: Edon. of Nostromo differing in text in some places from the English 1st Edon. Joseph Conrad.* As already stated, the texts of the first regular English issue and the first American issue are identical, although the first American issue was printed in New York. Conrad unquestionably had this first issue of the first English edition in mind.

Messrs. William Clowes & Sons, Limited, write as follows:

> . . . We have turned up our books and find there was only one edition printed in 1904 and a second edition in 1905. There was, however, a 2½pp. cancel made in the 1904 edition and 2pp. advertisement set. It seems therefore probable that the cancel either went in the Colonial or in the English edition.
>
> We imagine that there are no other differences in the book except in these last few pages, as there was only the one printing done in 1904 and the only difference must be in the 2½pp. cancel. . . .

There *are* other slight differences between the texts of the two issues, and at least the last signature (2H) must have been reprinted.

The page of manuscript inserted in this copy is undoubtedly the very first draft. The Rosenbach Company possesses the incomplete manuscript, not including the end, as sold at the Quinn sale. It is to be observed that this page differs from all printed texts.

[61] NOSTROMO

A TALE OF THE SEABOARD

The first regular issue of the first edition.

Thick 12mo, original bright blue cloth. London: Harper & Brothers, 1904.

On the first blank leaf is the following inscription in the handwriting of the author:

. . . the genius of the magnificent Capataz de Cargadores dominated the dark Gulf containing his conquests of treasure and love.
(last words) *Joseph Conrad*

And on the following pages Conrad has written out the whole of his wonderful description of his own reactions and strain of the composition of this, the finest of his longer novels. It is taken from *A Personal Record*:

. . . All I know is that for 20 months neglecting the common joys of life that fall to the lot of the humblest on this earth, I had, like the Prophet of old, "wrestled with the Lord" for my creation, for the headlands of the coast, for the darkness of the Placid Gulf, the light on the snows, the clouds in the sky, and for the breath of life that had to be blown into the shapes of men and women, of Latin and Saxon, of Jew and Gentile. These are, perhaps, strong words, but it is difficult to characterize otherwise the intimacy and the strain of a creative effort in which mind and will and conscience, are engaged to the full, hour after hour, day after day, away from the world, and to the exclusion of all that makes life really lovable and gentle—something for which a material parallel can only be found in the everlasting sombre stress of the westward winter passage round Cape Horn.

For that too is the wrestling of men with the might of their Creator in a great isolation from the world, without the amenities and consolations of life, a lonely struggle under a sense of overmatched littleness, for no reward that could be adequate, but for the mere winning of a longitude. Yet a certain longitude once won cannot be disputed. The sun and the stars and the shape of your earth are the witnesses of your gain; whereas a handful of pages, no matter how much you have made them your own, are at best but an obscure and questionable spoil. Here they are. "Failure"—"Astonishing"; take your choice; or perhaps both or neither—a mere rustle and flutter of pieces of paper settling down in the night, and undistinguishable, like the snowflakes of a great drift destined to melt away in sunshine.

J. Conrad

Written on this page in 1924.

On the following page and continuing on to the dedication page, John Galsworthy, to whom Conrad dedicated *Nostromo*, has inscribed in his handwriting his appreciation of the great novel. This appears as the introductory essay to this entry.

William McFee, on reading the introduction by John Galsworthy, wrote me:

I have been thinking about what Galsworthy has written in your copy of *Nostromo*, and I fancy he has not explained the whole of it. I think the real reason why Conrad had such a time with that novel was that he had not merely to create the scene in the book, he had to incorporate so much in order that the ordinary reader could understand what was happening. If one were writing say about the French Revolution, one could leave so much for granted, knowing that the reader had a general knowledge of the period and character of the people. In *Nostromo*, Conrad had to begin at the beginning. Written for a Latin-American public, the book could have been done in half the space.

Most critics regard *Nostromo* as Conrad's most triumphant achievement in the creation of atmosphere, the most impressive instance of his power to evolve a living world—so complete in its details that the sense of reality goes even beyond the words—out of one touch of actual remembrance.

If I ever mentioned twelve hours, it must relate to P. Cabello where I was ashore about that time. In La Guayra as I went up to the hill and had a distant view of Caracas I must have been 2½ to 3 days. It's such a long time ago! There were a few hours in a few other places on that dreary coast of Ven[la].[1]

Arthur Symons writes:

With *Nostromo* we get a new manner and new scenery—the Spanish streets, glittering with heat, with their cool patios, peopled by the Indians, the "Whites," a cross between Spanish and native, the Italians, the English, the Indian girls with long dark hair, the Mozenitas with golden combs, are seen under strong sunlight with a vivid actuality more accentuated than in any other of Conrad's scenes. . . .

[62] NOSTROMO

A TALE OF THE SEABOARD

12mo, original decorative green cloth. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1904.

First American edition.

This edition was published in November, 1904.

PRESENTATION COPY TO MRS. CONRAD

The first blank leaf contains the following inscription:

Dear Jessie's copy

[63] NOSTROMO

A TALE OF THE SEABOARD

12mo, original decorative green cloth. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1904.

First American edition.

The first blank leaf is autographed: *Joseph Conrad.*

[1]From a letter to Richard Curle dated July 22, 1923, showing the short space of time in which he gathered atmosphere for *Nostromo* on the Venezuelan coast.

[64] NOSTROMO

A TALE OF THE SEABOARD

12mo, original green cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., 1918.

This reprint is the first to contain the Author's Note of seven pages.

The first leaf contains the Author's full signature: *Joseph Conrad 1924.*

[65] NOSTROMO

MANUSCRIPT FRAGMENTS OF THE FIRST DRAFT

These consist of: (1) 8 pages of typescript of Chapter One (Part First) complete and the first paragraph of Chapter Two. Some of these pages are partly rewritten and two pages are entirely rewritten in Conrad's handwriting. They contain altogether over one thousand words. (2) 35 pages, being the first typewritten draft of the last 18 pages of Part Second, Chapter Seven. Each page bears alterations in Conrad's hand. Several pages have been entirely rewritten, and 5 pages constitute the first draft, as they are new pages written entirely in Conrad's handwriting on sheets of notepaper bearing the printed heading: "Pent Farm, Stanford near Hythe, Kent." (3) 35 pages of the first typescript of Part Third, Chapters Three and Four, with corrections in Conrad's hand. Conrad numbered the pages in red pencil, which constitutes the first draft of the text from p. 10 of Chapter Three.

A

and fetch a doctor for her. Nostromo nodded affirmatively.

She was pleased; she ~~was~~ ~~like~~ ~~as~~ relieved ~~to~~ her ~~bodily~~ sufferings. ~~Her voice became stronger.~~ to know that ~~what~~ the man had condescended to do ~~[illegible]~~ so much for those who really wanted his help. ~~It was a proof of~~ his friendship. Her voice became stronger.

"I want a priest more than the doctor" she said pathetically. She did not move her head; ~~but~~ only her eyes ran into the corners to watch ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Capataz standing by the side of her bed. "Would you go ~~and~~ to fetch a priest for me ~~[illegible]~~ now. Think! A dying woman asking you ....

~~[illegible]~~ Nostromo shook his head resolutely. He did not believe in priests in their sacerdotal character. ~~[illegible]~~ A doctor was an efficacious person; but

[66] NOSTROMO

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE "AUTHOR'S NOTE"

Written in ink on one side of 14 folio pages; also, the original typescript, consisting of 12 typewritten pages with many deletions, corrections and additions, in the autograph of the author; and the proof pages initialed and dated October 27, 1917, with corrections in the hand of Conrad.

Of great interest, showing the three forms of the MS, and the changes in each. These three forms are seldom found together This was written by Conrad September-October, 1917, and was first published in the Dent edition in 1918. (See No. 64.) The three pieces are bound in one volume, full deep-sea blue crushed Levant morocco. Inlaid as a front doublure is the sepia portrait of Conrad reproduced on the opposite page.

An intense creative effort on what, I suppose, will always remain my largest canvass.

Conrad

THE MIRROR OF THE SEA

A NOTE predominant in Joseph Conrad's prose poem, his *Mirror of the Sea*, is that of a retrospective melancholy, an echo of old longing and sorrow reaching across vast spaces of time and distance. He lived in a larger world than that of to-day, if we measure it in terms of human existence. The voyages a man might make into far seas were limited in number, but utterly unlimited in their possibilities for adventure.

The southern-going ship carried her people into experiences setting them utterly apart from their fellows ashore; sailors, for ages, were romantic figures. This was so up to the end of sail, and with the passing of the sailor went that blue world once so mysterious and symbolic of the greater universe. These long voyages gave Joseph Conrad his perspective and his melancholy, and many of his great qualities of mind and heart, and many of his restrictions, his prejudices, and his ailments. No one but a fool will look upon the hard life at sea as a natural existence. Taken in youth, and then renounced, it often leaves much of health and much of lively memory. But continued too long, the harsh calling of the sea left its mark on bodies and minds. Out of this punishment, always gilded with true romance and adventure, came the profound love that men have always had for the sea; this was a treasure nothing could ever

destroy. It was a senseless thing, as love always is, but Joseph Conrad, read by the light of understanding, explains it, even as in that phrase of his dedication paragraph, "the first dark days of my parting with the sea."

Just what were the sailors of Conrad's day? His *Mirror* reflects them from many sides. These men, carried far from home, lived for months on end within the moving circle of the sea. Prisoners within the walls of a jail had greater freedom, and yet the sea, across which they sailed, was utter freedom; boundless and wind-swept space surrounded them, and yet they were not free.

Ashore the sailor was out of place and a perpetual poverty sent him off again almost within the week of his return. Few of the men who sailed saw enough of the homeland to tire of it, unless indeed they were hanging about the wharves seeking employment. Much of the cruel truth of economic compulsion clings to Conrad's prose. Why men lived in tropic regions might be set down to this. It is on record that he also tried to break away, to go back to the sea at a time when his writing had already begun. A stronger Conrad, in point of bodily health, would have renounced fame for the comparatively stronger love he bore the sea. This should be thought of in reading his stories, and for us, at least, his ill health has been a blessing.

Conrad sets down many of the agitations and reflections that come to men in their chaotic moments of partial under-

standing; he has fixed many blinding truths through his habit of writing, a habit that grew into an obsession, for the written thought demands constant attention in its struggle toward the truth in art.

I like the *Mirror* best in my great admiration for most of his writing because I sense his own satisfaction in the pictures he has drawn. In this book he has not only mirrored the sea, but he has caught upon his pages a spirit that glows with authentic light.

FELIX RIESENBERG

[67] THE MIRROR OF THE SEA

MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS

12mo, original green cloth, gilt top, uncut. London: Methuen & Co., 1906.

First edition.

Containing Methuen's 40p. catalogue at end, dated "August, 1906." The book is scarce in untrimmed state, by far the greater part of the edition having been issued with trimmed edges.

There are 49 sections of the text grouped under fifteen titles, the majority of which had appeared previously in serial form.

This copy contains two inscriptions. That on the half-title page is reproduced on p. 154.

On the title-page the following:

". . . *a ready hand and an undaunted heart.*" (*p. 303*)

Joseph Conrad
1909

The Tremolino! To this day
I cannot utter or even write
that name without a strange
tightening of the breast and
and the gasp of mingled

delight and dread of
one's first passionate
experience.

J. Conrad

(p. 246)

1924.

Conrad writes of *The Mirror of the Sea:* ". . . this book is a very intimate revelation; . . . I have attempted here to lay bare with the unreserve of a last hour's confession the terms of my relation with the sea, which beginning mysteriously, like any great passion the inscrutable Gods send to mortals, went on unreasoning and invincible, surviving the test of disillusion, defying the disenchantment that lurks in every day of a strenuous life; . . . Beyond the line of the sea horizon the world for me did not exist. . . . I am speaking now of that innermost life, containing the best and the worst that can happen to us in the temperamental depths of our being, where a man indeed must live alone but need not give up all hope of holding converse with his kind . . . this book written in perfect sincerity holds back nothing. . . . "

[68] THE MIRROR OF THE SEA

MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS

12mo, original green cloth, gilt top, uncut edges. London; Methuen & Co., 1906.

First edition.

PRESENTATION COPY TO MRS. CONRAD

The half-title contains the following inscription in the handwriting of Conrad:

Dear Jessie's copy
September, 1906

and the further inscription by Mrs. Conrad dated September 13, 1928:

The condition of this book bears out my statement that frequently I was called upon to sacrifice my copy to the needs of someone else, to my mind often less deserving. One thing, however, makes this volume unique and that is the fact that it was the one Conrad used always for reference.

Yours sincerely

Jessie Conrad

The Mirror of the Sea is a book apart. It may be regarded as a farewell to twenty years of formative experience upon and with the sea—a revelation of inner feelings and a tribute to the memory of "ships that are no more and to the simple men who have had their day."

[69] THE MIRROR OF THE SEA

12mo, original light blue decorative cloth, New York: Harper & Brothers, 1906.

First American edition.

The first blank leaf contains the author's bold signature: *Joseph Conrad*

[70] THE MIRROR OF THE SEA

In the *Pall Mall Magazine.*

4to, original wrappers, six numbers. London, January-June, inclusive, 1905.

First appearance in print of fifteen of the forty-nine sections that comprised the total text of *The Mirror of the Sea*, as follows:

January, 1905: Sections I-III, "Landfalls and Departures."

February, 1905: Sections IV-VI, "Up Anchor"—changed to "Emblems of Hope" in the book.

March, 1905: sections XXII-XXIV, "Gales of Wind"—changed to "The Character of the Foe" in the book.
April, 1905: Sections VII-IX, "Fine Art"—changed to "The Fine Art" in the book.
May-June, 1905: Sections XXV-XXIX, "The Rulers of East and West"—changed to "Rulers of East and West" in the book.
The first number—January, 1905—bears Conrad's initials *J. C.* on the title-page, and the end of the first article is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*
The second number—February, 1905—bears Conrad's autograph, *J. Conrad*, on the title of "Up Anchor" and the end of the essay is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

[71] LONDON'S RIVER

Small 4to, hand-made paper, original wrappers, uncut. London: Privately printed for Clement Shorter, April, 1919.
First separate edition.
Limited to 25 copies, of which this is No. 12, signed by the editor. On the title-page the following inscription:

". . . *Its only breathing-times.*" [The last words of the essay]
1919. *Joseph Conrad*

and his initials at the end: *J. C.*
This essay formed part of *The Mirror of the Sea* under the title of "The Faithful River." It was first printed in *The World's Work*, December, 1904.

[72] THE HEROIC AGE

In *The Queen's Gift Book.*

Royal 8vo, original light blue decorated cloth. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1915.

This book was published to aid hospitals for the soldiers and sailors who lost their limbs in the war. Conrad selected a number of passages from "The Heroic Age"—the last essay in *The Mirror of the Sea*—and contributed them to the book.

The printed article is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

THE SECRET AGENT

AMONG the many comments, critical and otherwise, on Conrad's works since his death, there have been far too few, in my opinion, on the simple and narrative side of his genius. I say simple because in these after-war days when the novel is made either a philosophical treatise or a rag-bag of personal reactions to daily living, the art of narrative *does* seem simple, simple-minded, that is. And here I would earnestly remark that it is only a prejudiced and child-like criticism that will scorn the modern analytical novel when it is finely done. The modern novel is enriched by the voyages of *Ulysses* and the thrilling discoveries of Marcel Proust, but when is someone going to recognize that the art of external narrative is waiting desperately for the genius who will give us the modern equivalent of Scott and Dumas just as Joyce and Proust have given us the modern equivalent of Richardson and Sterne—yes, and on the same grand scale?

Conrad would have laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and it might be, raged, had you suggested to him anything so portentous. He rejected again and again the notion that he was "out" for any ism. But his constant reiteration that everything about him was "simple"—his art, his philosophy of life, his sense of adventure, his comprehension of danger and struggle—has always been to myself a little suspect.

How can he, for instance, after the ghastly struggle that is revealed to us in his letters to Edward Garnett over *The Rescue*, have supposed in his heart that anything in *that* was simple? Knowing him, nothing about him appeared to be simple, save his courtesy, no, not even his gout. Finance was not to him simple, nor domesticity, nor paternity, nor friendship (since that last involved for him so many more things than it involved apparently for most people).

No, in spite of all the letters, the books, the lives and the summaries, the truth about Conrad the man has not yet begun to be told—and perhaps never will be.

But it is not about Conrad the man that I am writing here, but Conrad the story-teller. That and nothing more. He began to write in England when *good* story-telling in *good* English was still the fashion. Stevenson's shadow hung over the scene and there were Quiller-Couch, Stanley Weyman, Marriott Watson and many another, all trying to make an art of narrative, and some of them succeeding.

It wasn't then a thing of which anyone need be ashamed that he could tell a good story, and it is a fact upon which I make no comment that it is the stories rather than the psychological experiments that have survived from the early nineties. Wells's *War of the Worlds*, Q's *Splendid Spur*, Weyman's *Gentleman of France*, Haggard's *She*, Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda.*

It is very largely due to Conrad that such very simple—but alive—narratives as these can never again be written in English.

He took them and added something to them—and what he added was—human beings. Those old stories are alive still to-day because the narrative work in them was so good. But who can pretend that there is among them all a single living, breathing character who exists for us after the book is closed? Not Weyman's melancholy and elderly hero, nor Q's bold boy and girl, nor Haggard's honest Quartermain, nor Hope's gentlemanly but very stupid Rassendyl.

Conrad blazed the way for the newer novelists, and it isn't his fault if among the many interesting paths that they have followed they have almost completely neglected his own brilliant new country.

Alone among historical novelists Walter Scott had shown it before him, and there are more links between *Old Mortality* and *Chance*, between *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *The Arrow of Gold* than anyone has apparently cared to examine. But a novel like *The Secret Agent* gives us exactly the position.

Here in its barest essentials is a story for Mr. A. E. W. Mason or at a rather simpler degree, Mr. Phillips Oppenheim—a story of plot, political intrigue, bomb-throwing, secret police, and murder. And out of this plot rises Verloc looking "as though he had wallowed all night on an unmade bed."

The incidents are, if you examine them, nude, so to speak, compact of melodrama. What is melodrama? It is the taking of an abnormal incident and falsely persuading the reader that it is not abnormal. The drama, on the other hand, consists in

taking a very ordinary incident and persuading a hitherto unobservant watcher that it is dramatic.

Bombs and murder are, in England at any rate, abnormal incidents, but Conrad does not fall to melodrama, because he does not pretend that these incidents are normal—he concentrates our attention on the normal people who take part in them, and as soon as he concentrates on the people rather than the incidents he enlarges the whole school of romantic adventure.

Verloc, Winnie Verloc, the idiot boy *might* have been concerned in the theft of six postage stamps from a pillar-box in Brixton and would have enabled Conrad to give us all his creative gifts in the making of them just as easily. But implicating them in abnormal events he redoubles his dramatic values because he shows us that human nature does not change one jot, place it in any situation that you please.

The reader, therefore, is permitted a legitimate excitement in the narrative (because, human nature entirely apart, throwing a bomb *is* more exciting than stealing a bottle of beer) but he is never threatened with the nullification of character that most "stories" written as "stories" seem to insist upon.

We are told a striking story about the Verlocs, but their vitality does not at all depend on the story. Conrad could have chosen a thousand stories about the Verlocs and they all would have been interesting because the Verlocs are interesting. Divorce Porthos, Athos, and Aramis from their physical

movements and what are they? But Conrad allows you to pay your money and have your fun in two different directions.

Incidentally, the most striking thing in this book is not the throwing of the bomb but the ride in the cab. I am inclined to consider that ride in the cab the most beautiful, touching, and moving thing in the whole of Conrad—in any case it is one of the great things in English literature. And the greatness of it does not come alone from characters, but also from events.

Had Conrad not been a master of narrative, had he not chosen to tell stories in his books, but to deal only in psychological aesthetics then we should have still believed in Verloc and Winnie and the boy. We should still have cared what they did next, but we should not have had the extra fun of watching the excitement of event rising out of event.

His unfinished novel *Suspense*—surely a magnificent fragment—leaves us with the most eager curiosity about the minds and souls of that extraordinary group of characters, but it leaves us also, like children, with our mouths open, wondering whether Napoleon appeared on the scene, whither floated the intrepid hero, and so on. Surely this is a legitimate interest and an interest to-day far too readily neglected by our modern intellectual novelists. Or is it that the narrative art is too difficult for them, or rather not so much the narrative gift as the going of it hand-in-hand with the creation of character?

At any rate no one at present shows any signs of carrying Conrad's experiments further.

When we look back on that grand company of books we see first a superb gathering of men and women, from Almayer and Willems to old Peyrol and Heyst. But with them also this breath-catching, heart-beating business of "Where are they going?"—"Will he be in time?"—"Is his sacrifice to be in vain?"

And so quite rightly we pay tribute to genius.

HUGH WALPOLE

[73] THE SECRET AGENT

A SIMPLE TALE

12mo, original red cloth. London: Methuen & Co., 1907.

First edition.

With the 40p. publisher's catalogue at the end, dated "September, 1907."

On the half-title the following autograph inscription by the author:

I do not regret having written it. I submit that telling Winnie Verloc's story to its anarchistic end of utter desolation, madness and despair, and telling it as I have told it here, I have not intended to commit a gratuitous outrage on the feelings of mankind.

J. Conrad

On the first, second and third blank leaves Hugh Walpole, who knew Conrad intimately, has written in his handwriting the following:

This has always been to myself one of the most fascinating of Conrad's works because in it and especially in Verloc one discerns a side of Conrad that the sea helped him to disguise. I remember that he once said to me that he fancied that Verloc and Mr. Jones of "Victory" were signs of what he might have done in letters had the sea not swept over him. He meant—his sense of evil in the human heart. He clung on to his sea captains because they were his answer to the Verlocs, but I fancy that the Verlocs were always more real to him than the MacWhirrs. Always when I read this book I see myself on a Summer day

sitting with Lawrence of Arabian fame in Conrad's garden at Bishopsbourne, and Conrad stepping across the grass to us and saying, "Verloc's just left" and, turning, I saw a fat, humped figure going out of the gate—some journalist from Canterbury. *Hugh Walpole*
Jan., 26–27

Conrad tells us that this novel was suggested by the well-known attempt made in the nineties to blow up the Greenwich Observatory.

[74] THE SECRET AGENT

A SIMPLE TALE

12mo, original red cloth. London: Methuen & Co., 1907.

First edition.

PRESENTATION COPY TO MRS. CONRAD

The first blank leaf is inscribed:

Dear Jessie's Copy
12th Sept. 1907

and on the same page in the autograph of Mrs. Conrad:

This book, dear Mr. Keating, holds so much human joy and suffering. During its writing so nearly both boys were taken from us, for both were desperately ill in Switzerland.

[75] THE SECRET AGENT

A SIMPLE TALE

12mo, original decorative light blue cloth. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1907.

First American edition.

This novel appeared in serial form in America in *Ridgeway's Weekly* from October 6, 1906, to January 12, 1907.

The blank first leaf contains the autograph signature: *Joseph Conrad.*

Begun 25.2.20.
Finished 3rd March. 20

The Secret Agent.

~~SECRET AGENT.~~

~~Author's Note.~~

Joseph Conrad.

The origin of ~~this book,~~ the Sec. Ag, subject, treatment, artistic purpose, ~~and~~ and every other motive that may induce ~~whatever other agent intelligible~~ an author to take up his pen can be traced to ~~the effect~~ a period of mental and emotional reaction.

The actual facts are that I began this book impulsively and wrote it continuously. When in due course it was bound and delivered to the public gaze I found myself upbraided for having produced it at all. Some of the ~~[illegible]~~ were severe, others had a sorrowful note. I have not got them textually before me but I ~~have [illegible]~~ remember perfectly ~~[illegible]~~ the general argument, which ~~[illegible]~~ was very simple, and also ~~all~~ my surprise ~~at~~ its nature ~~character~~. All this ~~seems [illegible]~~ seems a very old story now! And yet it ~~was~~ not such a long time ago. ~~It appears I was~~ I must conclude that I had still preserved much of my ~~[illegible]~~ pristine innocence in the year 1907. It seems to me now that ~~[illegible]~~ even an artless person might have foreseen that ~~objections~~ some criticisms would be ~~made~~ based on the ground of sordid surroundings and the moral squalor of the tale.

That ~~[illegible]~~ of course is a serious objection. It was not universal. In fact it seems ungracious to remember ~~[illegible]~~ so little. ~~[illegible]~~ reproof amongst so much intelligent and sympathetic appreciation; and I ~~[illegible]~~ trust that the ~~I [illegible]~~ my readers of this Preface ~~[illegible]~~ will not hasten to ~~ascribe~~ to put it ~~down~~ to wounded ~~effect of unappeasable~~ vanity or ~~[illegible]~~ natural disposition to ingratitude. ~~It would be kinder and more charitable [illegible]~~ I suggest that a charitable ~~[illegible]~~ could ~~[illegible]~~ very well ascribe ~~[illegible]~~ my choice to natural modesty. Yet it isn't exactly ~~that~~ modesty that makes me select reproof

heart

[76] THE SECRET AGENT

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE AUTHOR'S NOTE

The original typescript consisting of 10 quarto pages. It contains an unusual number of corrections, deletions and additions, all in the author's handwriting. Many sentences are written out afresh. The first page is shown on p. 166, and the last page contains the following autograph note: *This note was written for the Limited Edition to be published in Eng. Amca. in the course of the years 1920-1921. Joseph Conrad.* This note was begun on February 25, 1920, and finished March 3, 1920.

The typescript is bound, together with the printed "Author's Note" extracted from the printed limited edition in full deep-sea blue levant morocco. A portrait of Conrad printed in sepia is inlaid in the front doublure and bears the following inscription:

I wish to state plainly here that I've never known or even seen any of the persons of "The Secret Agent" except, of course, on the stage when the drama-version was performed in London, Nov., 1922. *J. Conrad*

[77] THE SECRET AGENT

DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

4to, stitched, uncut. Canterbury: Printed for the author by H. J. Goulden, 1921.

First edition.

Limited to 52 or 53 copies.

PRESENTATION COPY

Title page reproduced on p. 168.

To Mrs Mrs Keating
With great Regard
Joseph Conrad
Dec. 1921.

THE SECRET AGENT.

Drama in Four Acts

BY

JOSEPH CONRAD.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY H. J. GOULDEN, LTD.
CANTERBURY.
1921.

This copy was received by us the day before Christmas, 1921 This version was used to some extent in the performance of the play. Conrad dramatized the novel in 1920, and it was produced in London in the fall of 1922.

[78] THE SECRET AGENT

DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

4to, stitched, uncut. Canterbury: Printed for the author by H. J. Goulden, 1921.

First edition.

Limited to 52 or 53 copies.

COPY BELONGING TO MRS. CONRAD

On the front cover, which forms the title-page, in Conrad's autograph: *Dear Jessie's copy.*

[79] THE SECRET AGENT

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

With frontispiece portrait of Conrad. 8vo, original boards, paper label, uncut, with the original dust wrappers. London: privately printed for subscribers only, 1923.

Second edition.

Limited to 1,000 copies, of which this is No. 722, signed in ink, by the author: *Joseph Conrad.*

The first blank leaf bears the following holograph note:

The adverse reception by the critics of this tale in its dramatic form affected me not at all. I was amused by their touching unanimity in damning the play. It was like a chorus of parrots. I was sorry for the artists whose loyal work was wasted. That was the really disagreeable part of the experience. *J. Conrad*

a kind of tyranny of the senses over him." His adoration of beauty is a continual fever, and in the intoxication of physical desire he is conscious that passion, also, is a supreme art. He knew, as well as Conrad, that there is no moral value in enduring needless discomfort, and that one who is not sensitive to the little daily differences between the passing of time and air and fire and light and the vivid relief of rest can have but an imperfect sense of reality, and is lacking in one of the main faculties of life. And so Conrad's novels are tragedies, because no man has yet found out a remedy against the satiety of pleasure, except the remedies hidden away somewhere in the soul. "There is apparently something in my character," Conrad wrote, "which will not allow me to abandon for good any piece of work I have begun. I have laid aside many beginnings. I have laid them aside with sorrow, with disgust, with rage, with melancholy, and even with self-contempt: but even at my worst I had an uneasy consciousness that I would have to go back to them." There he strikes the note of creation. Now, can one imagine any man of genius who has not felt at times for the beginnings of his works a kind of furious self-contempt? Rodin did, and Michelangelo, and Wagner, who began by struggling after originality in melody, and who found it when he ceased to seek for it.

Conrad was evidently proud of having written "Il Conde" in ten days: for he told me that every incident of this adven-

ture was related to him at Capri, in 1915, by a Polish Count Szembek, and that "Gaspar Ruiz" was written in 1905.

I remember his saying to me in reference to *Victory:* "I consider this one of my finest achievements, yet when I was writing it I felt tormented and feverish. I tried to write that novel simply, event following hard on event and always surprise, and to avoid as far as possible putting into it too much style and too much imagination." I must confess that I cannot compare these stories—for sheer creation and for purity of imagination—with *Tales of Unrest* and with *Youth,* which contain unparalleled masterpieces.

I have just noticed that Conrad himself wrote in 1924: "Authors have many story illusions about themselves; but I think that what I say would be visible to critical judgment, and even could be felt as a mere impression. For instance (even on mere inspection) the volume of *Tales of Unrest* is a totally different expression of my art from, say, *A Set of Six.* Or take the volume of *Youth,* which in its component parts presents the three Ages of Men." And, in addition to this, here are some sentences from the Author's Note, 1920: ". . . None of them is connected directly with personal experiences. . . . [In regard to most of the stories] Various strains contributed to their composition, and the nature of many of those I have forgotten. . . . Of 'The Informer' and 'The Anarchist' I will say next to nothing. The pedigree of these tales is hopelessly complicated, and not worth disentangling at this distance of

a kind of tyranny of the senses over him." His adoration of beauty is a continual fever, and in the intoxication of physical desire he is conscious that passion, also, is a supreme art. He knew, as well as Conrad, that there is no moral value in enduring needless discomfort, and that one who is not sensitive to the little daily differences between the passing of time and air and fire and light and the vivid relief of rest can have but an imperfect sense of reality, and is lacking in one of the main faculties of life. And so Conrad's novels are tragedies, because no man has yet found out a remedy against the satiety of pleasure, except the remedies hidden away somewhere in the soul. "There is apparently something in my character," Conrad wrote, "which will not allow me to abandon for good any piece of work I have begun. I have laid aside many beginnings. I have laid them aside with sorrow, with disgust, with rage, with melancholy, and even with self-contempt: but even at my worst I had an uneasy consciousness that I would have to go back to them." There he strikes the note of creation. Now, can one imagine any man of genius who has not felt at times for the beginnings of his works a kind of furious self-contempt? Rodin did, and Michelangelo, and Wagner, who began by struggling after originality in melody, and who found it when he ceased to seek for it.

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time. I found them and here they are. The discriminating reader will guess that I have found them within my mind. . . . [I had to invent the pretext of 'The Duel'] and I think that, given the characters of the two officers which I had to invent, too, I have made it sufficiently convincing by the mere force of its absurdity. . . . I had heard in my boyhood a good deal of the great Napoleonic legend. . . . This one, however, has remained a testimony, if you like, to my courage or a proof of my rashness. . . . some French readers . . . volunteered the opinion that . . . I had managed to render 'wonderfully' the spirit of the whole epoch. . . . that is exactly what I was trying to capture in my small net: the Spirit of the Epoch. . . ."

"Gaspar Ruiz" is a great creation, and here Conrad evokes that atmosphere—tragic, deadly, and implacable—where at times a twofold darkness invades the little spaces of light in which, for a moment, we move: the depth to which they shadow our steps, even in that moment's partial escape. Gaspar—in the centre of the South American War of Independence—comes before us, a mere peasant, gifted with enormous physical strength; he is captured by Santierra; and a scene follows in which the infuriated prisoners, devoured with thirst, howl for water, a mephitic heat beating like a whiff of air from hell from the place where they are confined. Gaspar escapes; he finds his way to a house that belongs to a Royalist family. "In the name of God," he says, "let me in." Erminia saves his life: his soul surrenders itself to gloom and resentment as black

as night. One of the climaxes is the arrival of Santierra on a night of thunder and earthquake at the house where two men and two women live. The house rocks to its foundations; Gaspar staggers out with the dark girl in his arms. "*Que quapa!*" shouts Santierra; "for you are the bravest man alive." Climax follows climax: their marriage, their combats, and his death in his effort to rescue Erminia. The actual horror and the manner of his death seem to me inventions: the facts are barely, if at all, credible. No man with such a passion for life would ever let himself die so ignominiously. Erminia, bending over him, says: "On all the earth I have loved nothing but you, Gaspar." His eyes revive. "Is this true?" "As true as that there is no mercy and justice in this world." She answers him passionately. He tries to raise his head, it falls back as she kisses his dead lips. And so, to revenge his death, she throws herself into a deep abyss. That end in itself is literally magnificent: both had attained their ends, and nothing more in the world remained for them.

"The Informer" is an ironical tale told by a certain cynical X, who is mixed up with anarchists; it has something in it of the detective spirit in which *The Secret Agent* was written: only, to my mind, his Verloc does not for one moment attain the tragic and tremendous grandeur of Balzac's Vautren. Conrad was never passionately interested in real people: he was passionately interested in his own creations. This narrator is essentially rebellious and *révolté*: his venomous pen-stabs had

sapped the vitality of at least one monarchy. He is a creature worthy of Swift when that man of sinister genius is ruthlessly ironic and scathing: and Conrad's Slavic sense of cruelty is shown in the man's amazing incompassionate statements, and that mordant quality seems to sting one's flesh. And, in page after page in this book, he shows traces of that fundamental reticence which was at the basis of his nature. And then there is *l'idée fixe*, and that question that man has a given quantity of energy; each man a different quantity: how will he spend it? And yet there are few secrets in the mind of men or in the pitiless heart of nature that he has not captured. "The Return" and "Matteo Falcon" are the cruelest stories ever written. X mentions the group of anarchists who assembled at a house in Hermione Street, where he finds the girl to whom the house belongs not quite obviously in love with Sevrin—love-making, as if on the brink of the grave. And so it comes to pass. The conspirators are arrested; Sevrin (a genius among betrayers) confesses that he has thwarted and deceived them—from conviction: and so poisons himself. This terrible tale is told in sheer cold-bloodedness, with a calculated mockery and with diabolical insinuations.

"An Anarchist" gives a vivid description of a convict's escape from a French penal colony. The narrator, reaching Horta, comes on a base and abominable manager; and I cannot help thinking that Conrad turned him into a fiendish caricature—the manager who had found Paul on the shore, alone and ter-

rified. "He noticed my start, too, and there we were for a moment or so staring at each other as if bewitched." Paul tells his story with an extreme simplicity; simply for the pleasure of telling it; incidents interest him, and he wants every incident to be immediately affective; referring as he does to a dinner in Paris with two of his friends where he imagines that he would attain a wonderful felicity, instead of which he gets dead drunk, and is arrested and sent to Cayenne with Simon and Mafile; where, the convicts having planned a meeting, he picks up a loaded revolver, and with Mafile and Simon jumps into a boat. On the open sea when he is steering he produces his revolver. "A black rage came upon me. The sky, the sea, the whole horizon, seemed to turn red, blood red all around the boat. I shot Simon right through his head. I sent a bullet through the head of the other. I flung them both overboard. I threw away the revolver." He was rescued and then put ashore on the island. When the narrator returned to Horta he tried to persuade the convict to go back with him to Europe there and then. But he refused with unconquerable obstinacy. A tale told like this thrills me more than Dumas ever thrilled me. Conrad's wonderful comprehension of the basest souls, of men's criminal instincts, of their implacable desire for revenge, of their final—and in this case to me inconceivable—resignation to their Fate, indicates the immensity of his sympathy (not of his pity) for those persons of his drama—a drama enacted on the shifting surface of the sea and in a Mystery Play

performed inside a Temple, "childish and poignant, ridiculous and awful enough in all conscience"—who are condemned to live hidden and exasperated lives.

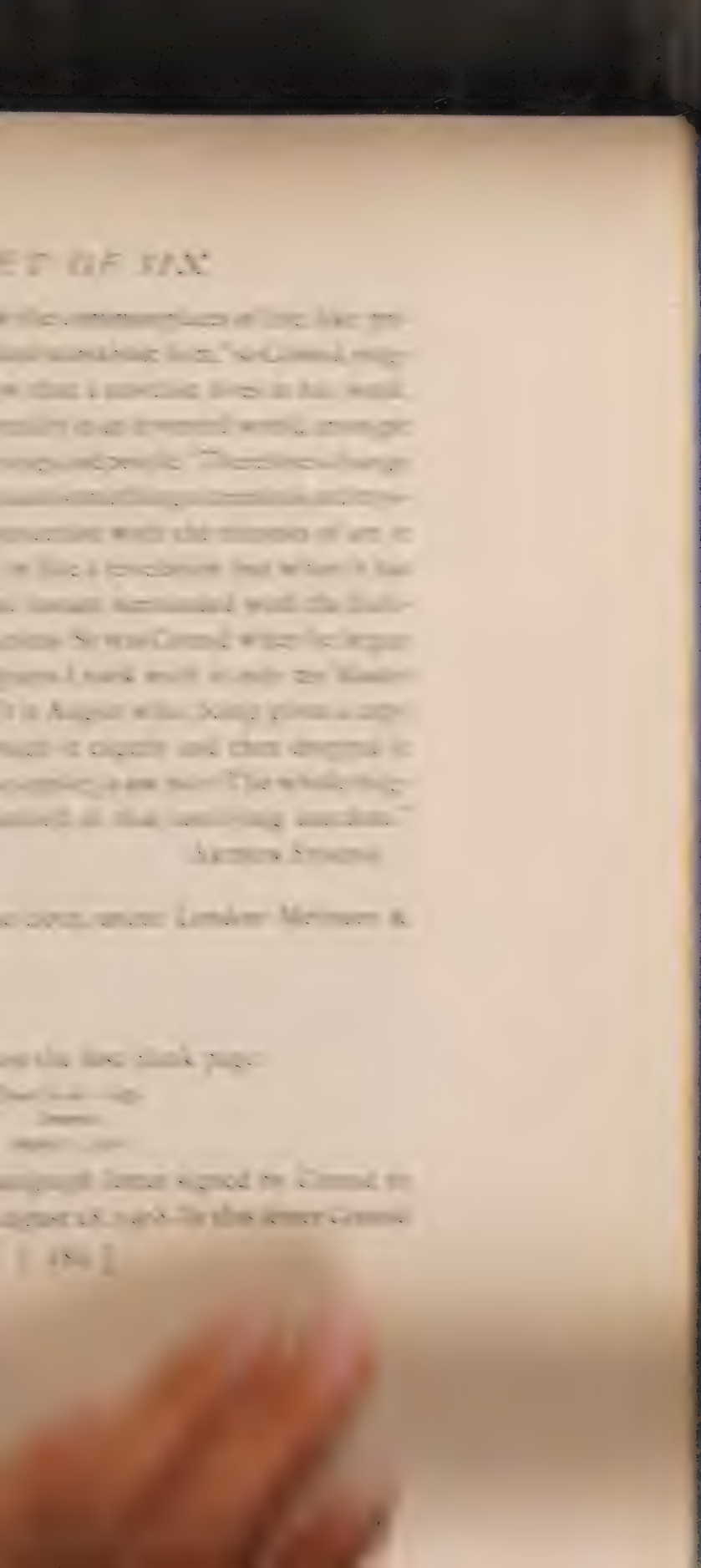
"The Duel," a wonderful achievement, and yet bewildering, has in it much of Conrad's sardonic humour, his inveterate divination of those insane roots of jealousy which germinate no one knows where, that are due frankly to woman's vanity, but, in this case, only brought to the surface by a mere woman who incites, in spite of herself, these two officers into a series of duels which become almost absurd by their recurrence. Some of the most incomparable pages Conrad has written are those where he relates the retreat of the French army across Russia: they are dramatic and poignant and tragic and terrible: and there are sudden effects which are ghastly. "They plodded on, and their passage did not disturb the mortal silence of the plains, shining with the livid light of snow under a sky the colour of ashes. Whirlwinds ran along the fields, broke against the dark column, enveloped it in a turmoil of flying icicles, and subsided, disclosing it creeping on its tragic way without the swing and rhythm of the military pace. . . . All their store of moral energy was expended in resisting the terrific enmity of nature and the crushing sense of irretrievable disaster."

"Il Conde" (with its desperate motto: *Vedi Napolie poi mori*) is one of Conrad's finest stories. It records the infamous insult of a young man in whose eyes one saw that peculiar expres-

sion of cruel discontent to be discerned only in the busts of some Roman emperors, who, in the Villa Nazionale where immense crowds of good society assembled to hear the music, comes up to the Count in a lonely alley, hisses at him: "Be silent! No noise!" and presses a sharp stiletto on his breastbone, making him disgorge the 340 lire he has on him, and then vanishes, like a nightmare. He sees him again that night in the Café Umberto where he is dining. The *Cavaliere* from Bari comes up and stands before the mirror next to the Count's seat; hissing with the most insulting venom of contempt and gazing straight into the mirror. "Ah! So you had some gold on you—you old liar—you old *birba*—you *furfante!* But you are not done with me yet." The abomination of this insult and the fear of its recurrence (the fear in his heart lest he should be everlastingly haunted by the vision of this villain) drives him from Southern Italy. His delicate conception of his dignity was defiled by that degrading experience. And this reminds me of my own experience during the exciting month I spent in Naples in 1892. I was followed at night by the same kind of villain, who threatened me, and who murmured into my ears the most shameful things. I went to the San Carlo Theatre, I wandered along the sordid streets of Santa Lucia, where the people were as shameless as animals, where an ascetic might have meditated on the disgust of the flesh. All this malodorous medley was aswarm, hoarse voices crying, hands in continual movement, the clatter of heelless shoes on the pavement, the

splash of emptied vessels, laughter, the harsh note of a song, rising out of their midst like the bubbles of steam escaping out of a boiling pot. I began to be fascinated by those streets which are corridors, with their violent shadows, their obscure exuberance of life. At last Naples became to me a witch's cauldron.

Conrad was, I think, the most uncritical man of genius I have known. Nor did I share in his enormous admiration of Maupassant's short stories, one volume of which, with some other French novels, was always thrown half open on one side of his desk. With him this was a question of style. Now what Conrad never admitted to me is this fact of which I have always been aware that he learnt one of his secrets from Balzac: the method of doubling or trebling the interest by setting action within action. Whenever Balzac did this he did it supremely. Conrad is the only great novelist who dispenses with plots. Yet when one has such an intensity of creation—a form of creation he could vary infinitely—what does this matter? "It had that mysterious, almost miraculous, power of producing striking effects by means impossible of detection, which is the last work of the highest art." That is one of his fundamental sayings: and it can be applied equally to Shakespeare and to Titian. It is in reference to Archimedes' lines that Conrad sets down for all time and in one sentence this fact: "Give me the right word and the right accent and I will move the world." And, just as Lamb wrote on Mandon the actor: He



thanks Garnett for his article on *A Set of Six* which appeared in the *Nation*. It reads in part:

I have the *Nation* and I must thank you for the article. No doubt to put one's tongue into both cheeks at once is an immoral trick and I suspect that it is on that ground that you and the great W. L. Courtney (bow) meet in the condemnation of the *Informer*.

I don't defend him—it. But let me ask, is my earnestness of no account? Is that a Slavonic trait? And I am earnest, terribly earnest. Carlyle bending over the history of Frederick called the Great was a mere trifle, a volatile butterfly in comparison. For that good man had only to translate himself out of bad German into the English we know whereas I had to work like a coal-miner in his pit quarrying all my English sentences out of a black night.

For that reason, I suppose, I read in a study (still unpublished) of Conrad, that I gloat over scenes of cruelty and am obsessed by visions of spilt blood.

At any rate I think I have always written with dignity, with more dignity than the above-alluded-to butterfly ever could command. And that not certainly from lack of conviction which often takes that outward form. The fact is that I have approached things human in a spirit of piety foreign to those lovers of humanity who would like to make of life a sort of Cook's Personally Conducted Tour—from the cradle to the grave. I have never debased that quasi-religious sentiment by tears and groans and sighs, I have never grinned nor gnashed my teeth. In a word I have behaved myself decently—which except in the gross conventional sense is not so easy as it looks. Therefore there are those who reproach me with the pose of brutality with the lack of all heart delicacy, sympathy—sentiment—idealism. There is even one abandoned creature who says I am a neo-platonist. What on earth is that?

However as long as *you* are there my memory will be safe. That's what I thought while reading your review. The quotation is most skilfully selected since it is effective *per se* not depending on the remote context and giving a good, almost too good, idea of the story.

The stories included in this collection are "Gaspar Ruiz," "The Informer," "The Brute," "An Anarchist," "The Duel" and "Il Conde," all of which previously appeared in magazine form. This edition was published in August, 1908, and 1500 copies were printed. The advertisements in this first edition are vari-

ously dated February, June, and August. The second issue was not published until September. Mr. Wise in his bibliography of Conrad records the existence of a copy containing the following mistake in the list of Conrad's works detailed upon the reverse of the half-title. This reads:

The Secret Agent (with Ford M. Hueffer)

suggesting incorrectly that this was the joint work of Conrad and Hueffer. Mr. Wise states that this mistake was immediately corrected before the book was actually put into circulation. This of course was not the case with the first issues of *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *The Inheritors*, *'Twixt Land and Sea* and *Chance*. The above copy, which is in effect Conrad's own copy, was received from the publisher with the half-title and the title-page pasted on the stub. The advertisements are dated June, 1908. The copy in the British Museum also has the half-title and the title-page pasted on a stub and the advertisements are of the same date. It was received by the British Museum August 11, 1908.

[81] A SET OF SIX

12mo, original dark blue cloth, uncut. London: Methuen & Co., 1908.

First edition.

Inscribed by the author:

Vedi Napoli e poi mori
Joseph Conrad
1919

In this issue the half-title and the title-page form an integral part of the first signature. The advertisements are dated August, 1908.

[82] GASPAR RUIZ

In the *Pall Mall Magazine.*

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo. 4to, original wrappers, four numbers. London, July-October, inclusive, 1906.

First appearance in print.

The first number (July) bears Conrad's full signature at the beginning of the tale: *Joseph Conrad.*

[83] THE POINT OF HONOR

A MILITARY TALE

Illustrations in colour by VanSayre Groesbeck. 12mo, original decorative green cloth. New York: The McClure Co., 1908.

First separate edition of this story.

On the first blank leaf the author has written the inscription reproduced on p. 185.

This story was published under its original title, "The Duel," in *A Set of Six* in the first American edition of 1915.

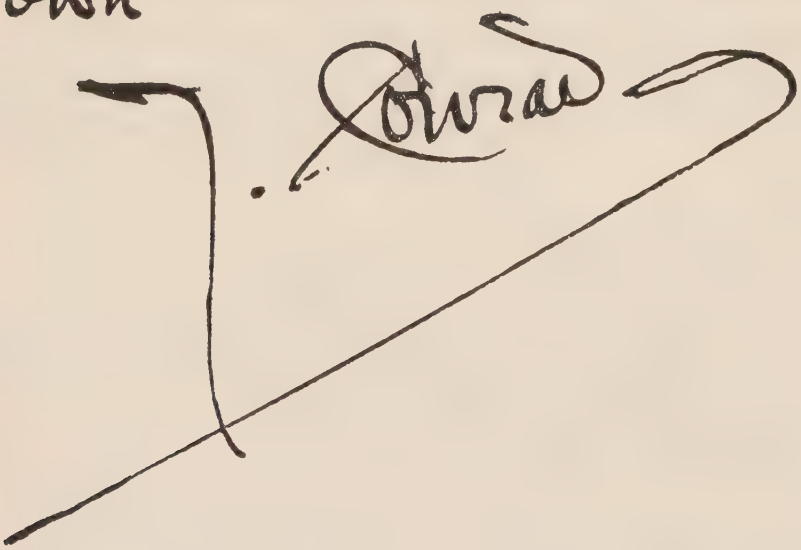
[84] A SET OF SIX

12mo, original dark blue cloth. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1915.

First American edition.

Autographed on the first blank leaf: *Joseph Conrad.*

The first idea sprung from a short par: in a French provincial paper (a propos of recent duel) that in Napoleonic times two officers of the Grand Armée fought a series of duels in some mysterious quarrel of their own



Although copyrighted by the American publishers in 1908, the first American edition was not issued until 1915. For this edition Conrad wrote a special Introduction.

[85] A SET OF SIX

Crown 8vo, original cloth. London: Methuen & Co. Ltd., 1920. *Sixth edition.*

With the following inscription in Conrad's handwriting on the first blank leaf: *Presented by the Author*

[86] A SET OF SIX

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE AUTHOR'S NOTE TO THE FIRST COLLECTED EDITION

Consisting of 5 pages of heavily corrected typescript dated by Conrad April 9, 1920, and initialed by him *J. C.* The special Introduction which was written for the first American edition in 1915 did not appear in the first collected edition of Conrad's works. Conrad wrote this note for the definitive edition of his works.

[87] A SET OF SIX

With an Introduction by George T. Keating.

Demy 8vo, frontispiece, original cloth, paper label, gilt top New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1925.

Volume X of the "Memorial Edition."

UNDER WESTERN EYES

IT IS presumptuous in one sense for a Westerner to write of Conrad's *Under Western Eyes*, since the Russian soul is its theme, and each remove westward from the intangible border between West and East makes comprehension more difficult. Yet in another sense it is not presumptuous, though perhaps rash, for Conrad's purpose in this extraordinary book was to interpret the Russian mind to aliens, and it is quite conceivable that he was more interested in English and French and American responses to his labours than in what the Russians themselves might say. In his Author's Note to the book in the collected edition of his works he speaks of his pleasure when, after a failure at its first publication in England, the book ran through many editions in Russia. It was a natural pleasure, but does not change the inherent probability that it was the interest of the West which he sought.

He stands himself, I think, by no means in the place of the English teacher of languages who is not only the intermediary in the tragic case of Razumov and Natalia, but also the interpreter in the equally tragic identities between revolutionary and autocratic Russia. That elderly Englishman, it is true, plays Conrad's part, but Conrad himself is neither Easterner nor Westerner, nor certainly a mere observer from the democratic nations on the neutral ground of Geneva. Conrad, if I

understand the book and his later Author's Note, is here, more than anywhere else in all his writings, the Pole, the Slavic middleman, studying, for the benefit of a West that he understands by intellect and experience, a Slavic Russia that he apprehends by an instinct which is neither hate, nor spiritual intimacy, nor affection, but all three. This is Russia's hereditary enemy writing of a race that no alien friend could understand as well as he.

And I prefer in this brief Preface to write, not of the remarkable technique of this well-knit book, which proceeds through its nearly four hundred pages like a short story, nor of the characteristic inversions and indirections of story-telling by which Conrad here, as elsewhere, attains vivid intimacy by unwrapping, as it were, personality after personality of mere observers or recorders until he gets at the man and the thing itself, with a sense of complete knowledge that simpler methods do not attain, but rather of his ideas, for they explain as much of Conrad as of Russia itself.

Razumov, you remember, was a student quite uninterested in political thinking, a neutral in the Russian struggle, better still an indifferent. But he is drawn in against his most violent desires when a tyrannicide, fresh from the deed, takes refuge in his room. For Razumov talked little and had the sometimes fatal gift of inspiring confidence in others. Only then does a fury of resentment stir his mind to its bottom and crystallize a hatred of disorder and a cynical disbelief in cloudy aspirations

for freedom and violent efforts for reform. He gives up the assassin and finds himself caught in a net. There can be no neutrals, no indifferents in Russia. He must go on, he must use the prestige which his supposed association with Haldin, the assassin, has given him. He must become a spy for autocracy.

It is a magnificent situation for psychological fiction to work upon, a moral situation such as Conrad loved, in which no course that is not tortuous is conceivable, no result not worthy of both praise and blame possible. Razumov is incapable of villainy and yet he has been a Judas. The heroes in the book are all fools under Western eyes, and the fools are all heroic. The greatest of them, Peter Ivanovitch, the feminist, the egoist, has been the greatest hero of all.

And Conrad has lost no opportunity. He has followed his bent until even the most minor characters in this story are given the full complexity of inconsistent, intensely human man. Character under tension interests Conrad—that is why his stories are always tense—and under tension even the simplest character, like Tekla in this story, exhibits foldings and manifoldings that only men who never brood nor pause to analyze can doubt.

So far, *Under Western Eyes* is a typical Conrad story, but there is another aspect of the greatest interest. For here the strange Fate, intangible, and more subjective than objective, which broods over *Nostromo* and *Youth* and *Chance*, is for once externalized and made concrete.

Russia is Fate in this book. It is a Russia strangely prophetic, so that on rereading one is not surprised that this book has been often quoted by writers upon the Bolshevik revolution. It is all there by implication, its course is plotted in specific analysis, and the nature which it had to assume (mere economics aside) specifically described.

Conrad's autocrats and his revolutionaries alike wave aside the liberalisms and the democracies of the West. They do not believe in them, for Russia. They are obsessed—Mikulin the executive of police, Haldin the assassin, and Peter Ivanovitch alike—with a profoundly cynical disbelief that there is happiness in store for Russia. Resignation is the Russian's only faith—resignation to endure, resignation to the necessity of oppression, to the necessity of striking back to kill. It is the result of ages of autocracy weighing upon tyrant and rebel alike.

"We Russians," says Miss Haldin, the least obsessed of all the actors in this tragedy, "shall find some better form of national freedom than in artificial conflict of parties—which is wrong, because it is a conflict, and contemptible because it is artificial."

It is a prophetic passage, but what is the better form? In this novel they all struggle toward it, even the brutal General T, by cynically setting aside all those compromises which we Westerners have tried, the rights of man, justice, gentleness, trust in the good sense of the majority. They must be resigned to suffering and to violence.

Conrad, with extraordinary skill of analysis, makes even a Westerner believe in the unity of the Russian soul. Autocracy in one phase is Czarism, in its other phase Terrorism. Neither despot nor revolutionary can escape its immense influence. The tyrant and the victim are far closer to each other than to the puzzled stranger who looks on. And both are pursued by a necessity to solve the problem of their relationship. They cannot govern, labour, love, live freely, while Russia still weighs on their souls. Razumov, the man without a family and a home, is the Russian man. Russia is his family, Russia his home. He is drawn irresistibly into the struggle. And after he is beaten by confessing his own act of betrayal, punished for his spying, cast out, the revolutionaries come to see him in his retreat. They admire his character. They understand

If this is not a true analysis of the Russian mind, no evidence at least of its falsity can be drawn from recent Russian events. Resignation to misery and then to violence, and a cynical disbelief that anything but force can hold together the Russian people have been as characteristic of the Bolshevik regime as of Czarism. And the intense obsessions, the willing sacrifices, the sense of a salvation through Russia alone, whatever happens to the individual, have been as strongly written in recent history as in this book.

But it is, I suspect, an equally true analysis of Conrad himself. The same resignation, the same almost cynical disbelief in happiness and the rewards of virtue, are characteristic of his

Slavic soul also—though it is in life not in politics that he seeks his quarry. He is not Russian. He could escape to England and the sea and find there and in his books a release from brooding. But his great characters are all obsessed men. They are Slavic of soul, whatever their blood. They are Westerners written down and interpreted under Slavic eyes. His great contribution to English literature is this extension of the human soul in directions which we Westerners do not readily see, or understand what is to be seen. He has seen the Slavic that broods in us all, precisely as an English novelist, at home in China, might reveal the unidentified identities with the English spirit lurking in the Chinese.

Some think that *Under Western Eyes* is Conrad's greatest book. In construction and execution I believe that it is his greatest novel, only comparable in these qualities with one or two of his short stories. He meant it, at first, it appears, to be a short story. In style too it is admirable, with a sufficiency not marred by the quaintnesses of his occasional lapses from grammar and idiom. "Shall" and "will" were always hard for him, and in the last section, like a man furiously bent upon his conclusions and not to be diverted by niceties, he uses "shall" with a generosity certainly never accorded in a great English novel before. This is a triviality, only to be spoken of in amusement.

But the lover of romance must go elsewhere in his Conrad. There is nothing glamorous in this story. It is a saga, not a romance. It is a compression of the whole intellect upon a

magnificent diagnosis, not the expansion of the soul in brooding, which is Conrad's romance. And it is tense, too tense for easy and popular reading. You must always take life seriously when reading Conrad, but in this book you must keep your seriousness upon an intellectual level not easy for a languid reader. For a nation, a race, a morality, is the theme and the stake of this book.

But if the test of genius is that the work of art under discussion could have been executed only by one man and that the author—and this *is* a test—then *Under Western Eyes* is a proof that Conrad's reputation with us who were his contemporaries was no result of mere novelty or an effect of interest local to our time. Russia has lived a century since 1910—and this book still holds true. Conrad is dead, and the new generation is busy with times utterly different from his, yet his book speaks for him, is him, vitally moves the reader with a consciousness of a creative spirit unique, powerful, and successful in stamping its will upon its ends.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

[88] UNDER WESTERN EYES

12mo, original red cloth. London: Methuen & Co., 1911.

First edition.

With the Publisher's 31 p. catalogue on thin paper, dated "September, 1911."

The first and second blank leaves are occupied by the inscription reproduced on p. 194.

The most terrifying reflection (I am speaking now for myself) is that all these people are not the product of the exceptional but of the general — of the normality of their place, and time, and race. The ferocity and imbecility of an autocratic rule rejecting all legality and, in fact, basing itself upon complete moral anarchism provokes the no less imbecile and atrocious answer of a purely utopian revolutionism encompassing destruction by the first means to hand, in the strange conviction that a fundamental change of heart must follow the downfall of any given human institutions. These people are unable to see that all they can effect is merely a change of names. The oppressors and the oppressed are all Russians together: and the world is brought once more face to face with the truth of the saying that the tigers cannot change their stripes nor the leopard his spots.

(Preface. Last lines)

Joseph Conrad

1924.

UNDER WESTERN EYES

Conrad has recorded that this book had a great success in Russia shortly before the War, having been serialized by the great Russian review, the *European Messenger*, and subsequently issued in many editions at popular prices. He was induced to write this novel by something told him by a man met in Geneva many years before. Conrad's original manuscript shows that his first choice for the title was *Razumov*, but the author decided to change it to *Under Western Eyes* upon its completion, as on the margin of the last page of the original manuscript he has written: *Title: Under Western Eyes. A Novel.*
It was completed on January 22, 1910.
This novel made a supreme demand upon its author, and he records: "I had never been called before to a greater effort of detachment; detachment from all passions, prejudices, and even from personal memories."

[89] UNDER WESTERN EYES
A NOVEL
12mo, original dark blue cloth. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1911.
First American edition.
Autographed by the author: *Joseph Conrad.*

SOME REMINISCENCES

I THINK one of the things about this book which troubled Conrad very much was the change of the title to *A Personal Record*. I remember very well his exasperation when the matter was pressed and his impatient assent "to call it what you like." There would have been a second volume, perhaps even more intimate, and recording reminiscences even earlier than these.

There is no doubt that Conrad's later associations with his country and countrymen recalled much to his mind that the passage of time had erased from his memory. Our visit to Poland in 1914 would have provided much material and added to the fact that in later years Conrad lost much of his reluctance to speak of his suffering country. One reason was clearly that Poland was once again free, and, as he himself had predicted, coming again into its own. What a wonderful fulfilment of his prophecy, and what a strong proof of his belief in Poland and the Poles.

As Conrad says in his "Familiar Preface," most of his later friendships came to him through his books; that is so, but his reception the moment he arrived in Cracow proves also that earlier friendships, friendships that belonged to his family and traditions, claimed a large part of the man. The fact that Cracow was the scene of his father's death and of his own

school days made his return in 1914 the more momentous, and also the fact that his two sons were there, and I remember that this moved him deeply.

Even when he decided that it would be more prudent to take his family to Zakopane to await eventualities, instead of trying to find a passage to the frontier in the last civilian train, I do not believe he regretted returning to his own country. Those were months of anxious waiting, waiting for news from England that never came, waiting for permission to begin our return journey. Then finally when a casual acquaintance procured permission for our great adventure to begin, his painful journey in the snow to a town called Newmarket (the Polish name I cannot spell!). When he returned to the house where he had found refuge, cold, tired and anxious, but with the precious slip of cardboard duly signed by the military authorities, he was strangely reluctant to move. Every time we stopped on that return journey he would insist that all the responsibility was mine, mine if we were sent to some remote German village till the end of the War; mine if by sheer persistency we really reached home and friends in England. How many times he lamented my mulish determination not to cast aside any of our baggage. How often he asserted his conviction that this very baggage would prove our undoing. And with what charm and gentleness he handed me the credit for managing to land every scrap of it in England.

I can never forget our arrival in the Thames off Tilbury one beautiful moonlight night, the 3rd of November, 1914; his excitement when our baggage was returned to the steamer from the tender; some ridiculous omission by the officials and red tape. His voice became hoarse protesting, and he tired himself out gesticulating. All to no purpose, and my well meant attempts to calm him only produced more violent protests. I can see now the ring of impatient lady passengers reproaching "that excitable old gentleman," and I remember one lady's demand that I should speak to him, being the nearest. She wasn't even amused when I mildly remarked that "my husband did not like to be called to account in public."

I have in my possession the Victoria Cross (or rather its equivalent), belonging to Conrad's paternal grandfather, old General Korzeniowski, who was an officer in Napoleon's Grand Army, and whose death came to him just as he had dismounted and leaned against his horse, feeling suddenly faint. Now after four years Conrad's own end, I understand, was as he would have wished. Its very suddenness was merciful, although such a terrible shock at the time to those he had left.

There are none to whom I need explain my action in parting with these books. It is a fact that they were always regarded by me as a last recourse. At the time I was under the impression that all were first editions; they were indeed in the first instance, but Conrad frequently used my copy and replaced it by a second—in one case a third—edition.

These books were kept on his study shelf and on account of my helplessness it was often months at a time that I did not enter the room. Had Conrad even the most remote idea of the value of his first editions, I doubt very much that the fact would have influenced him. He was wont to say, "My dear, you have the author!" In a sense he was right. I have even now memories that no length of time can dim or rob me of—memories too sacred to pass on even to my sons—moments of such intensity of feeling as to dim the worst physical pain, and I have endured much of that. But nevertheless I am glad that the friend to whom this is addressed has my treasures in his collection. He has offered me practical sympathy at a time when I would have welcomed death itself. Sympathy that he perhaps knew not the depth of, and I could never explain. Of one thing I am convinced—no matter who might question my motive in parting from these books, the motive, if Conrad could know, would have his complete sympathy and approval. The sentiment which gives me pleasure is to know that Mr. Keating will own these books of mine and the price has made it possible for me to fulfill a task that I know would give Joseph Conrad a bigger reward than all the wonderful recognition of his surpassing genius and achievement.

His work will live on, and his name remain, long after his humble partner has joined the shades and is forgotten.

JESSIE CONRAD

[90] SOME REMINISCENCES

8vo, original dark blue cloth, uncut. London: Eveleigh Nash, 1912.

The first edition.

The first blank leaf contains the author's full signature: *Joseph Conrad.*

The second blank leaf is occupied by the following autograph inscription by Conrad:

. . . turning in my seat I followed the "James Westoll" with my eyes. Before she had gone a quarter of a mile she hoisted her flag as the harbor regulations prescribed for arriving and departing ships. I saw it suddenly flicker and stream out on the flagstaff. The Red Ensign! In the pellucid colourless atmosphere bathing the drab and grey masses of that southern land, the livid islets, the sea of pale glassy blue under the pale glassy sky of that cold sunrise, it was as far as the eye could reach the only spot of ardent colour—flamelike, intense, and presently as minute as the tiny red spark the concentrated reflection of a great fire kindles in the clear heart of a globe of crystal. The Red Ensign—the symbolic, protecting warm bit of bunting flung wide upon the seas, and destined for so many years to be the only roof over my head. *Joseph Conrad*

The title-page is reproduced on p. 201.

Conrad seldom used this form of signature in English editions of his literary works.

On the half-title page and blank leaf preceding the same, Mrs. Conrad has written the following appreciation of the book:

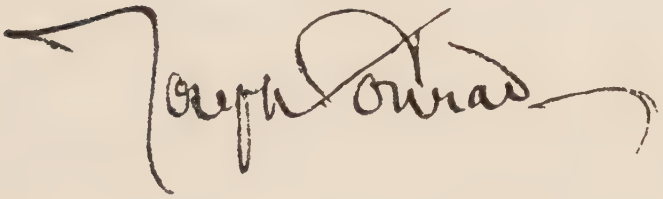
Oswalds,
Bishopsbourne, Kent,
March 24th, 1924

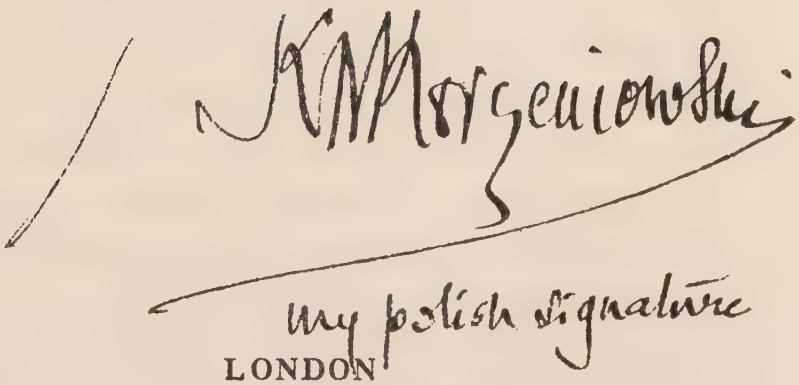
DEAR MR. KEATING:

As you say in your letter, I am the one person in the world who can write these few intimate words, but at the same time, as the wife, I may be less free to say what I really feel. To-day completes twenty-eight years of our married life, a

SOME REMINISCENCES

By JOSEPH CONRAD





LONDON
EVELEIGH NASH
1912

good slice of time; and the fact that we are now much closer friends than when we began our life together, is almost sufficient comment.

Your choice of the book that is to have between its covers these few words of mine touches me profoundly. Although all these reminiscences, in actual happening, were before he met me, I claim a large share of their production. He has often said he could not imagine himself married to any other woman. This I take to be high praise, indeed.

Surely, it is the troubles and woes, even more than the pleasures, that endear us to each other. And again the most lasting affection is that which partakes of the paternal or maternal quality. To most women, and particularly in the case of an artist, the wife's feeling is largely maternal. I confess to no slight feeling of pride in my husband's success, and in my position as his wife. The most flattering thing that was ever said of me was Mr. Edward Garnett's remark that all these books were written under my wing. Those words are perhaps the most characteristic definition of our married life.

Yours very sincerely,

JESSIE CONRAD

Laid in is a 4p. autograph letter signed by Conrad (dated Aldington) written to Mr. E. V. Lucas on his *Reminiscences* and the *English Review*. It reads in part, ". . . It saddens me to hear that you too are subject to these moments of cruel blankness when one's writing life seems to come to an end. I live in the constant dread of these visitations. They have been too frequent of late. One sets one's teeth and hangs on to hope with a desperate grip. That's my experience. And somehow the mind survives these temporary extinctions. But how long these resurrections will go on who can tell? . . . "

The contents of this volume appeared first in serial form in the *English Review*, 1908-1909 (see No. 93), under the title "Some Reminiscences," which title was also used in the first and second editions, issued in 1912. The American edition,

issued during the same year, was published under the new title, *A Personal Record*, which form has been used since.

Not only does this book contain some of Conrad's most beautiful prose, but it is necessary to an understanding of the background from which his stories sprang. The Poland of his childhood, the pilots of Marseilles, his first introduction to the sea, the Congo, his first meeting with Almayer—all these are among the tender magical pictures evoked by his memory. In "A Familiar Preface" Conrad reveals a few of his convictions as an artist and as a man: "Those who read me know my conviction that the world, the temporal world, rests on a few very simple ideas; so simple they must be as old as the hills. It rests notably, among others, on the idea of Fidelity. At a time when nothing which is not revolutionary in some way or other can expect to attract much attention I have not been revolutionary in my writings." This Preface was written in 1911 and appears in the first edition. Conrad in writing about it says, "The best piece of purely abstract English I ever wrote—so some people say."

Conrad opens this book recalling his association with the *Adowa,* the very last ship of his sea life. He embarked in her in London on the 29th of November, 1893, for Rouen. The projects of the steamship line—The Franco Canadienne Co.—ended in smoke, and thirty days later the *Adowa* was ordered to return to London; on January 17, 1894, an important date in his life, Conrad left the marine service for

good and all. The Certificate of Discharge from the *Adowa* issued to Conrad and countersigned by him is in this Library (No. 232).

Mr. Thomas J. Wise, in his Ashley Library Catalogue and also in *A Conrad Library* catalogues a so-called privately printed edition issued in October, 1911, one of two copies only. This in reality is simply bound page-proofs sent by the publisher to Conrad at the latter's request. Mr. Wise terms this "a trial book," but Mr. Eveleigh Nash, the publisher, gives the final and proper identification of the book in his letter to me under date of May 16, 1927: ". . . As the only person qualified to make a definite statement on the subject, I repeat that the copy of *Some Reminiscences* by Joseph Conrad, listed as item 68 in the catalogue of the Richard Curle Conrad Collection (sold April 28, 1927) is nothing but a paper bound set of proofs, and that it is not a copy of a privately printed or trial edition. There was never a privately printed or trial edition of the work in this country. The American Art Association, Mr. Richard Curle, and Mr. Henry Colgate, the final purchaser of the Curle copy, all agree that it is a set of proofs."

There is further laid in this copy additional correspondence with Mr. Wise, the American Art Association, and Mr. Eveleigh Nash pertaining to the matter, including the American Art Association's final letter on the subject under date of June 17, 1927, ". . . It would certainly seem as if Mr. Nash's letter, as you state, 'clinches' the matter."

[91] SOME REMINISCENCES

8vo, original dark blue cloth, uncut. London: Eveleigh Nash, 1912.

First edition.

MRS. CONRAD'S COPY WITH TWO PRESENTATION INSCRIPTIONS

The first blank leaf is inscribed:

Dear Jessie's Copy
January 1912

The second blank leaf also contains the following inscription.

Dear Jessie's Copy
Capel, 1912

[92] SOME REMINISCENCES

8vo, original dark blue cloth, uncut. London: Eveleigh Nash, 1912.

Second edition.

A presentation copy to Conrad's literary agent and friend. With the following inscription on the first blank page:

To my friend of many years J. B. Pinker
Affectionately
J. Conrad

[93] SOME REMINISCENCES

In the *English Review*. Edited by Ford M. Hueffer.

Large 8vo, original wrappers, seven numbers. London, December, 1908, to June, 1909.

First appearance in print.

The first issue of the *English Review*, with which Conrad was so closely and sympathetically connected.

Some Reminiscences commences on page 36, and at the beginning Conrad has written his full signature: *Joseph Conrad.* The front cover bears the full signature of the editor: *Ford Madox Ford—per Hueffer.*

[94] A PERSONAL RECORD

8vo, original blue cloth, uncut. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1912.

First American edition.

With the following autograph inscription by the author:

He who has read to the end of this book knows all that is worth knowing of me.
J. Conrad

[95] A PERSONAL RECORD

Frontispiece portrait. 18mo, original light blue cloth, original dust wrappers. London: Thomas Nelson & Sons, 1916.

First edition in England with this title.

Autograph presentation copy from the author, with the following inscription on half-title: *Richard Curle from J. C. 1919.*

[96] A PERSONAL RECORD

12mo, original green cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1919.

This reprint is the first to carry the "Author's Note."

It was written specially for this edition, and precedes the "Familiar Preface" which is to be found in the first English edition, published under the title *Some Reminiscences.*

The blank first leaf is inscribed by the author:

Oswalds
Joseph Conrad
1924

'TWIXT LAND AND SEA

READING Conrad is exactly like reading a fairy tale for grown-up people. Somehow, using ordinary incidents and ordinary people as his materials, he weaves a cloak of romance out of space, and the reader, identifying himself with the people—for they are like himself—and with the incidents—for they are what he would like to experience—is transported to a magic place. There among ships and golden, silent sunlight or magnificent storms, that have the glory of God in their deadly power, an amazing drama is unfolded with the grace of a proud swan unfolding her white wings in battle or in love's pursuit.

The critic bows his head before the pages and listens with the rapt and gentle heart of a schoolboy, who blushes as he reads, intoxicated with a flow of blood and dreaming of what he may do in manhood, when he feels a moving deck beneath his naked feet and hears the wind singing in taut sails. As in a vivid dream, great horizons are opened to the mind and the imagination, fanned by the words, rushes onward, painting domed cities of its own accord, until all the world becomes a glittering phantasy and even death is but a dreaming time.

It becomes futile and ungrateful to seek the meaning or the method of the intellect that affords such pleasure. How has it

been done? What canons of art have been obeyed? What has been omitted? The saying of Turgenev that books are written to amuse becomes the only just scales of judgment. And Conrad's own high code of honour, which was so sensitive to the strictest interpretation of good behaviour, forces us to raise our hats in salutation, and then make a low bow.

Yet some sort of brutal denial is necessary, or the human intellect reverts to the state of mind of the servant maid, who feeds her romantic desires on the wildest and most uncouth drivel in order to stupefy her instincts for revolt against the unhappiness of her daily life. The mind of the servant is cowardly, and is fit only to be the mind of a serving slave. But what is beautiful in man is that he is unhappy as a man and wishes to be a god, to be free from death and the restraint of the earth's balance; that he wants to fly into space and loot the universe; that he is always hankering after the tree of knowledge; that he creates gods only in order to break them; that he is a being constantly in revolt and in his highest form, finding beauty only in wild tragedy.

This is the ice-bath of the Northern Pole to counteract and judge the strength of Conrad's tropical dream, where men and women wander languidly in gauzy garments that are steeped in sweat. Yet both exist side by side in the human intellect; as it were, the battle with its fury and its bloody swords, together with the harp-playing, the drinking from golden cups, and the kisses of fair women in the tents. And it is in these

two forms that all poetry has been composed, lyric beauty and epic power. Which is the greater? To me the battle and the blood, the terrible Genghiz, with his camel herds, his hosts of horsemen and his jewelled concubines, the storming of Troy, the war for the great bull of Cuailgne, all the terrible madnesses of men and women crashing their bodies and their minds against the boundary walls of human knowledge. But there is sweet singing on the lower plane and it is pleasant to think of Rome and England building up great structures slowly, using polite men as props.

Great empires fix the boundaries of their gods, and restrain their thoughts, and make them the symbols of their fixed laws. Their gods are finite and unchangeable. Their priests are minions of great corporations that sit in judgment with civil judges and bless the brows of criminals whose necks are in the noose. And imperial men are also tame and finite, cogs in a machine, small in themselves, great only insofar as they are part of a wide-reaching whole, which seeks to encircle the earth and make all things similar. And those who write of empires and of imperial men are perforce finite and obedient to the dictates of a finite God, whom they dare not tamper with but must sing His praises and bewail the misfortunes of those who fail to appreciate the blessings of being inmates of His prosperous and well ordered household.

Among such men stands Conrad in my mind. It appears to me that he accepted the God of the British Empire as

something that must not be surpassed, and all his characters are standing on tiptoe striving to be like that God, who is a good honest trader, a man brave in adversity, a home-lover, a man who keeps his word to his friend and robs those who are not of his kin. I understand that Conrad was not aware of this, and perhaps it is all to the benefit of humanity that he was not aware of it; because it is impossible to be lyrical about a woman when one is aware that there is an unseemly blemish on her body. Even Shelley, the greatest of revolting lyricists, believed in his heart in the romantic God, and his revolt was the outraged horror of the sinner, not of the fearless, cold-eyed adventurer who curls his lips at all that has been and peers over the brink of chaos in search of truth.

Then while we drink at the sweet fountain of Conrad's work, it is well to remind ourselves sternly that drinking at a fountain is dangerous on a heavy march and that the steep road of death with all its horrors lies before us and that every drop of perspiration is a wound that robs us of our strength. But how sweet is sin and submission! How pleasant it is to believe that Christ was indeed God and that all that is now ordained, as to honour and justice, was always so and is and is to be! How pleasant to banish the ruminating, doubting mind of man and wander with Conrad through the tropics with the mind of a romantic boy, smelling the old decks of wooden ships, seeing sirens in lone bays, meeting sad men who were driven from the brightness of England by their unbridled

passions, hearing of good men who remained true to their ideals in adversity, feeling brave when vice is rebuked and virtue is its own reward.

I say that the God of romance is a beautiful God and Conrad is his great prophet and mine is not the voice to discountenance either of them, even though I was born on a storm-swept rock and hate the soft growth of sunbaked lands where there is no frost in men's bones. Swift thoughts, and the swift flight of ravenous birds, and the squeal of terror of hunted animals are to me reality. I have seen the leaping salmon fly before the salmon whale, and I have seen the sated buck horn his mate, and the wanderer leave his wife in search of fresh bosoms with the fire of joy in his eye. For me, that man is great who is his own God and the slave man is a harnessed lout who jingles the coppers of his hire in the scales of mediocrity.

Great God of Passion, whose hoary face is inscribed with the lines of greatest poetry that man has written and in whose fruitful loins still rest Iliads of verse and prose, to be written on the still unconquered stars, in commemoration of the rout of Jahveh and his angels, by man the unappeasable conqueror, let you act as judge. On that great voyage perhaps, Conrad will be the songster to amuse the tired warriors when a halt is called.

LIAM O'FLAHERTY

[97] 'TWIXT LAND AND SEA

TALES BY JOSEPH CONRAD. A SMILE OF FORTUNE, THE SECRET SHARER, FREYA OF THE SEVEN ISLES

12mo, original green cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1912. *First edition.*

The rare first binding, with the error "Freya of the Secret Isles" instead of "Freya of the Seven Isles." As soon as the book was issued this mistake was noticed and in all the available copies the word "Secret" was erased and the word "Seven" was stamped in its place. In later copies made up by the binder the correct word appeared.

PRESENTATION COPY TO MR. G. F. W. HOPE, Conrad's oldest English friend, to whom, with Mrs. Hope, he dedicated *Lord Jim.* Inscribed:

With great affection from J. Conrad 1912

"A Smile of Fortune" was composed by Conrad between June and August, 1911, and the first title of this story was to have been "A Deal in Potatoes." It is based, as far as the story of the potatoes is concerned, on an incident that occurred to the author at Mauritius while in command of a ship loading there, the *Otago.* This story was first printed in the *London Magazine* for February, 1911. The source of "The Secret Sharer" is a yarn which was, in the words of the Preface, "the common possession of the whole fleet of sailing ships trading to India, China, and Australia." Of "Freya of the Seven Isles" less can authoritatively be said. It was not the record of any personal experi-

ence. But it is curious to notice that to the north of Banka there actually is a group of seven islets—the Tuju Islands—and that the author may well have had this group in mind when placing his background. Conrad commenced the MS on December 26, 1910, and completed it February 28, 1911.

[98] 'TWIXT LAND AND SEA

TALES BY JOSEPH CONRAD. A SMILE OF FORTUNE, THE SECRET SHARER, FREYA OF THE SEVEN ISLES

12mo, original green cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1912.

First edition.

The rare second binding with the correct "Seven" stamped over the erased "Secret."

The first blank page contains Conrad's full signature: *Joseph Conrad.* On the blank leaf preceding the title-page the author has written the following inscription:

The only bond between these three stories is, so to speak, geographical; for their scene, be it land, be it sea, is situated in the same region which may be called the region of the Indian Ocean, with its offshoots and prolongations north of the Equator, even as far as the Gulf of Siam.

J. Conrad
1924

(Preface)

[99] 'TWIXT LAND AND SEA

TALES BY JOSEPH CONRAD. A SMILE OF FORTUNE, THE SECRET SHARER, FREYA OF THE SEVEN ISLES

12mo, original green cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1912.

First edition.

The third, or revised, binding with the word "Seven" correctly stamped.

With the following autograph inscription by the author on the half-title:

Ever since the sun rose . . .
Joseph Conrad
1919

[100] 'TWIXT LAND AND SEA

TALES BY JOSEPH CONRAD. A SMILE OF FORTUNE, THE SECRET SHARER, FREYA OF THE SEVEN ISLES

12mo, original green cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1912.

First edition.

PRESENTATION COPY TO MRS. CONRAD

The first blank leaf contains the following inscription: *Dear Jessie's copy.*

[101] 'TWIXT LAND AND SEA

12mo, original red cloth gilt. New York: Geo. H. Doran Co., 1912.

First American edition.

Soon after its publication this book was taken over by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., who became Conrad's American publishers. Above the American imprint in this issue appears the name of Hodder & Stoughton, the English house whose name generally appeared on the title-page with that of the George H. Doran Company at that time. Later in the same

PHOTOGRAPH OF CONRAD TAKEN ON DOCK OF THE CUNARD ANCHOR LINE, NEW YORK CITY, ON MAY 1, 1923

Tales of Experience II

The Smile of Fortune.

A harbour story.

by

J. Conrad.

The sun was no more than half-an-hour above the sea-horizon; I had just gone below after spending the best part of the night on deck; but before I had time to arrange my aching legs comfortably on the couch a metallic deck, buzzing voice filled my cabin mysteriously with the glad tidings:—

—"I see the land now, sir."

It was the voice of Mr Charles Burns my chief-officer

year Doubleday, Page & Co. published an edition identical with this one, save for the imprint.

With the following autograph inscription by the author:

This is the first American edition before the book was taken over by Doubleday & Co.
Joseph Conrad

[102] A SMILE OF FORTUNE

AUTHOR'S CORRECTED TYPESCRIPT OF THE EARLIER PART

Thirty-nine pages, 4to, in a full solander case.

Entitled "The Smile of Fortune. A Harbour Story. Tales of Experience II." Originally printed in the *London Magazine* for February, 1911, and subsequently in *'Twixt Land and Sea.* There are numerous alterations and passages rewritten on every page throughout, entirely in the author's hand, two and one half pages including the first, reproduced on p. 215, being written out by him afresh. It is probable that this typescript predates the complete autograph manuscript.

CHANCE

CHANCE is the only one of Conrad's greater masterpieces that has his adopted country for background. And yet he has succeeded in saturating this astonishing tale with that same breath of the "wild sea-banks" which was destined to cling, like the poignance of some brackish hyssop, about everything he wrote.

Great virtuoso of the salt sea as he is, there is proof here that his favourite element could fling its "murmurs and scents" across English lanes and London streets as well as up the swampy recesses of perilous Malay rivers. For after all, as with every master artist of our race, his essential subject is neither land nor water, but the rooted fidelities and ebbing passions of the frustrated yet invincible heart of man.

All through *Chance*, like a tossing reef-bell, caught on the wind across salt-marshes, there is present that peculiar intimation that so stirred the mind of John Keats when he came upon the line in *Lear*—"Hark! Do you hear the sea?"—and indeed, perhaps just because his professional knowledge is held here in check, it might well be claimed, putting *Almayer's Folly* aside, that the two great land romances, *Chance* and *The Arrow of Gold*, are his finest creations. For it is in the heroines of these two books, in Flora de Barral and Doña Rita, that he has limned with his most delicate precision

that peculiar type of evasive girlhood, life-wounded, self-penanced, which it has been his lot to add to the "typical women" of Dostoievsky and Turgeniev and Henry James. Here indeed is a revelation of the secrets of another ocean, not less capricious, not less mysterious, than those which are sailed over in ships!

Critics there have been, and doubtless will be again, capable of carping shrewdly and maliciously at the almost hypnotic sorcery which this particular type of girlhood seems to have cast over Conrad's imagination. But the ancient craft of following the sea has its own exclusive clairvoyance; and it may well be that no eye but the eye of a sailor can do justice to the proud aloofnesses, the shrinking recoils, of these young victims of life! The patient scrupulosity with which Conrad intersperses the reluctant silences of these Ritas, Lenas and Floras, their flashes of temper, their self-lacerations, their ambiguous monosyllabic retorts, with signs and tokens that carry us deep down to where the very Faustian "mothers" dwell, is not an aspect of his art of which the reader can capture the secret at a casual glance! Something of the same lonely reserve, in which some drop of unearthly ichor has fallen and been distilled, stolen, one might think from the other side of the moon, characterizes Captain Anthony also. He, with Lingard and Lord Jim and Heyst—how one wearies, by the way, at the repetition of that unlucky phrase "the son of the poet, you know!"—embody that particular essence of quixotic loyalty,

the aristocratic fastidiousness of which reverts to some shattering moral shock in early life; just as the chaste capriciousness of these young women, "curdled by the frost from purest snow" and hanging "on Dian's temple," reverts to some emotional shock in their extreme youth.

Captain Anthony's archaic chivalry—and truly about all these heroes of Conrad's there is something sternly aloof from our easy modern values!—culminates in an impression of the man that is filled in with a rich velvety brushwork, as if in old oils, suggestive of Titian or Van Dyke. This "portrait" effect is artfully enhanced by the method in which the story is told; the dramatic situation being repeated, as it were, in many mirrors, each one more enigmatic than the last; so that the vision we get of the courtly captain remains "indirect" to the very end, as if caught in the tempered mellow light of some old royal gallery. And what depth, what haunting chiaroscuro, is evoked by this very "indirection"! We are sometimes half-abashed as we catch in the eyes of this proud seaman that peculiar look of wistful inscrutable reverie (just as if he were some nameless "Gentleman with the Glove" looking dreamily out at us from his gilded frame), which seems to hold the noblest of all masculine reserves beneath its shy nonchalance.

No work of Conrad's has so close an affinity with the art of Henry James as this book. The abominable governess revelling in her diabolic ferocity in that desolate house by the

seaside; those fluctuating impressions borne in upon the watcher on the pavement outside that London hostelry; our first startling introduction to Flora at that fantastic and yet whimsically domestic country house—all these scenes have in them the disturbing vibration, the intense malice of provoked curiosity, where casual trifles become "cloudy trophies" of impending disaster, such as we know so well in *The Wings of the Dove* and *The Golden Bowl.*

Other scenes, however, such as De Barral's dismissal from the prison-gate and his conveyance in the cab to the wharf's edge, carry us into regions altogether outside the Henry James world. Here we are borne along in that great, jolting, enchanted caravan of undiluted romance; to which certain sulky and exacting critics still refuse their imprimatur! Sometimes Scott, sometimes Victor Hugo, sometimes Stevenson, float pell-mell before us, in wild fragments of stirred-up memory, as the wayside omens rise and gather and pass, by carriage-window, ferry-deck, or boat-side!

But the real begetter of scenes of this kind, of which Conrad's books are so full, scenes where shamless melodrama is lifted into the sphere of pure poetry, is the old eternal vein of child-like imagination in the human heart itself! Woven into the caustic, sophisticated, aristocratic texture of his artful prose, this vibrant Ariadne's Thread is the clue that leads young Powell to rush down from his spy-hole on the deck, just at the critical moment. Thus and in no other way do such

things occur in the ballads and fairy stories from the beginning of time, and all the critical realists in the world cannot destroy such a tradition. Faintly perhaps a protest *does* arise from our less ensorcelled æsthetic sense, when, at the end of the story young Powell discovers a middle-aged Flora and makes her his wife! But this also is consonant with the romantic instincts of just those readers who will have found the subtle methods of our author too "indirect" for their taste at the beginning of the book. Not often can even the greatest genius please the sophisticated and the unsophisticated *at the same moment*. That Conrad should please them both so well *in the same book* is a sign of sufficient mastery!

After all, does not this great man's unique charm lie in this very mixture in him of cynical worldly wisdom with an incurable boyish zest for grandiose stoical gestures?

With the disillusioned shrug of a battered Odysseus who has caught the sly curve of the Sphinx's lips and the weary droop of her eyelids in many a midnight watch between Bangkok and the Cape, he turns away from all the accredited consolations. Life is not to be justified from any point of view but that of a beautiful, sorrowful, mysterious, crazy spectacle! Yet, for so quixotic a passionist, the part of this spectacle which still retains most of the high glamour of youth is where some much-enduring hero at the end of his tether turns from the siren-reefs and the lotus-isles and steers right onward, "stemming nightly to the pole."

De Barral himself, Flora's strange parent, is a striking example of Conrad's flair for weird obsessed human beings. They enter into all his books, these hunted megalomaniacs, protesting, gesticulating, as the tide carries them from jetty to jetty in the backwaters of the world. He must have marked them down and followed them, these lamentable figures, in every dock-harbour of the Orient; followed them with the dreamy, quizzical, sea-purged eye of a mariner-on-shore.

It is a difficult task to touch the familiar things of life with the strangeness of the deeper truth; but Conrad when he transports his bewitched derelicts to shipboard and jungle-swamp is only doing by means of a romantic legerdemain what nature does for us with no trick at all! We are all marooned upon the islands of our dreams. "All dote—all are mad"—as Democritus Junior has it. Some recover themselves by the help of *Chance*. Some build for themselves "campongs" of patient impassivity. Others, like poor Almayer, take a shorter way. It is because all these lonely proud people of Conrad's imagination are so lamentably and so pitiably alive, that one comes to feel as if the final verdict upon them were neither with the author nor with the critic; but rather—to quote the last words of his first and perhaps his greatest book—with Allah himself, "The Merciful! The Compassionate!"

JOHN COWPER POWYS

[103] CHANCE

A TALE IN TWO PARTS

12mo, original dark green cloth. London: Methuen & Co., 1913.

First edition.

The extremely rare genuine first issue with the date 1913 on the verso of the title-page, which forms a part of the first signature.

The bibliographical details of this rare actual first issue are very interesting and have been fully described by Mr. Thomas J. Wise in his *A Bibliography of the Writings of Joseph Conrad.* Mr. Wise devotes five full pages to this book with three facsimiles. On the authority of the publishers only about fifty copies were sent out with the date 1913. This, therefore, constitutes one of the rarest of modern books.

The blank first leaf contains the author's full signature, *Joseph Conrad*, and the following long inscription written entirely in Conrad's handwriting:

"What makes this book memorable to me apart from the natural sentiment one has for one's creation is the response it provoked. The general public responded largely, more largely perhaps than to any other book of mine, in the only way the general public can respond, that is by buying a certain number of copies. This gave me a certain amount of pleasure, because what I always feared most was drifting unconsciously into the position of a writer for a limited coterie; a position which would have been odious to me as throwing a doubt on the soundness of my belief in the solidarity of all mankind in simple ideas and in sincere emotions."

J. C.

The inscribed title-page is reproduced on p. 225.

On the first half-title there is tipped in one quarto page (154) of original holograph manuscript.

Mrs. Conrad sent me an interesting history of this page of manuscript and its preservation. It follows:

. . . This page of manuscript of *Chance* owes its preservation simply to chance—and a strong wind. It is not included in the book form, altho the gist of the matter no doubt is. It was lying with about twenty more pages near a window; a sudden gust of wind blew it under a low couch, and when Conrad gathered the pages hurriedly together that one escaped and was not missed for a week or more.

The loss necessitated the rewriting of more than two chapters and the "truant" was only unearthed when the room was turned out long after the page was missed. The character "Fyne"—little Fyne—the indefatigable pedestrian was suggested to Conrad by H. G. Wells, who very frequently descended upon us when on a walking tour from Sandgate with some friend (generally a member of the fair sex) and very often in the most inclement weather. It was Wells who introduced to our house Bernard Shaw, George Gissing, Douglas, Jerrold, and many other people who made up our little circle in those days. Once again "chance" interfered and preserved the page from destruction. This was during a grand hunt for the title-page of *Victory* on the eve of our departure for Poland in 1914. I resisted all J. C.'s most determined attempts to cast it into the grate; fortunately there was no fire there at the time or several pages of manuscript would have been sacrificed in the heat of his irritation and disappointment. Eventually the *Victory* title-page was returned from the printers for correction the very day we left home, while this very one of *Chance* reposed in my own writing case through the whole of our eventful journey to Poland and our subsequent escape in the fourth month of the great war. *Chance* once again. I have been trying to remember why that title was decided on out of the many he put tentatively down on a sheet of paper. To the best of my belief, it was the late Percival Gibbon who cast the deciding vote, and that was when J. C. told him of Sir Hugh Clifford's efforts on its behalf.

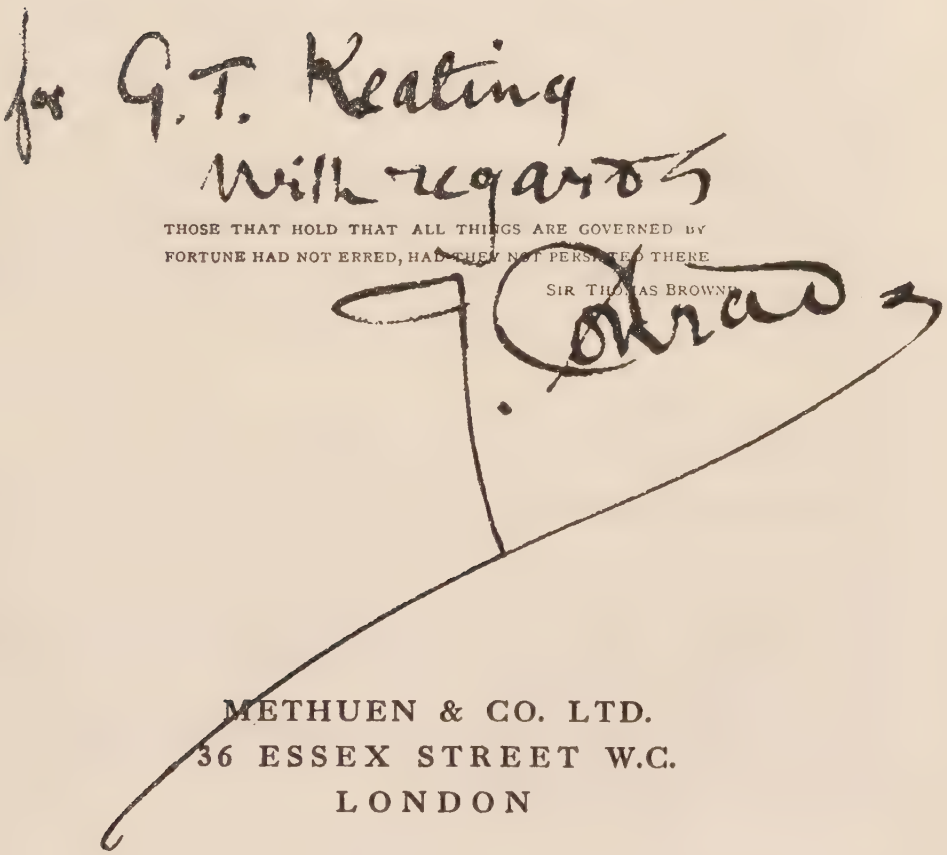
Laid in is the first page (part 1) of the New York *Herald* for Sunday, January 21, 1912, gelatinized for preservation. The first public appearance of *Chance* was in the magazine section of the New York *Herald* of January 21 to June 30, 1912. Jean-Aubry in his *Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters* gives

CHANCE

A TALE IN TWO PARTS

BY

JOSEPH CONRAD


for G.T. Keating
With regards
THOSE THAT HOLD THAT ALL THINGS ARE GOVERNED BY
FORTUNE HAD NOT ERRED, HAD THEY NOT PERSISTED THERE
SIR THOMAS BROWNE
J. Conrad

METHUEN & CO. LTD.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON

the interesting history of James Gordon Bennett's negotiations with Conrad and J. B. Pinker for the purchase of the rights of this story. Bennett cabled his final acceptance from Ceylon.

In his Preface to *Chance*, written for the first collected edition, the author has little to tell us of the hints from which the idea of that book arose, but it is certain that the "great" De Barral was suggested by the history of one or more notorious financiers of recent times. Conrad has written: "In this book I made an attempt to grapple with characters generally foreign to the body of my work and tried to present them colloquially."

Conrad's original title for the story was *Explosives: A Shipboard Tale.* In the original holograph manuscript this was deleted and the final title *Chance* was substituted in blue pencil.

[104] CHANCE

A TALE IN TWO PARTS

8vo, original blue cloth. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1913.

First American edition.

The publishers issued in 1913 about 150 copies with the date 1913, to secure copyright.

The first blank flyleaf contains the following inscription in the handwriting of the author:

CHANCE

"There are on earth no actors too humble and obscure not to have a gallery; that gallery which envenoms the play by stealthy jeers, counsels of anger, amused comments, or words of perfidious compassion. At sea, you know, there is no gallery. You hear no tormenting echoes of your own littleness there, where either a great elemental voice roars defiantly at the sky, or else an elemental silence seems to be part of the infinite stillness of the universe." (p. 341)

At the desire and by the selection of G. T. Keating.

J. Conrad

In writing to Mr. Quinn regarding the manuscript of *Chance* Conrad gives us the following interesting facts: "I have just finished my long novel (now appearing in the New York *Herald*) on the 25th of March, 1912, the last words being written at 3:10 A.M. just as my working lamp began to burn dimly and the fire in my grate had turned black. It is my quickest piece of work. About 140,000 words in nine months and twenty-three days. I went out and walked in the drive for half an hour. It was raining, and the night was still very black." *Chance* was the first of Conrad's works to win really wide appreciation.

On July 4, 1883, Conrad passed his examination as Mate. He sailed on September 10, 1883, as Second Mate on board the sailing ship *Riversdale*, bound for Madras. We have very little information about this voyage, but Conrad tells us that this voyage suggested some of the scenes in the *Ferndale* episodes of *Chance*. The original Certificate of Discharge issued to Conrad in Madras on April 17, 1884, and signed by him as of that date, *Conrad Korzeniowski* is in this collection (No. 232).

There is recorded another episode in *Chance* connected with the *Torrens.*

[105] CHANCE

A TALE IN TWO PARTS

12mo, original green cloth, uncut. London: Methuen & Co., 1914.

First edition.

The second issue, with the title-page having the date 1914 on the verso and pasted in, and with the eight pages of advertisements dated "Autumn, 1913." Some copies of the same issue contain, in addition to these eight pages thirty-one pages dated "September, 1913." This is the earliest form of the book except the rare 1913 issue of the first edition and the first American issue dated 1913. In all subsequent issues the title-leaf is a part of the first signature.

With the following inscription by the author on the dedication page:

". . . *I am not exactly a pagan.*"
Joseph Conrad
1919

[106] CHANCE

A TALE IN TWO PARTS

12mo, original limp leather, as originally issued, dust wrapper. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1914.

Second American edition.

CHANCE

With the following inscription on the half-title page, entirely in the author's handwriting:

J. M. H. Hodge
Friendly Regards
from
Joseph Conrad
December 1916

[107] CHANCE
Vertaald door J. DeGruyter.
Met een inleiding door Frits Hopman.
8vo, original cloth. Amsterdam, intgevers-maatschappij, Elsevier, MCMXXIII.
With the following inscription by Mrs. Conrad:

To George Keating,
with regards and esteem,
from Jessie Conrad

WITHIN THE TIDES

SOMEWHERE C. E. Montague has said, "The lucky ones seem to be always as if they just came into the world. . . . There is still in them something of Adam upon the first day; they reconnoitre, with shining eyes, the lay-out of the garden, and stare in admiration at such novel curiosities as the moon and stars." At first blush, possibly, this would not seem altogether an adequate description of Conrad. He was not completely formed of that child-like ingenuousness that marks the lyric poet; marks, perhaps, the minor lyric poet more than the major lyric poet. His works and the testimony of those who knew him show him to have been a man of the most intricate and subtle layers of temperament and philosophy. How could he have been anything else, considering his history? A Pole, he learned to do his work in that most difficult of languages, English; an adventurer and, for a Pole, that odd thing, a sailor, he ended his life as a great and, I think one can safely say, permanent force in literature. But one does not need his biography to perceive clearly his point of view. More than with most writers it is implicit in what he wrote. No man has ever felt more forcibly, or made others feel more forcibly, the dark, unchartable forces of life. Comedy, although we have word that personally he possessed a keen and spontaneous humour, did not interest him greatly, save for that high thin

Master's Certificate.

No. 1886

By The Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade.

Certificate of Competency as MASTER.

To Conrad Korzeniowski

Whereas it has been reported to us that you have been found duly qualified to fulfil the duties of Master in the Merchant Service, we do hereby, in pursuance of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1854, grant you this Certificate of Competency.

By Order of the Board of Trade,

this 11th day of November 1886.

Countersigned,

Conrad Wm. Cobrinski

Registrar General.

One of the Assist. Secretaries to the Board of Trade.

Registered at the Office of the Registrar General of Shipping and Seamen

comedy which is the reverse of the shield of tragedy and automatically accompanies real tragedy—the high thin comedy of the final and fundamental helplessness of the individual. The apparent helplessness, that is. Tragedy was what Conrad was interested in, in company with most profound and subtle people, and, tragedy proved to him, and he used it as a proof to others, that the only really important thing is to be, or learn to be, one of those lucky ones C. E. Montague describes. One of those, that is, who "reconnoitre, with shining eyes, the lay-out of the garden, and stare in admiration at such novel curiosities as the moon and stars."

A paradox? No, not in the least. Or rather, yes, since in paradoxes lies most of the truth. Unless a man has this sense of tragedy he can have no lasting sense of wonder, and the sense of wonder alone prevents all wise men from the otherwise inevitable conclusion that life is a sorry and unnecessary joke, somewhat indecent into the bargain.

You must have this sense of wonder; of stars, moon, the sea, the hills, of nature in general; of mankind so extraordinarily small, so delicate, so easily hurt, so curiously implacable and resilient.

You must have this sense of wonder, or else, in the end, death will surely conquer you, and, what is even more important, long before death, life will conquer you. You must recognize the extraordinary courage of that cowardly creature man. Laughter will not do, nor will the philosophy of futility. You

are caught on the horns of a dilemma; the doctrine of futility leads you to a *reductio ad absurdum*. Why express an opinion if all opinions are equally false? Why lift a hand if the final period to everything is death? Nor does the sense of wonder imply any belief that you have found the key to the riddle. Indeed, it is antagonistic to any such belief. Nothing could be further removed from the jimcracks of the assured religionist or, on the other hand, the blinded lucidity of the cynic. It is simply the conviction that things as they are possess an inherent nobility that may, or may not, be working toward a noble end. Meanwhile, they simply are, as the waves on a reef are, as the clouds above mountains are.

The ancient superstition that the artist is not interested in morality is absurd. All great artists are vitally interested in morality. All great works of art are vitally moral. But it is a morality usually unknown to the man in the street and still more unknown to the average moralist. The major preoccupation, conscious or otherwise, of any great artist such as Conrad is the enhancement of human life, even if the method he pursues is to produce, as the great satirists have done, this enhancement by the display of man's ordinary and surface lack of dignity. But Conrad's method was more that of the greater Greeks; he knew that tragedy cleansed men, not only those to whom tragedy was related, but those who participated in it.

Fascinated as I am by the tale, or short-story, by no means, that is, by the prevailing result, but by the theory and impulse

back of the tale, or short-story, and born as I am, for my own good or hurt, an American, Conrad's tales—he wrote no short-stories that I can see—have always interested me more even than his novels. Although, to be accurate, most of his novels are simply longer tales. He was a teller of tales fundamentally and par excellence, due, I suppose primarily, to the fact that he was a sailor and so most of his plots were what he had seen, heard, or found hinted at. The best of writers have been, as a rule, something else to begin with, and so, for the most part, they have been tellers of tales. Nowadays not such an acclaimed thing to be, but none the less, as George Moore has suggested, by far the most important thing to be. The tradition is old. It is the most honourable literary tradition. There has been no break in it from harpist, through troubadour, down to Dickens, Stevenson, Hardy, and Conrad. But if, in addition to this honourable pursuit, and unlike Stevenson—in his tales, that is, not his life—the tale-teller adds this deep, implicit conviction of inherent nobility and courage, then he has done something great indeed, and is utterly in the tradition. It was the object of harpist and troubadour to enhance life, if the enhancement was no more than the killing of his enemies by a none too intelligent knight.

Now here is a curious fact—I cannot miss this opportunity to point a national moral. Which proves, I daresay, that frequently the direct moralist in me conquers the implicit artist. But here is a curious fact. Conrad was first, like so many

English writers, proclaimed and beloved in the United States. He is still proclaimed and beloved in the United States. And yet I do not know any country that on the whole is more antagonistic to his philosophy or less capable of understanding him. Either this proves, and this is probably the explanation, that there is a wider gap between the thinking American and most of his compatriots than there is between the thoughtful of any other nation and the less thoughtful, except in England, or else it proves that a good many thinking Americans like Conrad without actually knowing him. But this discrepancy can be carried over into practical affairs and into the ranks of those supposedly more than intelligent, to wit, the editors of American magazines. And tales, like the ones in the present volume, are all the proof needed.

Materially these tales of Conrad were in the end successful. Toward the end of his life, after years of disappointment, Conrad was materially in the top rank of writers. These tales of his were known all over the world. Were an editor to come across an unprinted one to-day it would be worth a fortune. But despite this, despite Galsworthy's tales, the best things he has ever done, despite the tales of Hardy, of almost any fine writer you can mention, the term tale is anathema to-day in American editorial offices. It does not seem reasonable? It is not. The short-story is a bastard form. It is an attempt to do a great portrait in miniature. We know that in all the world there are not over a dozen great miniatures. This would be true for no

other reason than the fact that great artists do not like to work in miniatures. But a tale is in the tradition and form of a novel. It is simply a great portrait cut down—cut down, that is, in its outer dimensions, not in the main features. Like a novel, it can take a theme and develop it gradually; no tricks, no palpable foreshortenings, are needed. And so, just as life does, inevitably, in its leisurely telling, consciously or unconsciously, to the observant reader, it must dignify and enhance life—something no short-story can do except through the direct and artificial statement of its author, and something all writing must do, as I have attempted to point out, if it is to have any value whatsoever. The writing world of America has an unforgivable debt to pay off some day to the shades of O. Henry and De Maupassant.

But even more than this hampering standard is the hampering standard of the American spirit as it is to-day. The American spirit does not like tragedy; it rejects, where it can the tragic point of view. Hence it hurries with the utmost speed toward inevitable tragedy. But a tragedy with none of the compensations of tragedy rightly understood. None of the catharsis of the Greeks. A dreary tragedy in which truth is either denied by meaningless laughter or meaningless fairy tales, or which goes to church of a Sunday and cynically avoids the issue the rest of the week. But this is not real tragedy except to the observer who knows what real tragedy is, and how this evasion makes for a tragedy all the more pitiable since the

principals remain forever unaware of it. On the surface, however, this is merely unhappiness ill-concealed; and unhappiness is not inevitable, although tragedy is.

How will the American learn this lesson? How will the American editor learn the worth and the necessity of the tale? the fundamental absurdity and impossibility of the short-story? One could wish that this volume, with notations, could be handed to many Americans, but it would do them little good. Those who know the secret know it already, otherwise only the slow punishment of the years will teach—not the rest, but their grandchildren. I daresay that Conrad, being an artist, liked gayety and laughter better than most. We are told that he did, but he knew that mature gayety has always an edge to it, and wise laughter is always the fruit of a knowledge of tragedy.

In many ways I like best of all of Conrad's tales the first one in this volume, "The Planter of Malata," although the last one, "Because of the Dollars," runs it a close second. In "The Planter of Malata" the essence of Conrad is very clear both as to his philosophy and his method. As to his method, you see, as usual, a somewhat confused panorama of people and background, out of which grow, more and more distinctly, the important characters and the theme. You have a sense of someone groping for a story, groping for a reason, neither artificially nor because of lack of adroitness, but because, to a thinking man, life, once more, is that way. The thinking artist is only omnis-

cient because he is impatient with the stupidity of his readers. He will not stop to be as real as all this with them. But Conrad so respected even his unthinking reader that he was willing to give him this glimpse of how a first-class mind works. Moreover, it is doubtful if he could have done anything else. He was too aware of the mystery and uncertainty of life. But in the end character and theme emerge with startling and unforgettable clarity. Even minor characters: Willie Dunster, Professor Moorsom, the Professor's sister, epitome of hot-headed, cold-blooded British elderly maidenhood, the Editor, the shadowy figure of the lost and dead lover. Renouard, the hero, has, I think, a great deal of Conrad in him. He is a projection of Conrad's attitude toward women. Conrad, although a Continental, knew little about women. Perhaps his years at sea had prevented him from learning. But, being a Continental, women were enormously important to him and, as a Continental, he had an intuition concerning passion. Women were thrown upon his screen as epic, fundamental figures. It is perhaps this lack of knowledge of women as individuals, coupled with the intuition of passion, that gives so often the readers of Conrad the full shock of that dark emotion.

Indeed, neither Renouard nor Miss Moorsom are the real protagonists of "The Planter of Malata." The real protagonist is love. It is love, not Miss Moorsom, that sends Renouard swimming out into that endless dawn. Renouard himself knows what a trivial person Miss Moorsom is underneath all her beauty

and assumption. And it is this transference, this merging of the individual into something larger and often repeated, that makes the tale a great one instead of merely an exciting and exotic recital, marked by enormously clever delineation of character. Otherwise it would have been a sermon in futility rather than a lesson in enhancement. All of Conrad's tales and novels are that way. I do not mean to say that he did this deliberately—had he done so he would have defeated his own purpose. The critical reader must always be careful not to read deliberation into artistic work at the wrong places. Conrad could not help making emotion and fate his protagonists, because, like the Greeks, he knew that emotion and fate ruled the individual life, often wrecking it materially but invariably, in the end, giving it a certain dignity.

The hero of "Because of the Dollars" is not that good man, Captain Davidson, nor is the heroine that tragic figure, Laughing Anne; the leading character is the sardonic nemesis that so often overtakes real goodness, rarest of virtues. Even in "The Inn of the Two Witches," frankly written to amuse and horrify, Conrad cannot escape himself. The young lieutenant watching in that ghastly room the top of the horrible bed descend, is the figure through all the ages of human terror and human courage. You are very close to him. So close that you forget that through peaceful and natural causes he has long been dead; that murderous beds can no longer hurt him.

Conrad himself best describes this continuity of human aspiration, of human emotion, that makes of great art an unbroken chain and of human dignity something indestructible; this one immortality that has been proven. In his original Preface to *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, at first suppressed and subsequently published, he says this:

"But the artist appeals to that part of our being which is not dependent on wisdom; to that in us which is a gift and not an acquisition—and, therefore, more permanently enduring. He speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives; to our sense of pity, and beauty, and pain; to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation—and to the subtle but invincible conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts, to the solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity—the dead to the living and the living to the unborn."

". . . the dead to the living and the living to the unborn": "the subtle but invincible conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts": "the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation"— I commend those phrases to all readers for their enlightenment concerning ordinary life; to all critics as touchstones for greatness; to all workers in writing as levels to bring them back to what possibly may endure.

STRUTHERS BURT

[108] WITHIN THE TIDES

TALES

12mo, original green cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1915.

First edition.

A UNIQUE COPY WITH SIX SIGNED SEPARATE INSCRIPTIONS BY THE AUTHOR

The first autograph inscription is on the half-title page:

"Go, make you ready."
Hamlet to the Players.
Joseph Conrad
1919

The inscribed title-page is reproduced on p. 241.

On the last printed page of "The Planter of Malata" (p.115 in this edition) occurs the beautiful description of Renouard's suicide: "Nothing was ever found—and Renouard's disappearance remained in the main inexplicable. For to whom could it have occurred that a man would set out calmly to swim beyond the confines of life—with a steady stroke—his eyes fixed on a star?"

Conrad has written in his autograph at the end of the page:

". . . with his eyes fixed on a star."
J. Conrad

On the half-title of "The Partner," the second story in the book, the following inscription:

"An attempt to render the character of spoken utterance as it came from that kind of narrator."
J. Conrad

WITHIN THE TIDES

TALES

BY

JOSEPH CONRAD

. . Go, make you ready.

HAMLET *to the* PLAYERS.

. . . I resemble Geoffrey Renouard in so far that when once engaged in an adventure I cannot bear the idea of turning back.

(Preface)

Joseph Conrad

LONDON & TORONTO
J. M. DENT & SONS LTD
MCMXV

On the half-title of the third story in this volume, "The Inn of the Two Witches," the following autograph inscription:

". . . *and of course no motoring tourist can hope to find such an inn anywhere now.*"
J. Conrad

And the sixth and final inscription appears on the half-title of the fourth and concluding story, "Because of the Dollars":

". . . *a stupid woman with a sense of grievance is worse than an unchained devil.* . . ." (*p. 278*)
J. Conrad

Laid in is a 2p. autograph letter signed by Conrad to Sir Sidney Colvin, unpublished, dated September 6, 1915. It reads in part: ". . . Davidson does not appear in *Falk.* Where you have met him before is the Because of the Dollars story in the vol: of Within the Tides. . . ."

Conrad has written in a copy of this work that it is "a meditated attempt at four different methods of story telling."

"The Planter of Malata" begins in Australia, which continent, in spite of Conrad's numerous voyages thither, has scarcely been used by him at all as a setting. Malata itself would appear to be some imagined islet off New Guinea. Conrad himself regarded "The Planter of Malata" as "a nearly successful attempt at doing a very difficult thing which I would have liked to have made as perfect as it lay in my power." The manuscript was completed on December 14, 1913.

Regarding "The Inn of the Two Witches" Conrad writes: "A reviewer asked, in reference to 'The Inn of the Two Witches' whether I ever came across a tale called 'A Very Strange Bed'

published in *Household Words* in 1852 or 1854. I never saw a number of *Household Words* of that decade. A bed of the sort was discovered in an inn on the road between Rome and Naples at the end of the 18th century. Where I picked up the information I cannot say now, but I am certain it was not in a tale. This bed is the only 'fact' of the Witches Inn."

Of "Because of the Dollars" and "The Partner," one set in the East and the other in London and on the English coast, Conrad tells us in his Author's Note, written for the first Collected Edition, "The other two stories have considerably more 'fact' in them, derived from my own personal knowledge." "Because of the Dollars" was dramatized by Conrad in 1921 under the title of "Laughing Anne," and was printed at the Morland Press in 1923 (No. 112).

[109] WITHIN THE TIDES

TALES

12mo, original green cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1915.

First edition.

PRESENTATION COPY TO MRS. CONRAD

The first blank leaf is inscribed: *Dear Jessie's Copy.*

[110] WITHIN THE TIDES

TALES

12mo, original black cloth, gilt. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1916.

First American edition.

On the first blank leaf the author's signature: *Joseph Conrad.*

[111] THE INN OF THE TWO WITCHES

A FIND

Consists of 43 pages, quarto, in a levant solander case.

The original typescript

The third story in "Within the Tides," with numerous corrections in the autograph of the author. These corrections extend over every page, and in all comprise over 700 new words.

[112] LAUGHING ANNE

A PLAY

8vo, full stiff vellum, gilt top, uncut. London: Morland Press, 1923.

First edition.

Limited to 200 copies of which this is No. 132, signed in ink by the author: *Joseph Conrad.*

Under the signature the following inscription by the author:

Dramatisation of the story "Because of the Dollars." This is the only form in which it has been published.
J. C.

On the half-title page the further inscription written out by Conrad:

"So Laughing Anne's boy will lead a saintly life in China somewhere; he may even become a martyr, but poor Davidson is left out in the cold. He will have to go downhill without a single human affection near him because of these old dollars." (last words of the story)
J. Conrad

This play was dramatized by Conrad in 1921 from the story "Because of the Dollars," included in *Within the Tides* (No. 108)

VICTORY

A GOOD many years ago, I was employed in a London newspaper office. One bleak morning, early in January, I arrived at the office at ten o'clock as usual, and barely noticed that some startling intelligence, in very big letters, was assailing the grey air from the first edition bills of my paper. I was shot upstairs in the lift, and had hardly set foot in the Reporters' Room, when I was shot down again with instructions to get off to Sidney Street, Whitechapel, where police and plain clothesmen and soldiers were besieging a house in the occupation of certain notorious villains, suspected of recent murder.

Well, I got somehow up on the roof of the Rising Sun, Sidney Street, and saw the whole of the amazing business. Below me in the street, about half a dozen soldiers in grey greatcoats were stretched on their stomachs and on the bill-boards of some Yiddish newspaper, firing in the direction of a red brick block of buildings. There I could see a window on the ground floor open, and the dingy yellow blind, drawn down to its fullest extent, flapping in the wind. From this window, at intervals, would come a whiff of smoke and the rending explosion of an automatic pistol. The heavy rifle shots of the soldiers answered; the detectives kept up a crackling chorus with their revolvers. I saw it and heard it all, even to the time

when the scoundrels' castle went up in smoke and flames; and I wrote about it all, as well as I could, crouched behind the parapet on the roof of the Rising Sun.

But a week later, as I was writing my "Literary Notes"—I made myself generally useful on that paper—it struck me that we who had written our columns of description of the affair of Sidney Street had only got the outside of the matter. The real story, I said in effect, would be the story of those two men hidden behind the blinds, taking advantage of an angle here, of a projection there, racing up and down the stairs perhaps, murderers without remorse, without fear, without hope: and the fire beginning to rage about them. There was the real tale of Sidney Street; and I asked who could write it. Soon afterwards, a friend answered my question in the course of a letter. He said that Joseph Conrad was the only man who could tell the tale which I wanted told.

And I believe that he was right. I do not know anyone else who could show us the hearts of those two raging, desperate men. We may call them "inhuman," if we please. We are evidently wrong since they were undoubtedly human beings. What we mean is that they were of a type wholly unfamiliar to us, that they were not a bit like our murderers of native growth, that they were of a world utterly remote from our own, that their thoughts and emotions and actions were to us concealed mysteries. But all such mysteries, all such enigmas were to Conrad clear and open.

He understood alike the enigmas of both good and evil. I suppose we may fairly say that the men of Sidney Street were bad men. Conrad, I am sure, knew all about them and the secrets of their hearts. But, Axel Heyst, the principal character, *the* character, of *Victory* was a good man; and Conrad understands him, too. Nobody in the book begins to know what sort of man Heyst really was. He is a profound mystery to all who encounter him. "Queer chap, that Swede," said the Bank Manager—completely in the dark. Other folks called him "Enchanted Heyst." Through the gossip of Mr. Tesman of Tesman Brothers, "a Sourabaya firm and a tip top house," Heyst got the name of "Hard Facts." A disreputable loafer, who had got drunk at Heyst's expense, declared that he was a "puffect g'n'lman" but a "ut-uto-utopist." Morrison, whom he befriended so nobly, regarded Heyst as an angel from on high. The somewhat foul, somewhat malignant, wholly futile Schomberg, a sort of weak, unsavoury compost of appetites and spites, found Heyst so utterly remote from any world he knew, so finally incomprehensible by any rules or instruments that he possessed, that he invented the legend that the mysterious Swede was a mean, heartless, designing scoundrel; and I am sure that Schomberg believed in his invention. The human mind will not endure the insoluble: it will have some kind of solution. So Schomberg solved the problem of Heyst by creating a Heyst in his own image. He was somewhat mean, heartless and designing:

Heyst must be the same, but much worse. So, Lena who loved him, whom he loved to the death, knew nothing about the real man. He is good and dear, she knows that much; but it is evident that she does not understand a single word that he says; that his utterances are to her given in some language of unsurmised mysteries. As for the two villains, Mr. Jones and Martin Ricardo, robbers and cutthroats without scruple: to them Axel Heyst is simply incredible. One would say indeed that they don't believe in him; that they are quite sure that there are no such people as Heyst on earth; and yet, there he is, in the flesh, a miracle or a monster, or both at once, confronting them. Mr. Jones, at least, shudders before Heyst, as Job shuddered before the spirit in the night, before a being of an order remote from that of man. And, we may go farther, Heyst is a paradox to himself.

"What captivated my fancy," he says to Lena, "was that I, Axel Heyst, the most detached of creatures in this earthly captivity, the veriest tramp on this earth, an indifferent stroller going through the world's bustle—that I should have been there to step into the situation of an agent of Providence. *I*, a man of universal scorn and unbelief . . ."

And bewildered Lena says:

"You are putting it on;" and again, in deeper bewilderment:

"You saved a man for fun—is that what you mean? Just for fun?"

I have said that enigmas, to us dark and perplexed, are lucid to Conrad. Did he then understand Heyst? I am not sure; but I am sure that Conrad knew him; that Heyst is real. Not, perhaps, according to the manifestation of the flesh; but real, most real, in the order of the spirit.

ARTHUR MACHEN

[113] VICTORY

AN ISLAND TALE

12mo, original dark blue cloth. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1915.

First edition.

Published on March 26, 1915, six months before the English edition.

A map of the world is printed on the front end-leaves, showing the locations of Conrad's novels, the courses of the ships, etc.

The inscribed half-title page is reproduced on p. 250.

Laid in is a 2p. autograph letter signed written to Sir Sidney Colvin on the novel *Victory* and on the War. The letter is unpublished. " . . . I think that the allusion to *Victory*—the omen—although true enough is rather risky in view of what the future may bring us by Septr. next. The reference to Schomberg looks now to me as tho' I were pointing out my cleverness. For these reasons I feel inclined to suppress the whole. But I would be glad to have your opinion."

Heyst's island in *Victory* is supposed to lie off the south coast of Celebes, and in actual fact there is a volcano on one of a

.... seeking for his glance
in the shades of death

...

(last words).

Joseph Conrad.

VICTORY

.... when the moment came for her
meeting with Heyst I felt that she
would be heroically equal to
every demand of the risky and
uncertain future. I was so convinced
of it that I let her go with Heyst
I won't say without a pang but
certainly without misgivings. And in view of her
triumphant end what more could
I have done for her rehabilitation
and her happiness?
(last words of Author's note)

J. Conrad

little group of islands there called the Tiger Islands. The town where Schomberg—like Marlow, one of the recurrent figures of Conrad's fiction—had his hotel was probably Samarang in northern Java. Many of the chief figures of this book—Heyst, Lena, Jones, Ricardo, Pedro—owe their being to glimpses of real people. Conrad's Author's Note to the Collected Edition is rich in recovered memories of them. The original Mr. Jones was met in the West Indies in 1875. " . . . we found him one hot afternoon extended on three chairs, all alone in the loud buzzing of flies to which his immobility and his cadaverous aspect gave an almost gruesome significance."

In this library (No. 287) there is the original holograph letter of Conrad to Mrs. Conrad, dated New York, May 11, 1923, in which Conrad describes to his wife the reception accorded his reading from Victory:

. . . I feel at this moment (10:30 A.M.) perfectly flat, effect of reaction after last evening—which ended only after midnight—at Mrs. Curtis James. I may tell you at once that it was a most brilliant affair, and I would have given anything for you to have been there, seen all that crowd and all that splendor, the very top of the basket of the fashionable and literary circles. All last week there was desperate fighting and plotting in the N. York Society to get invitations. I had the lucky inspiration to refuse to accept any payment; and my dear, I had a perfect success. I gave a talk and pieces of reading out of "Victory." After the applause from the audience which stood up when I appeared, had ceased, I had a moment of positive anguish. Then I took out the watch you had given me and laid it on the table, made one mighty effort, and began to speak. That watch was the greatest comfort to me. Something of you. I timed myself by it all along. I began at 9:45 and ended exactly at 11. There was a most attentive silence, some laughs, and at the end when I read the chapter of Lena's death audible snuffling. Then handshaking with 200 people. It was a great experience . . .

[114] VICTORY

AN ISLAND TALE

12mo, original red cloth, original dust wrappers. London: Methuen & Co., 1915.

First English edition.

Published on September 24, 1915. To this edition an Author's Note of 2 pages was added.

The first blank leaf contains the following autograph inscription:

"*'Victory' was the last word I had written in peace-time. It was the last literary thought which had occurred to me before the doors of the Temple of Janus flying open with a crash shook the minds, the hearts, the consciences of men all over the world.*" *J. Conrad*

Inserted is a 2p. holograph letter signed by Conrad to Sir Sidney Colvin on the characters in *Victory* and the military status of his son Borys. The letter is unpublished and reads in part: "To the best of my knowledge and belief Davidson and Schomb: are the only people *not new* in Victory; and the first named, it may be remarked, is comparatively a newcomer in my gallery." In a copy of this book Conrad has written: "The first idea of this novel occurred to me at the end of the year 1911. It occupied me in writing for about 19 months of actual working time. It was never actually laid aside as had happened to some other novels of mine. The longest pause was after Chapter VI of Part 3 in the Autumn of 1913, nearly ten weeks. The revision in type took nearly six weeks, and the copy intended for Munsey's Magazine serial publication left London for New York

in the last week of July, 1914." *Victory* was dramatized by B. MacDonald Hastings on the incentive of the late H. B. Irving, who ultimately declined to produce it. It was accepted by Miss Marie Löhr and performed at the Globe Theatre in London for the first time on March 28, 1919. It ran until June 14th. It has been filmed both in England and in America. Conrad had nothing to do with either production.

[115] VICTORY

AN ISLAND TALE

12mo, original red cloth, original dust wrappers. London: Methuen & Co., 1915.

First English edition.

PRESENTATION COPY TO MRS. CONRAD

The first blank leaf contains the inscription:

Dear Jessie's Copy
Sept. 1915

On the reverse of the dedication page and continuing on to the last blank page, Mrs. Conrad has written the following inscription:

Westbere House,
Westbere nr Canterbury,
20th August 1928

"Victory" was the last novel written by Joseph Conrad before the war, the last word was written on May 29th, 1914. And the last word was the title "Victory." As Conrad says in his note on this book, he had an idea of changing the title; he feared that it might be misleading: people might think the novel had some bearing on the war. I remember so well the day it was finished. He had been having many troubled days fighting his way to the end. He had been very erratic, and had taken his meals alone for two or three weeks. I had been forced to warn callers off, for although he would hardly have been aware of them, there was

the possibility that he would need my presence or would wander in search of me insufficiently clad—at least for visitors. I was feeling the strain little less than he, and the day on which the last words were added, I had gone into the garden, finding it impossible to rest in the house. I stood talking to the old gardener in low tones, when the window above me was thrown open and Conrad thrust his head out. His voice was hoarse and his appearance dishevelled; the gardener lifted a scared face. "She's dead, Jess!" "Who?" I asked, feeling suddenly sick. "Why, Lena, of course, and I have got the title: it is 'Victory.'" He flung his cigarette out of the window and muttered the injunction, "Don't come near me. I am going to lie down." *Jessie Conrad*

[116] VICTORY

AN ISLAND TALE

12mo, original red cloth. London: Methuen & Co., 1915.

Fifth edition.

AUTOGRAPH PRESENTATION COPY

The following inscription on the first blank leaf:

Edward Garnett from Joseph Conrad, 1917

THE SHADOW LINE

IT IS a memorable day in the seafarer's calendar of events when, after long years of service in subordinate capacities, he attains to command of a ship. Rarely does he know of such promotion as his due upon a fixed and definite date. Sea employment in the merchant service is no covenanted occupation, pre-dated by the calculations of the actuary. Unsettled as the sea itself, there are heights and depths in it, bold hazards, steeps, a run of steadied calm perhaps. Generally, as a pawn in some emergency, the competent chief mate is borne upon a sudden wave of circumstance to the master's cabin and is there stranded, with the litter of a hastily packed outfit strewn around him.

A new outlook. His first survey would probably be a mate's appraisal of his new command, in which the state of the ship would be more apparent to him than the length and purpose of the voyage to be begun. The sea has a queer way in preparing a man for his promotions. The completeness of subordination in a merchant ship leaves no opportunity for exercise in unhindered control. A commonplace of the Night Order Book is the entry, ". . . Should any unusual circumstance occur, call the master." As the new commander takes stock of his quarters, half-hearing perhaps a garrulous steward's tale of the late incumbent's ways of doing, he will be at grips with himself.

From being subordinate to the rulings (often to the whims and vagaries) of a superior, he has become autocrat in turn. No longer need he measure his days by success in conforming with the demands of another individual. He is suddenly empowered to establish his own routine, to set his own standards, to make and enforce his own decisions. His early difficulties are largely occasioned by argument within himself. Upon a sea that had seemed so easy of navigation he finds himself beset by problems, by squalls out of thin air. Only when he has acquired a respect for his own judgments is he at some ease in his new but always anxious post.

Conrad's imagery of *The Shadow Line* between buoyant irresponsible youth and sober but reliant maturity is well appreciated by seamen who have experienced the vexed parallels of "the Doldrums," that zone of baffling weather that lies between the steady influence of the constant "trade" winds. Some lucky ships have favoured days in it. The caprice of the calendar, a day late or early in sailing from some far distant port, may turn to their advantage in a quick traversal of the inconstant belt. But for most ships the region of the doldrums is looked upon as a sea purgatory that can only be worked through under mental and physical stress. There are black nights of incessant downpour, the thunder of the weeping skies rendering calm thought and seamanlike calculation alike unavailing; brief interludes of brazen calm, the sea mirror-bright, but fearsome in its maddening inactivity; hard squalls come, setting the

rain-soaked canvas to a merry *thrumm* ere dying away in a fitful rustle of the topsail reef points. Hope and despair. Bright gleam and dark contentious outlook. Progress awhile, then backward stemming. Stagnation . . . the medusæ that float the calm reeking corruption in the nostrils as though the world lay still.

It is not easy to wait patiently for *The Shadow Line* to form ahead. The murmurs of a weak and sorely burdened crew are wafted aft to the quarter deck. Length of days calls for a closer weighing of ship rations. The chart lies folded on the table: there is no progress to record in idle driftings. Comes a day when, as so often before, a darkling in the sea appears, the reflex of wind in motion. "*The watch, there! Trim sail!*" The call to action has long since lost its confident ring. Dispirited, the hands set slowly about the task; the yards themselves creak a protest as they are dragged around. . . . Broadening, the shadow line enwraps the ship. The sails fill. She leans to gentle pressure. The wind stays light but steady, and a timid wake curls in the calm astern. . . . Anon, the wondering master—trembling lest the breeze should prove but another wayward air—cons his chart again and sets a cautious course.

Originally intended as *First Command*, Conrad's *The Shadow Line* is clear autobiography. He recalls, in 1915, the days of his appointment to command in the barque *Otago*. Twenty-seven years have passed, yet still his profound visual memory

recreates the emotion with which he gazed upon his ship as he saw her for the first time.

> Yes, there she was. Her hull, her rigging filled my eye with a great content. That feeling of life-emptiness which had made me so restless for the last few months lost its bitter plausibility, its evil influence dissolved into a flow of joyous emotion.

Only Conrad could so express the sailor's feeling for the ship in which he was to cross (did he but know it) the shadow line. Her beauty, the bright reflection of her strength. Her staunch hull engaging the eye with a promise of fidelity and seaworthiness. The tapered spars of her vaunting swift progress under windy skies. Youth, exulting in the test, cries out, "Let me but hand the tiller, come what may. . . ." Eager youth, confident, unafraid—the shadow line not yet crossed, the malevolence of the sea as yet not fully fathomed.

It seems to me that this Odyssey of Conrad's youth reflects the sombre atmosphere in which it was conceived and written. The year, 1915. War! But lately escaped from the immediate field of conflict, exhausted by a continental journey, beset by domestic worries, in some degree of physical distress, he could not easily steel himself to remain aloof from the state of war that overspread the country of his carefully considered adoption; he could not be indifferent to the sinister echoes from France and Flanders; his own boy (to whom the book is dedicated) would be stamping impatiently, in earnest to face a bloody shadow line across the Channel. I like to think of this as some explanation of the curious influence that ever affects

me when I re-read *The Shadow Line*. As I live with Conrad and Captain Giles, see Burns, the mate, as he stands in the cabin of the ill-fated *Otago* and relates, in short seamanlike disjointed sentences, the eccentricities of the late commander, see Ransome, too, the unforgettable figure of tragic destiny, I experience a strange hallucination. I think I hear the strident yell of a newsboy shouting *battle* in the quiet London street. I can almost see my friend's nervous pitiful hands rustling the damp sheets as he scans fateful headlines. The book gains much from this, if other readers live with him throughout his ordeal in the tragic barque as I did on first reading, conscious always that this writing was no setting down of adventure, remembered in tranquillity, but life re-acted, emotions felt again, as the author forced an intractable pen to trace his mood.

Many competent critics, while admitting the genius of Conrad, have thought his sailor characters too soberly reflective to represent the rude seamen that he would portray. Observant only of the seafarer with his immediate cares removed, his loneliness relieved, in the brief interval of longshore dwelling, they can hardly recognise him as possessed of any depth of thought. In effect, they would maintain that "the sailor is not quite as introspective and self-examinatory as to Mr. Conrad he seems." They have "jolly Jack" in mind. They cannot conceive the true seaman as other than a hard-fisted individual, careless and jovial, liable to hitch up his slacks and trip hornpipes upon the slightest encouragement given. The stage and much insincere "sea

literature" are responsible for this caricature. The public will have it. Certainly there come clods to the sea, and Conrad has drawn them, but his ship characters, as he sees them removed from the distractions of the beach and set down under cold stars, are uncannily true.

Ransome, the tragic steward of the *Otago*, is chiefly instanced as a character overburdened by the author's own personality. But Ransome lived, and Conrad shook his hand at parting with him. As well dispute Boswell and say no Johnson was. In a fairly extensive memory of sea characters, I can recall none more believable than this arresting figure.

How true it all reads, *The Shadow Line*, to one who has himself crossed that phantom belt at sea! How instinct with a sense of sailor feeling is that harsh transition from buoyant and light-hearted acceptance of the task to bitter experience of its heavy responsibilities. Vexatious delays in conditioning the barque for sea, a weak and already stricken crew, the ghostly remnant of a mate, combine to wrack the eager spirit of the young commander.

> . . . The splash of our shore-fasts falling in the water produced a complete change of feeling in me. It was like the imperfect relief of awakening from a nightmare. But when the ship's head swung down the river away from that town, Oriental and squalid, I missed the expected elation of that striven-for moment. What there was, undoubtedly, was a relaxation of tension which translated itself into a sense of weariness after an inglorious fight.

"A sense of weariness after an inglorious fight"—and the tragic voyage but barely begun! He was to fathom greater depths of

despair, to taste more bitter dregs of frustration, to live with pest and horror for twenty-one days in his unparalleled travail of a first command. DAVID W. BONE

[117] THE SHADOW LINE

A CONFESSION

12mo, original green cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1917.

First edition.

Autograph presentation copy from the author, with the inscription reproduced on p. 262. on the first blank leaf:

The title-page is inscribed by the author:

"Only the young have such moments. . . ."
Joseph Conrad
1919

Inserted at the commencement of the volume is a 2p. autograph letter signed by Conrad dated December 30, 1920, concerning *The Shadow Line.*

Also laid in is one of the most interesting of all Conrad's letters. It is entirely in Conrad's handwriting, dated February 17, 1917, Capel House, Orlestone nr. Ashford, and addressed to Sir Sidney Colvin.

The letter gives detailed information as to the mood in which the book was written and the characters concerned:

. . . Very dear of you to write so appreciatively about the little book. But I don't agree that a local-knowledge man would be the right reviewer for it. The locality doesn't matter; and if it is the Gulf of Siam it's simply because the whole thing is exact autobiography. I always meant to do it, and on our return from Austria, when I had to write something, I discovered that this was what I could write in my then moral and intellectual condition; tho' even *that* cost me

This story begun in 1916, directly after my return from my North Sea cruise in a Special Service ship, is the product of the darkest hours of the war – after the battle of Jutland and under the growing menace of an unrestricted use of submarine boats. I am glad my dear Keating that the ills of it is now in your possession, for I am very sensible of your sympathy, for and appreciation of my work.

J. Conrad.

an effort which I remember with a shudder. To sit down and invent fairy tales was impossible then. It isn't very possible even now. I was writing that thing in Dec 1914 and Jan to March 1915. The very speeches are (I won't say authentic —they are that absolutely) I believe verbally accurate. And all this happened in Mch.-April 1887. Giles is a Capt Patterson, a very well-known person there. It's the only name I changed. Mr. Burns' craziness being the pivot is perhaps a little accentuated. My last scene with Ransome is only indicated. There are things, moments, that are not to be tossed to the public's incomprehension, for journalists to gloat over. No. It was not an experience to be exhibited "in the street." I am sorry you have received an impression of horror. I tried to keep the mere horror out. It would have been easy to pile it on. You may believe me. J'ai vécu tout cela. However, I will tell you a little more about all that when we meet. Here I'll only say that experience is transposed into spiritual terms—in art a perfectly legitimate thing to do, as long as one preserves the exact truth enshrined therein. That's why I consented to this piece being pubd. by itself. I did not like the idea of it being associated with fiction in a vol: of stories. And this is also the reason I've inscribed it to Borys—and the others. . . .

Conrad had forgotten for the moment that he had also changed the name of the captain of the SS. *Vidar*, which was not really Kent, the name used in the novel. Also, the dramatic voyage took place in 1888, not 1887, as Conrad states here through a slip of the pen, or of memory.

Of this book Conrad has also written: "This story has been in my mind for some years. Originally I used to think of it under the name of *First Command.* When I managed in the second year of war to concentrate my mind sufficiently to begin working I turned to this subject as the easiest. But in consequence of my changed mental attitude to it, it became *The Shadow Line.*" It tells the story of an extraordinary experience of Conrad's first command, as Captain of the *Otago*, while bound from Bangkok to Australia. It was on January 5, 1888,

while at Singapore that Conrad suddenly decided to throw up his berth on the *Vidar* and while preparing to return to Europe in search of a ship, circumstances unexpectedly put him in the way of just what he wanted—the command of a sailing vessel. These circumstances are related with careful literalness in *The Shadow Line*. Conrad's original Master's Certificate, dated November 11, 1886, and signed by him in full on that date, is in this library (No. 124).

[118] THE SHADOW LINE

A CONFESSION

12mo, original green cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1917. *First edition.*

PRESENTATION COPY TO MRS. CONRAD

The first blank leaf is inscribed:

Dear Jessie's Copy
March 1917

followed by the signature of Conrad's oldest son, to whom the book is dedicated:

Alfred Borys Conrad Korzeniowski,
1928

On the next blank leaf Mrs. Conrad has written:

Westbere, 1928

Dear Mr. Keating:

I find this book too full of painful thoughts to have much heart to record much here. I have obtained Borys' signature and with a few words of sincere good will and very kind friendliness,

I remain
Sincerely yours,
Jessie Conrad

Laid in is a 2p. autograph letter signed by Conrad addressed to Sir Sidney Colvin, March 1, 1917, on the personal character of *The Shadow Line*, and on the real nature of all his work.

. . . I answer your card at once—first to tell you how glad I am to hear you have consented to Garvin's request, next to say that there can be no possible objection to your recognizing the autobiographical character of that———piece of writing, let us call it. It is so much so that I shrink from calling it a Tale. If you will notice I call it *A Confession* on the title page. For, from a certain point of view, it is that—and essentially as sincere as any confession can be. The more perfectly so, perhaps, because its object is not the usual one of self-revelation. My object was to show all the others and the situation through the medium of my own emotions. The most heavily tried (because the most self-conscious), the least "worthy" perhaps, there was no other way in which I could render justice to all these souls "worthy of my undying regard." Perhaps you won't find it presumptious if after 22 years of work I may say that I have not been very well understood. I have been called a writer of the sea, of the tropics, a descriptive writer, a romantic writer—and also a realist. But as a matter of fact all my concern has been with the "ideal" values of things, events and people. That and nothing else. The humorous, the pathetic, the passionate, the sentimental *aspects* came in of themselves—mais en vérité c'est les valeurs idéales des faits et gestes humains qui se sont *imposés* à mon activité artistique. Whatever dramatic and narrative gifts I may have are always, instinctively used with that object—to get at, to bring forth les valeurs idéales. . . .

[119] THE SHADOW LINE

A CONFESSION

12mo, original dark blue limp leather as originally issued, gilt. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1917.

First American edition.

The motto on the title-page, selected by Conrad, reads:

Worthy of my undying regard———

and directly below the author has added in his handwriting:

They were! Joseph Conrad
1919

Laid in is a 2p. autograph letter signed by Conrad, unpublished, dated March 23, 1917, to Sir Sidney Colvin, on reviews of *The Shadow Line*, his son Borys, and the situation in Russia.

Conrad is inclined to ignore the newspaper reviews of his latest book—*The Shadow Line*—which had just been published. He is aware that the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Times* have had their notices out—"But I haven't seen them. I don't think I will. The newspaper notice is so generally uninteresting that I imagine I won't miss much by my abstention." He is waiting impatiently for the next number of the *Observer*, which will contain a review by Colvin.

[120] THE SHADOW LINE

THE COMPLETE ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT

Written on 235 pages, folio, and 74 pages typewritten quarto, making 309 pages in all, in a crushed blue levant morocco solander case.

This is the complete original manuscript, on the final page of which Conrad has written: *The last. 15 Dec 1915* and signed it in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

Both the autographic and typewritten portions have been freely corrected, and agree quite closely with the printed version. With reference to the motto on the title-page, "Worthy of my undying regard," Conrad has written: "The words are quoted from the text of the book itself. . they refer to the

I

Only the young have such moments. I don't mean the very young. No. The very young have, properly speaking, no moments. It is the privilege of early youth to live in advance of its days in all the beautiful continuity of hope which knows no pauses and no introspection.

One closes behind one the little gate of mere boyishness — and what an enchanted garden that is! Its very shades glow with promise and every turn of the path has its seduction. And it is not because it is an undiscovered country. One knows well enough that all mankind had streamed that way. It is the charm of unshared experience from which one expects an uncommon and personal sensation — a bit of one's own.

And so one goes on recognising the landmarks of the predecessors; excited amused taking the hard luck and the good luck together

men of that ship's company: complete strangers to their new captain and yet who stood by him so well during those twenty days that seem to have been passed on the brink of a slow and agonizing destruction and *that* is the greatest memory of all! For surely it is a great thing to have commanded a handful of men worthy of one's undying regard."

When I was half way through reading this long-awaited compilation I found myself springing, with my right hand extended, towards my bookshelves. It was an action purely reflex for when I stood before the backs of those volumes I had no idea why I was there. You feel like that when you find yourself out of bed in a black, unfamiliar room. So, my left hand as it were unknowing, I let the other do what it wanted. It fell on the back of a book called *The Shadow Line* and when the book opened and my eye read the first two or three chance words I found myself saying: "Thank God!" . . .

Because there is true truth—and truth.

Which was Conrad? The bothered, battered person who wrote innumerable, woeful, tactful, timid letters that are here connected by a string of properly non-committal prose, or the amazing being that I remember? With a spoken word or two he could create a whole world and give to himself the aspect of a returned Sir Francis Drake emerging from the territory of the Anthropophagi and the darkness of the Land of Fire. Or with two sentences of *The Shadow Line* he could make you say: "Thank God!"

For it is hardly rhetoric to say that one ought to thank one's creator for letting one read "Youth," or "Heart of Darkness" or "The Nigger of the Narcissus." Or even "The Shadow Line." Pure sensation, pure emotion—pure poetry—are so rare in life; and so necessary to the sweetening—the disinfection!—of the soul. . . .

FORD MADOX FORD

From "The Other House," being Ford's review of G. Jean-Aubry's *Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters*. The review appeared in the New York *Tribune*, Sept. 18, 1927.

[121] THE SHADOW LINE

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE AUTHOR'S NOTE

The first draft, consisting of five pages of heavily corrected typescript.

It is signed in full on the first page and also on the last page. It was written in May, 1920, for the Collected Limited Edition, and the final page is endorsed: *The original first draft text, dictated to the machine. One copy (and carbon) embodying corrections made for printers in Eng and U. S.—J. C.* The printed note extracted from the Limited Edition, together with the typescript, is bound in full blue levant morocco.

As a doublure a full page sepia portrait of Conrad is inlaid. It is inscribed:

". . . *the world of the living contains enough marvels and mysteries.*"

J. Conrad

[122] THE SHADOW LINE

In the *New Review.*

In the original wrappers, 7 numbers. London, September, 1916, to March, 1917.

First appearance in print.

The first volume—September, 1916—is autographed by the author on the title-page of the story:

Joseph Conrad
Signed in 1919

[123] THE SHADOW LINE

In the *Metropolitan Magazine.*

Folio, original wrappers, two parts. New York, September and October, 1916.

First American appearance.

Across the printed title of the story the author has written his signature:

Joseph Conrad
1919

[124] CONRAD'S MASTER'S CERTIFICATE

Certificate of Competency as Master issued to Conrad Korzeniowski by Order of the Board of Trade on November 11, 1886.

Original vellum and countersigned *Conrad Korzeniowski* as of the 13th of November, 1886.

This is inlaid and bound in full levant, together with the envelope in which Conrad preserved this precious document endorsed in his handwriting.

Reproduced opposite p. 230.

[125] THE ORIGINAL *OTAGO* LETTERS, 1888-1889

Consisting of the following items:

1. A sketch of the *Otago*, Conrad's first command.

2. An unpublished holograph letter entirely referring to Conrad's autobiographical story. It is written in March, 1917, to Sir Sidney Colvin. As noted above, *The Shadow Line* reports the extraordinary experience of Conrad during his first command as captain of the *Otago* bound from Bangkok to Melbourne. Conrad writes: "No. I don't really want that little piece to be recognized formally as autobiographical. Its tone is not. But as to the underfeeling I think there can be no mistake. . . ." He gives certain geographical directions, mentioning "Bangkok," and promises to try to find various

documents. The "documents" referred to by Conrad are listed below.

This is a letter of unusual interest, linking Conrad definitely to the story in which he personally played such a striking part.

3. A 4p. autograph letter signed dated February, 1888, Bangkok, Siam, written by William Miles, M.D., Physician to Her Majesty's Legation at Siam: ". . . I think it is not out of place on my part that I should state, though not asked by you to do so, to prevent misapprehension hereafter, that the crew of the sailing ship *Otago* has suffered severely whilst in Bangkok from tropical diseases including fever, dysentery and cholera, and I can speak of my own knowledge that you have done all in your power in the trying and responsible position of Master of the ship to hasten the departure of your vessel from this unhealthy place, and at the same time to save the lives of the men under your command. . . ."

4. A 2p. letter written under date of April 5, 1888, by Henry Simpson & Sons, addressed to Captain J. Conrad Korzeniowski, at Sydney, and signed by James Simpson, reading in part: "Your favors dated Bangkok 2nd and 6th Feb. with postscript dated 7th on the eve of sailing, duly reached me, and have been interesting as detailing the melancholy circumstances under which you took charge of the barque *Otago*. . . ."

5. A letter from Henry Simpson & Sons, Port Adelaide, dealing with proposed voyages and containing memoranda on the side, evidently in Conrad's autograph.

6. A letter dated April 2, 1889, reading:

Referring to your resignation of the command (which we have in another letter formally accepted) of our barque *Otago*, we now have much pleasure in stating that this early severance from our employ is entirely at your own desire, with a view to visiting Europe, and that we entertain a high opinion of your ability in the capacity you now vacate, of your attainments generally, and shall be glad to learn of your future success.

Wishing you a safe passage home, we are, Dear Sir,
Yours faithfully, HENRY SIMPSON & SONS, *Owners of the Black Diamond Line*.

7. An original memorandum from the Master Attendant's Office at Singapore, dated January 18, 1888, issued to Capt. C. Korzeniowski:

This is to inform you that you are required to proceed today in the SS. *Melita* to Bangkok and you will report your arrival to the British Consul and produce this memorandum which will show that I have engaged you to be Master of the *Otago* in accordance with the Consul's telegram on a voyage from Bangkok to Melbourne, wages at fourteen £14 pounds per month and to count from date of your arrival at Bangkok, your passage from Singapore to Bangkok to be borne by the Ship. Further to receive a passage from Melbourne to Singapore if you are not kept on in the ship.

Signed by Henry Ellis, with the seal of the British Consul General at Siam and further signed by his H.R.M. Consul, E. M Gould, Bangkok.

All of these interesting and intimate mementoes of Conrad's first command are bound together in full blue levant.

THE ARROW OF GOLD

THE great thing to bear in mind about *The Arrow of Gold* is that it is profoundly autobiographical. Conrad re-created in its pages, not alone the spirit, but many of the actual scenes and figures of those early days in Marseilles when he first tasted the true quality of life. He wrote in my copy of the book:

The subject of this piece of writing has been in my mind for many years. All the persons are authentic and the facts are as stated.

No announcement could be clearer, and Mr. G. Jean-Aubry, that indefatigable delver, has amplified it in detail in Conrad's *Life and Letters.* He says there:

If Conrad modified the names and appearance of some of the actors, at least Rita, Thérèse, Ortega, Mills, J. M. K. Blunt, Henry Allègre, Mme. Leonore, the journalist, the housemaid, Mrs. Blunt herself are all living beings whom Conrad knew at Marseilles.

The Arrow of Gold, in short, is a slice out of Conrad's own past, made magical by distance, by the memory of his vanished youth, and by the figure of Rita, his first love. Above all, by the figure of Rita. To the end of his days she remained for him the ideal woman, the "woman of all time;" and I have little doubt that in the wonderful gallery of women he has drawn, with their still enchantment and proud, enigmatic characters, there is in each picture something of Rita.

But to me personally Rita is too elusive—or is it, too contradictory?—to put quite beside such women as Mrs. Gould in *Nostromo,* Mrs. Travers in *The Rescue,* or Winnie Verloc in *The Secret Agent.* I recognize her pervading charm, but it does not seem to me that Conrad has quite convinced us that she is as marvellous as he wants us to believe. We must remember that his knowledge of her was first-hand, whereas we only see her reflection through his words. And we miss thus a thousand nuances that helped to make the actual woman, and missing them we are left rather bewildered and unconvinced. Real life is, of course, much less logical than fiction, but looking at *The Arrow of Gold* as a novel I ask myself whether this girl of indomitable courage would have been so terrified by the wretched Ortega, and whether, after having given her love to Monsieur George, she would suddenly have deserted him. I once said to Conrad that I did not fully understand why she *did* leave him; whereupon he replied, "Oh, well, my dear fellow, if you can't see that I can't explain it to you." But then Conrad, who knew her through and through, was conscious of the subtleties of the situation and of the reactions between the two characters, whereas all we know is, as it were, the outline.

At least that is how I would have sought to explain a certain obscurity, not only in the character of Rita, but in the very structure of the book, but I must confess that Conrad, in his Author's Note, explains it otherwise. Let me quote:

. . . I have detected here and there a note, as it were, of suspicion. Suspicion of facts concealed, of explanations held back, of inadequate motives. But what is lacking in the facts is simply what I did not know, and what is not explained is what I did not understand myself, and what seems inadequate is the fault of my imperfect insight. In the case of this book I was unable to supplement these deficiencies by the exercise of my inventive faculty. It was never very strong; and on this occasion its use would have seemed exceptionally dishonest.

I am not one of these people who imagine that they see further into an author's mind than the author himself, but is it not possible that in this particular instance there is truth in both explanations? The atmosphere of that Marseilles experience was infinitely vivid to Conrad, but in the very nature of things an autobiographical novel can only be selective. In its necessary compression the writer may instinctively forget that the reader cannot know all that he knows.

Conrad's creative powers always worked at their highest when attached to some personal reminiscence. But if in *The Arrow of Gold* we are aware, not alone of an immense vitality, but of something almost dream-like, may it not be due to the fact that this is the most deeply and tenderly reminiscent of all his novels? The glow and anguish of first love recovered in memory! As he wrote to Sir Sidney Colvin:

There are some of these 42-year-old episodes of which I cannot think now without a slight tightness of the chest.

The position which *The Arrow of Gold* holds among Conrad's books is peculiar. The majority of readers do not regard it as one of his most remarkable novels, but there is a minority who place it first. It is ardently admired by its admirers. The book

has, indeed, not yet found its level, and opinion about it is so sharply divided that critical estimates seem more than usually futile. But time will take care of the personal equation and sooner or later *The Arrow of Gold* will be justly estimated.

I myself am not one of its fanatical admirers, though I feel its pulsing life and acknowledge its artistic excellence. To me *The Arrow of Gold* is not a typical Conrad: there is, at once, a kind of monotony and inconsequence about it, which not even the exquisite art of the book can entirely hide. And yet what passages it contains! Look at this description of Rita:

> In her motionless blue eyes like melted sapphires, around those red lips that almost without moving could breathe enchanting sounds into the world, there was a play of light, that mysterious ripple of gaiety that seemed always to run and faintly quiver under her skin even in her gravest moods; just as in her rare moments of gaiety its warmth and radiance seemed to come to one through infinite sadness, like the sunlight of our life hiding the invincible darkness in which the universe must work out its impenetrable destiny.

And undoubtedly the book contains some great character drawing. I am not sure that Rita's sister, Thérèse, is not as perfect a masterpiece as Rita herself, and Mrs. Blunt and her son are certainly memorable. As for Monsieur George (Conrad), the author has succeeded in doing a truly remarkable thing: he has made a first-person narrator a real man and not a mere mouthpiece. It may be questioned whether Monsieur George, at his tender age of about twenty, would have viewed the world, spoken, and conducted himself with such maturity, but allowing for that—and Conrad must always have been an exceptional man—the figure is lifelike.

It is interesting to note that Conrad considered and rejected many titles for *The Arrow of Gold* before he decided upon the title that it bears. He thought of *The Goatherd, Mme. de Lastaola, The Heiress,* and *Two Sisters,* and he said that if the novel had been written in French he would have called it *L'Amie du Roi*, although *The Friend of the King* was useless as it did not denote the gender of the heroine.

Whether the title he actually did choose is particularly successful must be a matter of opinion, but I do think he did well to be symbolic. In that title, telling us little at first glance, the mysterious seduction of Rita is enshrined, just as her tawny hair was caught up and imprisoned by the gold arrow itself. A purely descriptive title would not have done for *The Arrow of Gold:* it *had* to be symbolic.

Whatever place we give to this novel, we must admit the high distinction of its tone and execution. Conrad was always intellectually aristocratic, but I do not believe that he was ever more so than in *The Arrow of Gold.* It breathes the "grand manner" throughout, and its very love scenes have the hushed, yet passionate, air of tragic romance.

And that, I think, is why it will survive. In his old age Conrad recovered in memory the fires of youth, and out of their consuming turmoil evolved a beautiful and moving work of art. Who but Conrad could have transmuted into such treasure the mixed metal of the past?

RICHARD CURLE

[126] THE ARROW OF GOLD

A STORY BETWEEN TWO NOTES

12mo, original dark blue cloth. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1919.

First edition.

This edition was published on April 10, 1919, four months before the first English edition, which appeared in August. This is the first issue, which differs from the second issue in the wording on pages 5 and 15. On page 5, line 16, the first issue reads "with proper credentials and apparently" and the second issue, "with proper credentials and who." On page 15, line 24, the first issue reads "almost absolute strangers" and the second issue reads "almost complete strangers." There is also a mistake on page 248, the sixth and seventh lines, reading: "in her whole attitude—as though she had never been kissed before." In subsequent issues this was changed to: "in her whole attitude—as though she had never even heard of such a thing as a kiss in her life." These errors were discovered by the author while the book was in press.

The first blank leaf contains the following inscription:

"The Arrow of Gold" is my first after-the-war publication. Begun late in 1917 it was finished in the Summer of 1918. The memory is associated with that of the darkest hour of the war, which in accordance with the well-known saying, preceded the dawn—the dawn of peace.

[Extract from the Author's Note.] *J. Conrad*

The Arrow of Gold was dedicated to Richard Curle, who has inscribed his autograph on the dedication page: *Richard Curle*

H.M.S. Ready. (Spᵉ Serᵉ)
North Sea. 1916.

Evening of October. 1916.
bareheaded: H.J. Osborn. Lieut R.N.R.

Light northerly wind. I.C at the wheel luffing-up the Ready close to the wind to bring ~~[illegible]~~ Flamboro' Head on the port bow. Distᵉ 20 miles (about).
2ᵈ Nov. 1916.

This was Joseph Conrad's own impression of Dona Rita in The Arrow of Gold and was sketched in my presence.

Jessie Conrad.

The title-page contains the motto in French signed—CHARACTÈRES. Conrad has corrected this by crossing out the "h" making it read correctly CARACTÈRES. The motto is correctly printed in the first English edition, and in all subsequent editions in England.

The title-page contains a further inscription by the author:

". . . *what could he have done with it?*" [Last words of the novel.]
Joseph Conrad
1919

Laid in is an original pen and ink drawing by Conrad, being his own impression of Doña Rita. This finished and interesting sketch is reproduced on p. 279.

In "Conrad's Skill as an Artist," first published in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for April 10, 1926, Mrs. Conrad records the history of the drawing: "The little sketch of 'Doña Rita' which J. C. did many years later is the only one he did under my eye, so to speak: I remember in this case his asking me one afternoon after a long silence 'If you had to choose the illustration for this book, which would you choose?' My prompt answer disconcerted him rather, and he showed his irritation in the most characteristic fashion by flinging away the cigarette he had lighted only the moment before. I had suggested the first meeting between Henry Allègre and 'Doña Rita,' when he discovered her in his own garden sitting on a stone, a fragment of some old balustrade. My suggestion had evidently not pleased him, and I sat silent while he paced the room rest-

lessly, then flinging himself into a chair he said quite quietly 'I am surprised, my dear, that you should make such a conventional suggestion, no, that won't do! Most emphatically it won't do. I will show you. . . . ' He left the room and returned in a few moments with a single sheet of note paper in his hand. 'There, that's my choice, the only illustration I would consent to have in the book!' This sketch I append to this article. No doubt he was right. My suggestion was certainly much more conventional."

There is also inserted an autograph letter signed by Conrad written during the first week in August, 1919, to Sir Sidney Colvin on *The Arrow of Gold* and the episodes of 42 years before —a most striking, emotional letter.

. . . You will understand better how deeply I am moved by your letter when I tell you that during the "composition of that piece" I thought of you very often. I used to say to myself: "He will understand that"—after finishing certain bits. And as to the whole too, I must confess, I counted on you with some confidence. But I never expected that this work of my 60th year would find its way so straight into your heart—into your inextinguishably youthful heart! I own to feeling a little overwhelmed by the response. For you are generous without counting. You could be no other. Avarice is the vice of an age that you'll never, never reach.

You never suspected your close association with this book. And yet it is a fact that you are, not the first, but the only, man to whom I spoke of it some months before I put pen to paper. It was at Capel. You stood with back to the fire. But I did not lay a particular stress on my intentions and later I noticed that the circumstance had escaped your memory. And no wonder. I was very inarticulate that day—and on that subject too.

I can't give you an idea how worried I am over these corrections. A lot of course has been put right. I read the proofs innumerable times. Only the other week I sent six corrections more to Fisher Unwin. They were too late. And one of them is a grammatical blunder of the worst kind! Another is a *who* instead of

whom. I had altered the construction of the phrase and forgot to insert the *m*. Horrible. The fact is between you and me (and Lady Colvin of course) that I have never been able to read these proofs in cold blood. Ridiculous! My dear (as D. Rita would have said) there are some of these 42 year old episodes of which I cannot think now without a slight tightness of the chest—un petit serrement de coeur. What a confession! Why, oh! why, didn't I send you the revise? I nearly did it. Then I felt ashamed at coming to trouble you with a work that was emphatically my business.

Well, you have made me very happy. The first great joy I had out of that book was Lady Colvin's sympathy. Your good opinion rounds and completes that state of deep content which nothing but the praise of such friends as you both are can give. Our dearest love to you both.

Ever yours

JOSEPH CONRAD

[127] THE ARROW OF GOLD

A STORY BETWEEN TWO NOTES

12mo, original dark blue cloth. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1919.

First English edition.

Issued on August 6th, 1919.

PRESENTATION COPY TO MRS. CONRAD

With the "A" in the running head, "The Arrow of Gold" on p. 67, denoting the first issue of the first English edition. The half-title page is inscribed:

Dear Jessie's Copy
August 1919

Richard Curle has autographed the dedication page: *Richard Curle.*

On the reverse of the dedication page, Mrs. Conrad has written the following:

Westbere House,
nr. Canterbury, 1928

In parting with this book for which I have a special feeling, one of great tenderness and also of satisfaction, I feel very sad. It is indeed a fact that but for me it would never have been written, and it also is true that at least two more books would have been added to the list if Joseph Conrad had lived a few years longer. I know for a fact that his stock of material needed only the same amount of suggestion as this one and I had sufficient notes ready for him to recall the incidents. To those who knew my husband intimately, this book has a particular interest. It is the first one that was dictated completely and whole passages show his irritable dislike for that method, and also that such method was strange to him. I remember calling his attention to this fact and his ready admission of it.

Laid in is a 4p. autograph letter signed by Conrad written on August 7, 1919, to Sir Sidney Colvin on the reception of *The Arrow of Gold* and the personal note in its love story. The first notices are "very poor, puzzle-headed, hesitating pronouncements: yet not inimical." Colvin has asked a question which "raises a delicate problem." This question evidently referred to the personal basis of the story of Rita as developed in the novel. Conrad wonders how the autobiographical note, if struck in a review or article by Colvin, would "affect the work—and the man." He suggests, however, that Colvin shall say that "the view of its being a study of a woman . . . and also the story of young, very young love told with a depth of emotion pointing to experience is what you perceive—what impresses you. . . . This said with your authority will amount to a confession—a sufficient confession to a not particularly delicate world." Memory has evidently been at work, reviving the actual passion which was the basis of the "fictional" one. "Perhaps," he suggests, "you could also discover"—

and bring out in his article, of course—"a 'personal note of youth' both in the—so to speak—innocence and the completeness of this love affair—this emotional adventure fated to end as it ends in a world not meant for lovers and between these two beings both outside the organized scheme of society not because they are declassés in any sense but because of the origins of one and the deliberate renunciation of the other." The "personal note of youth" could surely be found, for Conrad was scarcely twenty when he fell in love with the girl who became the Rita of his novel. She had been the mistress of "a rich painter in Paris," Jean-Aubry says, and was about the same age as Conrad, who is the Monsieur George who gives her up in the story—though he didn't in actual life, completely: their love affair, however, was short.

[128] THE ARROW OF GOLD

A STORY BETWEEN TWO NOTES

8vo, original dark green cloth, original dust wrappers. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1919.

First English edition.

This is the first issue, with the "A" on page 67. The Curle copy sold at the American Art Association April 28, 1927, was incorrectly catalogued. It has been confirmed that the first copies contained a perfect "A." In subsequent printings the "A" became loose after a number of copies had been printed and subsequent issues show a partially impressed "A" and in still

later copies the "A" is missing altogether. Mr. R. F. Sharp, Keeper of Printed Books of the British Museum, advises that "the 'A' in the head-line on page 67 is a defective single 'A.' The left leg is weak. . . . " This is a minor detail of bibliography but the facts are given as a matter of record.

The title-page is inscribed by the author:

". . . *but what could he have done with it?*"
Joseph Conrad
1919

The first blank leaf is inscribed as follows:

Conrad told me he had dedicated this book to me because the reminiscence which it described was so personal a one. *Richard Curle,*
July 1928

Conrad's third sea voyage was in a sixty-ton *tartane*, the *Tremolino*. "The last days and death of the *Tremolino* have inspired some of the most beautiful and touching chapters of *The Mirror of the Sea*." (G. Jean-Aubry, *Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters*, Vol. I, p. 41.) No final trace of this little vessel has been authenticated, but G. Jean-Aubry thinks she sailed under the Italian flag. She plied principally between Marseilles and the Spanish coast. Out of these experiences grew *The Arrow of Gold*. Although not ranking as a Conrad "princeps" the first English edition of *The Arrow of Gold* is a desirable book to the reader as well as to the collector. Its text embodies certain corrections which, though duly forwarded to America, did not arrive there in time for incorporation in the first edition of the novel.

[129] RITA LASTAOLA

A TALE

The original typescript of an early version of the greater portion of the first two parts of the story the title of which was subsequently altered to *The Arrow of Gold.*

140 folio pages, quarto, enclosed in a full blue levant solander case

With numerous alterations in Conrad's hand, particularly on the last forty pages, where many lines are wholly rewritten. *The Arrow of Gold* was commenced in September, 1917, and the first draft of the manuscript of the first portion of the novel bears the tentative title *The Laugh.* Conrad's second choice was *Rita Lastaola,* and this was finally changed to *The Arrow of Gold.*

[130] THE ARROW OF GOLD

A STORY BETWEEN TWO NOTES

With an introduction by Sir Sidney Colvin.

Frontispiece, demy 8vo, original cloth, paper label, gilt top. Volume XVII of the Memorial Edition of Conrad's collected works. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1925. The frontispiece is a rotogravure reproduction of Conrad's inscription in the first edition of *The Arrow of Gold* which appears in this library.

This volume is from Sir Sidney Colvin's own library.

Laid in is a 2p. unpublished letter signed by Conrad and dated Capel House, Orlestone, nr. Ashford, May 17, 1918; to Sidney

Colvin, chiefly on *The Arrow of Gold*, and containing his own summary of the novel:

. . . Thanks for your dear long letter. I grieve that your report about yourself is not more definitely favourable, but I find some comfort in the opinion of the doctor who has your complete confidence. It is really very good of you to take the trouble and make the effort of writing a long letter. I am not, just now, answering it as I ought; but the fact is I am engaged on the last chapter of my novel and find it very difficult to concentrate on anything else. This letter is being dictated in the interval between two pages of MS. If I were to wait until the end of the day's work I wouldn't be able to produce two consecutive thoughts out of my emptied head.

Of course I have been distinctly aware of the second edition of your Keats. Macmillan's timidity is a very well-known thing, but in this case it has worked for good by giving you an opportunity to correct, expand, and, as it were, make perfection more perfect. I am ordering a copy of the second edition and when you come down here—which may the gods permit to be soon!—you will point out to me the additional work you have put into the book.

You can't be expected to remember but I have given you some two years ago a summary view of the subject of the novel I am working at. It is the story of a woman presented without action (in the theatrical sense) but elucidated by a progressive sequence of situations having a dramatic "intime" quality of their own. The critics will have a chance to say J. C. has turned over still another leaf. The proprieties however won't be outraged, at least no more than is inherent in the subject. The whole thing is full of conversations and is divided into five parts: as it were—Acts. . . .

THE RESCUE

ON A September morning in 1898, I walked for an hour or two with Joseph Conrad on what we call a "Scots' convoy" through the silent, sleeping streets of Glasgow. We had been at dinner in the house of a physician whose postprandial entertainment for us till the small hours of the morning included demonstrations in his Roentgen ray laboratory and of his own phonograph reproductions of the voices of his more distinguished patients in the operatic world. It was less distance than "a mile and a bittock" from the doctor's house in Bath Street to Conrad's quarters in St. Enoch Square, but most of the way was traversed and re-traversed many times before we parted, to meet again the following day. Conrad had found an almost fanatic admirer of himself and his work and was prepared to talk to him till the cows came home.

The moonlight and the deserted city streets conspired to make us oblivious to time, and Conrad, I rejoiced to know, was unaware that after quitting him at the door of his hotel, I had before me seven miles of a walk to my cottage in upland Renfrewshire which I reached only when

> The mornin' licht cam' gray and plain,
> An' the birds they yammert on stick and stane
> And the müne was shinin' clearly!

Never did the moorland road to Waterfoot seem shorter! My thoughts were fully occupied with Conrad's concerns,

and perplexed not a little about his destiny. The author of *Almayer's Folly, An Outcast of the Islands, The Nigger of the Narcissus*, and *Youth* had seemed to me the most enviable of mortals; conscious of his power, serene in the assurance that he had all to himself a new world of romantic realism to exploit, and blessed with an artistic temperament to which inspiration and expression came simultaneously in spontaneous composition.

It had been startling to learn from the author himself how shaken he was in his *morale* by a public apathy to his books which I had not suspected, or at least, had regarded as but transient in view of the applause which they got from so many discerning and influential critics. I was, at the time, a contributor of fiction to *Blackwood's Magazine* and Henley's *New Review*, in which his work was at the same time serially appearing, and Conrad ought, I felt, to be as proud and happy as myself, with greater reason to be more confident of his future than I was.

That morning's intercourse sadly disillusioned me. There was a skeleton in his cupboard—the unfinished first draft of his novel *The Rescue*. He had for several years been working on it intermittently, and was now come to a dead end, the sources of his inspiration completely dry.

"I sit for a whole day at my desk" he said, "and at the end I have produced only two or three sentences. My invention seems paralysed; I must get back to sea."

That Conrad, after several years of conspicuous and not entirely unremunerative authorship on land, should even contemplate a return to the sea was almost incredible. The man was, in my view, so plainly marked out by his gifts and achievements for a literary career, that I was staggered and grieved by the very suggestion of such a step. Yet it was an impetuous decision of this sort which had brought him to Glasgow this September.

For at least three days he went round the Glasgow shipping offices on the hunt for a command. He had sailed in Clyde ships under Scottish skippers; his first promotion from the status of A. B. to officer had been at the age of twenty-three on the *Loch Etive*, iron clipper of Aitken Lilburn's old Loch Line. If he went, in the course of his quest, as I suspect he did, to Aitken Lilburn's Glasgow office, he would find himself not unknown there. Old Sam Macfarlane of Aitken Lilburn's, like many shipping men on the Clyde at the time, was convinced that *The Nigger of the Narcissus* and *Youth* were the greatest sea-yarns ever written, and had already identified their author as the "J. Korzeniowski" who, many years before, had signed on as third mate of the *Loch Etive*, outward bound for Sydney.

As it luckily happened, there were no vacant posts for masters in Clyde clippers in 1898. Once that was evident, Conrad wonderfully cheered up, and went back to Pent Farm, Hythe, reassured by Glasgow that *The Nigger* and *Youth* were, of them-

selves, sufficient *cachet* to classic renown, as I still honestly think they are.

There was, on the evening of his departure, a little symposium of the faithful—architects, sculptors, painters, and musicians—in the Art Club, so conveniently situated close to the doctor's house. They were all, like their absent fellow-member of the Club, "Don Roberto"—Cunninghame Graham—inveterate Conradians. Conrad basked that evening in an atmosphere so cordial and understanding that I doubt if he had ever previously found a promiscuous company of strangers to him more agreeable.

As artists, they had an intuition of the critical stage which he had reached in a career of art. They knew the despairing anguish of a job held up indefinitely from indolence, timidity, or the loss of self-assurance, and having read *The Nigger* and *Youth* with the conviction as Clyde-built men that in those stories was the authentic marine, with no Clark Russell bunting or "Irish pennants," they deliberately sought to turn his mind away from the skeleton *The Rescue.* Conrad sensed the *rapport* of his company, as precious to him as to any other artist, and stumping back and forward in a quarter-deck walk behind his chair, let himself go on the inspiration and origins of the tales we so much admired.

He was not long back in Kent when we were gladdened to see that something like dawn was come on his fortunes. His *Tales of Unrest* got one of those monetary prizes given in

a journalistic stunt which impresses the public; it figured with Hewlett's *The Forest Lovers* and Sidney Lee's *A Life of William Shakespeare* as one of the three best books published that year.

Conrad was not the man to exaggerate the importance of such a recognition. "No one was more surprised than myself," he wrote to me. "Even yet (when the cash is spent and gone), I feel like an impostor and a thief. . . Who am I?—I who accidentally write a sentence a day? Now and then, for a moment or so the spell is removed from me—to the end that I might the better taste the despair of thought without expression, or the wandering soul without a body."

He was obviously still obsessed by the thought of that skeleton in the cupboard—*The Rescue*—upon which he had wasted years of effort to bring it into some accord with what his critical friends expected of him. "Had I suspected the long Odyssey of acute distress and worry that Conrad was to undergo over this work" says Mr. Edward Garnett, "I would of course have persuaded him to abandon the book."

It was not till 1920 that *The Rescue* was published. For nearly twenty years, this book, which ought to have been finished *au premier coup* in the first flush of inspiration, was held up by its creator. It gives no evidence of anguished hours of vain endeavour; of depression; of the fact that it was very largely a chivalrously grateful man's timid concession to critical ideas he probably never clearly understood himself. There

is no hint in *The Rescue* that the bitter travail of it almost drove the author of it out of literature and back to the life of a mariner.

From the recently published *Letters from Joseph Conrad; 1895-1924,* edited by Garnett, the last of many that deal with *The Rescue* and the agonies of its composition may in part be quoted here. "Dearest Edward," wrote the novelist in July, 1919, "It was the instinct (not the sense—the instinct) of what you have discerned with your unerring eye that kept me off *The Rescue* for 20 years or more. That—and nothing else. My instinct was right. But all the same I cannot say I regret the impulse which made me take it up again. I am settling my affairs in this world and I should not have liked to leave behind me this evidence of having bitten off more than I could chew. A very vulgar vanity. Could anything be more legitimate?

"The 'innumerable multitude' for which I write falls naturally into two parts. One is composed of Edward Garnett and the other of the rest of mankind. To that last I can talk back, to Edward I cannot. And it is not, my dear fellow, that I have erected you into a fetish. There is nothing mystic in my attitude to you. There never has been. It is not vague dread that you inspired but an absolute confidence."

NEIL MUNRO

[131] THE RESCUE

A ROMANCE OF THE SHALLOWS

12mo, original dark blue cloth, gilt, original dust wrappers. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1920.

First edition.

Published May 21, 1920, predating the first English published edition, which was published on June 24th, and also predating the privately printed edition issued in England on June 4, 1920.

The inscription on the first blank leaf is reproduced on p. 295. Laid in is a 3½p. autograph letter signed to Edward Garnett referring to *The Rescue.* It reads in part: "The Engsh pubon of Rescue will be delayed because of some muddle in the delivery of the paper. In U. S. the date is 21st May, and if you like I will send you a copy. But I can't imagine anyone so impatient as that for J. C.'s patched book. . . . "

Of this novel Conrad has written: "This novel was begun—third in order of composition—after the 'Outcast of the Islands.' The work proceeded very slowly. I turned my attention to the writing of some short stories 'Unrest' and then the subject of 'The Nigger of the Narcissus' occurred to me and caused me to abandon 'The Rescue.'—for a time. That time extended to about twenty years. The latter half of this novel is my first post-war book." The only real place mentioned in *The Rescue* is the island of Carimata, and that is an island lying off the west coast of Borneo.

THE *Torrens* FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN OIL BY CHARLES R. PATTERSON, NOW IN THE JOSEPH CONRAD MEMORIAL ROOM OF THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE, NEW YORK

The history of the Rescue
is the history of almost
the whole of my writing
life. It will go
on this page

Joseph Conrad

[132] THE RESCUE

12mo, original red cloth wrappers. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1920.

First English privately printed edition.

Only forty copies were issued to send out to reviewers.

PRESENTATION COPY TO SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

With the following inscription on the flyleaf in the author's handwriting:

Sidney Colvin
with great love,
Joseph Conrad

The text differs both from the American edition and the regular English edition which immediately succeeded it.

[133] THE RESCUE

A ROMANCE OF THE SHALLOWS

12mo, original green cloth, original dust wrappers. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1920.

First English published edition.

The author has written the following inscription on the first blank leaf:

"Lingard's lips trembled before he spoke but his voice was calm. 'Steer north,' he said."
(last words) *Joseph Conrad*

[134] THE RESCUE

A ROMANCE OF THE SHALLOWS

12mo, original green cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1920.

First English published edition.

Lingard looked persistently at Carter, thinking that now Jaffir was dead there was no one left on the empty earth to speak to him a word of reproach; no one to know the greatness of his intentions, the bond of fidelity between him and Hassim and Immada, the depth of his affection for those people, the earnestness of his visions, and the unbounded trust that was his reward. By the mad scorn of Jörgenson flaming up ~~in revolt~~ against the life of men, all this was as if it had never been. It had become a secret locked up in his breast for ever.

"Tell Wasub to open one of the long-cloth bales in the hold, Mr. Carter, and give the crew a cotton sheet to bury him decently according to their ~~religion~~. Let it be done to-night. They must have the boats too. I suppose they will want to take him on the sandbank."

"Yes, Sir," said Carter.

"Let them have what they want, spades, torches. . . . Wasub will chant the right words. Paradise is the ~~reward~~ of True Believers. Do you understand me, Mr. Carter? Paradise! I wonder what it will be for him! Unless he gets messages to carry through the jungle, avoiding ambushes, swimming in storms and knowing no rest, he won't like it."

Carter listened with an unmoved face. It seemed to him that the captain had forgotten his presence.

"And all the time he will be sleeping on that sandbank," Lingard began again, sitting in his old place under the gilt thunderbolts with his elbows on the table and his hands to his temples. "If they want a board to set up at the ~~head of the~~ grave let them have a piece of an oak plank. It will stay there—till the next monsoon. Perhaps."

Carter felt uncomfortable before that tense stare which just missed him and in that confined cabin seemed awful in its piercing and far-off expression. But as he had not been dismissed he did not like to go away.

"Everything will be done as you wish it, Sir," he said. "I suppose the yacht will be leaving the first thing to-morrow morning, Sir."

"If she doesn't we must give her a solid shot or two to liven her up—eh, Mr. Carter?"

Carter did not know whether to smile or to look horrified. In the end he did both, but as to saying anything he found it impossible. But Lingard did not expect an answer.

"I believe you are going to stay with me, Mr. Carter?"

"I told you, Sir, I am your man if you want me."

"The trouble is, Mr. Carter, that I am not the same man to whom you spoke first that night in Carimata."

"Neither am I, Sir, in a manner of speaking."

Lingard, relaxing the tenseness of his stare, looked at the young man thoughtfully.

"After all, it is the brig that will want you. She will never change. The finest craft afloat in these seas. She will carry me about as she did before, but "

He unclasped his hands, made a sweeping gesture.

Carter gave all his naïve sympathy to that man who had certainly rescued the white people but seemed to have given up his own soul in the attempt. Carter had heard something from Wasub. He had made out enough from the old serang's pidgin English to know that the Captain's native friends, one of them a woman, had perished in a mysterious catastrophe. But the why of it, and how it came about, remained still quite incomprehensible to him. Of course, a man like the Captain would feel terribly cut up about . . .

"You will be soon yourself again, Sir," he said in the kindest possible tone.

With the same simplicity Lingard shook his head. He was thinking of the dead Jaffir with his last message imperfectly delivered, but untroubled now by all these matters of the earth. He had been ordered to tell ~~nothing~~ everything. Everything! Lingard had an inward shudder. He thought that he could not have stood it. In the dismay of his heart he might have believed his brig to lie under the very wing of the Angel of Desolation—so oppressive, so final and hopeless seemed the silence in which he and Carter looked at each other wistfully.

Lingard reached for a sheet of paper amongst several lying on the table, took up a pen, hesitated a moment, and then wrote:

"Meet me at day-break on the sandbank."

He signed his name and addressed the envelope to Mrs. Travers, Yacht *Hermit*, and pushed it across the table.

"Send this on board the schooner at once, Mr. Carter. Wait a moment. When our boats shove off for the sand-

bank have the forecastle gun fired. I want to know when that dead man has left the ship."

He sat alone leaning his head on his hand, listening, listening endlessly, for the report of the gun. ~~It was an occupation for his mind.~~ Would it never come? When it came the last muffled, distant, with a slight shock through the body of the brig, he remained still with his head leaning on his hand but with a distinct impression, with an almost physical certitude, that under the cotton sheet shrouding the dead man something of himself, too, had left the ship.

~~[illegible]~~ X

In a roomy cabin furnished and fitted with ~~[illegible]~~ comfort, Mr. Travers reposed at ease in a low bed-place under a snowy white sheet and a light silk coverlet, his head sunk in a white pillow of extreme purity. A faint scent of lavender hung about the fresh linen. Though lying on his back like a person who is seriously ill, Mr. Travers was conscious of nothing worse than a great fatigue. Mr. Travers' restfulness had something faintly triumphant in it. To find himself again on board his yacht had soothed his vanity and had revived his sense of his own importance. He contemplated it in a distant perspective, restored to its proper surroundings and ~~altogether~~ unaffected by an adventure too extraordinary to trouble a superior mind or even to remain in one's memory for any length of time. He was not responsible. Like many men ambitions of directing the affairs of a nation, Mr. Travers disliked ~~responsibility~~. He would not have been above evading it in case of need, but with perverse loftiness he really, in his heart, scorned it. That was the reason why he was able to lie at rest and enjoy a sense of returning vigour. But he did not care much to talk as yet, and that was why the silence in the stateroom had lasted for hours. The bulkhead lamp had a green silk shade. It was ~~quite~~ unnecessary to admit for a moment the existence of impudence or ruffianism. A discreet knocking at the cabin door sounded deferential.

Mrs. Travers got up to see what was wanted, and returned without uttering a single word to the folding arm-chair by the side of the ~~couch~~, with an envelope in her hand which she tore open in the greenish light. Mr. Travers remained incurious, but his wife handed to him an unfolded sheet of paper which he condescended to hold up to his eyes. It contained only one line of writing, ~~and signature~~. He let the paper fall on the coverlet and went on reposing as before. It was a sick man's repose. Mrs. Travers in the arm-chair with her hands on the arm-rests had a ~~certain~~ dignity of attitude.

"I intend to go," she declared after a time.

"You intend to go," repeated Mr. Travers in a feeble ~~[illegible]~~ voice. "Really, it doesn't matter what you decide ~~to do~~. ~~[illegible]~~. It seems to me that ~~[illegible]~~ there can be no possible object."

"Perhaps not," she admitted. "But ~~[illegible]~~ should always be paid."

Mr. Travers' head rolled over on the pillow and gave a covertly scared look at that woman. But it rolled back again at once and the whole man remained passive, the very embodiment of helpless exhaustion. Mrs. Travers noticed this, and had the unexpected impression that ~~the monstrous~~ was not so ill as he looked. "He's making the most of it. It's a matter of diplomacy," she thought. She thought this without irony, bitterness, or disgust. Only her heart sank a little lower and she felt that she could not remain in the cabin with ~~this man~~ for the rest of the evening. For all life—yes! But not for that evening.

"It's simply monstrous," murmured the man, who was either very diplomatic or very exhausted in a certainly languid manner. "There is something abnormal in you."

Mrs. Travers got up swiftly.

"~~Life is full of~~ monstrous things. But I assure you that of all the monsters that wait on what you would call a ~~brilliant~~ existence the one I dread most is tediousness. Merciless ~~tediousness~~ without teeth or claws. Impotent. Horrible!

She left the stateroom, vanishing out of it with noiseless resolution. No power on earth could have kept her in there for another minute. On deck she found a moonless night with a velvety tepid feeling in the air, and in the sky a mass of blurred starlight, like the tarnished tinsel of a worn-out, very old, very tedious firmament. The usual routine of the yacht had been already resumed, the

PRESENTATION COPY TO MRS. CONRAD

The first blank leaf contains the following signature in Conrad's handwriting:

Dear Jessie's Copy
June 1920

and on the same page the following in the handwriting of Mrs. Conrad.

In adding this book to your collection, dear Mr. Keating, I am passing on a treasure but I feel you will not fail to appreciate the fact, that it is not only because of the price you pay me in money, but because of your interest displayed in the author's son, an interest as great as it was disinterested. *As always,*
Jessie Conrad

[135] THE RESCUE

ORIGINAL FIRST PROOFSHEETS

Set up from copies of *Land and Water* that had been revised for book publication.

45 royal folio sheets, and original typescript six quarto sheets. With hand-lettered title-page bound in royal folio volume, full crushed levant.

Original proof-sheets with almost countless deletions and corrections, the text being so much changed that it is in some cases necessary to insert portions of typewritten pages. The latter portion is entirely in typescript also heavily corrected in the autograph of the author. With the following inscription on the verso of last proofsheet.

Preserved on purpose to be given to Richard Curle—affectionately, Joseph Conrad

With the autograph inscription reproduced on p. 299 on the verso of the hand-lettered title-page.

The whole of the corrections on these slips printed from the text as published in Land Water are in my handwriting with the exception of pp 5, 6, 10, 11, (part) — 13 to 16, part of 46, 47 to 50, part of 126, part of 141, part of 144, 145 to 154, part of 155, and also pp 5 & 6 of the typescript at the end —

which were dictated by me to my secretary, Miss E Hallowes and are in her handwriting

Joseph Conrad.

A most fascinating volume, showing the minute care with which Conrad corrected his work; a veritable sculptor of words.

[136] THE RESCUE
In *Land and Water.*
Original wrappers. London, January 30 to July 31, 1919.
First appearance in print.
The first number—January 30, 1919—contains the author's bold signature:

Joseph Conrad
1919

[137] NOTES ON LIFE AND LETTERS

8vo, original light green cloth, uncut. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1921.

First edition.

One of thirty-three copies issued in light green cloth for private distribution.

On the reverse of title "Privately Printed, 1921."

The first blank leaf contains the author's full signature, *Joseph Conrad* and on the same page the following initialed inscription:

"... *claim that indulgence to which all sinners against themselves are entitled.*" (*preface ix*) *J. C.*

On the title-page Conrad has written the following inscription:

For long my intention was to keep back these occasional contributions to make up a posthumus vol. But on advice of a friend and on reflection I decided to issue them in a book at once; and there was nothing in its reception to make me regret my change of mind.

J. Conrad

In this issue, which appeared on February 25, 1921, the same mistake occurs on page xi in the Table of Contents, the eighth heading lacking the "s" and the "a" in the word "sea" as it does in the first issue of the first regular published edition.

[138] NOTES ON LIFE AND LETTERS

8vo, original cloth, uncut. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1921.

First edition.

One of thirty-three copies issued in light green cloth for private distribution.

On the reverse of the title "Privately Printed, 1921."

PRESENTATION COPY TO MRS. JESSIE CONRAD

The first blank leaf contains the following inscription in the handwriting of the author:

Dear Jessie's Copy
Febr.
Ajaccio

and on the same page the following inscription in the handwriting of Mrs. Conrad:

13.9.28

I well remember the day this book arrived in Corsica and my successful efforts to hide it away as soon as it was signed. I even went so far as to post it home to England. This caused quite a trouble at the time. *Sincerely yours,*

Jessie Conrad

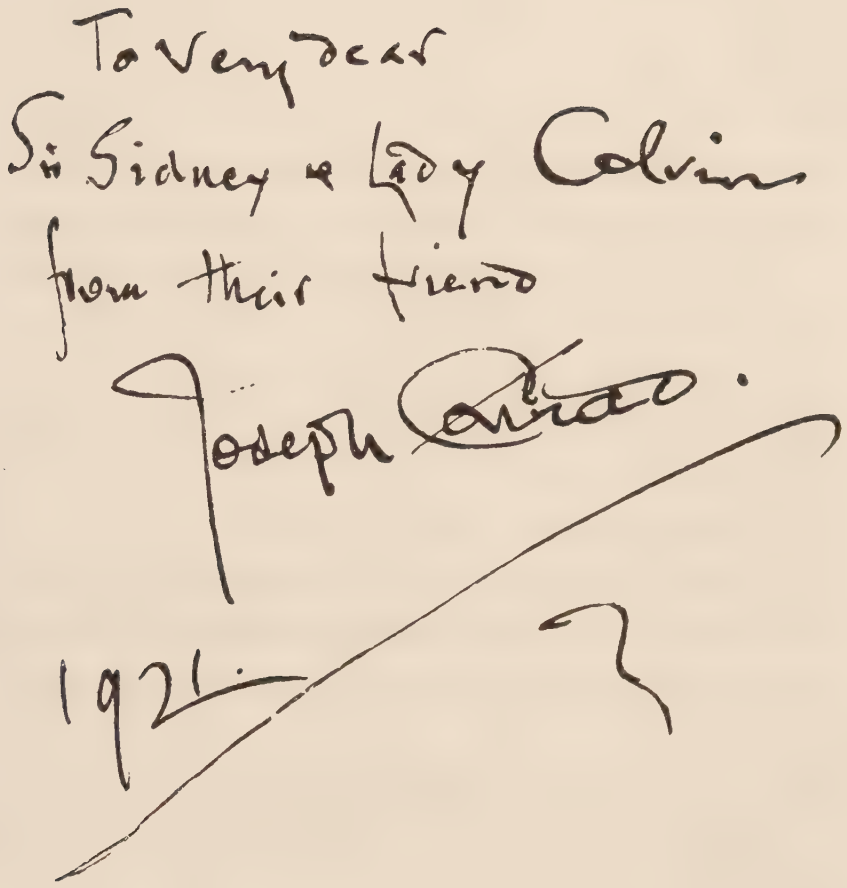
[138A] NOTES ON LIFE AND LETTERS

12mo, original dark green cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1921.

First published edition.

First issue, with the mistake in the table of contents, page xi, the eighth heading lacking the "s" and "a" of the word "sea."

PRESENTATION COPY. Inscription on the flyleaf: reproduced on p. 303.


To Very dear
Sir Sidney & Lady Colvin
from their friend
Joseph Conrad.
1921.

[139] NOTES ON LIFE AND LETTERS

12mo, original dark green cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1921.

First published edition.

Second issue, with the letters "s" and "a" put in by the hand press on page xi.

With the following autograph inscription by the author:

For Richard Curle.
This is the second issue of the 1st Edition.
Joseph Conrad

[140] NOTES ON LIFE AND LETTERS

12mo, original dark green cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1921.

First published edition.

Third issue, with contents on page xi entirely reprinted.

On the first blank leaf the following inscription by the author:

"I never pretended to be better than the people in the next street—or even in the same street." (preface p. vi.) *Joseph Conrad*

[141] NOTES ON LIFE AND LETTERS

12mo, original dark blue cloth. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1921.

First American edition.

On the first blank leaf Conrad has written:

Oswalds.
Joseph Conrad
1924

This edition was published on April 29, 1921.

[142] HENRY JAMES

AN APPRECIATION

12mo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for private circulation, 1919.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies privately printed for Thomas J. Wise.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

The author has written the following inscription on the title-page:

". . . *Mr. Henry James, great artist and a faithful historian, never attempts the impossible.*" *J. C.*

This essay appeared in the *North American Review*, January, 1905, and April, 1916, and was included in *Notes on Life and Letters.*

[143] HENRY JAMES

THE ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT

Consisting of twenty-two quarto pages entirely in the author's handwriting.

The manuscript contains some deletions and corrections, but for a Conrad manuscript is singularly free from changes and agrees very closely with the printed text.

Bound, together with a typewritten transcript of the essay, in full blue levant.

Inlaid under the front cover is a sepia portrait of Conrad inscribed by the author:

". . . *But the fair truth of human delicacy can be found in Mr. Henry James' novels.*" *J. Conrad*

The critical faculty hesitates before the magnitude of Mr Henry James' work. His books stand on my shelves in a place ~~[illegible]~~ whose accessibility proclaims the ~~[illegible]~~ habit of frequent communion. But not all his books. There is no collected edition to date such as some of "our masters" have been provided with; no neat row of volumes in buckram or half-calf putting forth a hasty claim to completeness and conveying to my mind a hint of finality, of a surrender to fate of that field in which all these victories have been won. Nothing of the sort had been done for Mr Henry James' ~~[illegible]~~ victories in this country. In a world such as ours, so ~~[illegible]~~ painful with all sorts of wonders, one would not ~~waste~~ exhaust oneself in barren marvelling over mere bindings had not the fact, or rather the absence of the

[144] ALPHONSE DAUDET

Square 8vo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for Joseph Conrad, 1920.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies printed for the author, of which this is No. 11.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

With the following inscription in the handwriting of the author on the half-title:

"It is sweet to talk decorously of the dead who are part of our past, our indisputable possession." *J. C.*

This essay first appeared in the *Outlook*, April 9, 1898, and was included in *Notes on Life and Letters.*

[145] YVETTE AND OTHER STORIES

By Guy de Maupassant. Translated by A. G.

With a Preface by Joseph Conrad.

12mo, original green buckram. London: Duckworth & Co., 1904.

First edition.

With the following autograph inscription by the author:

The Preface was written at the request of Mrs. Galsworthy. *Joseph Conrad*

Mrs. Galsworthy was the translator of this collection. Conrad's Preface was separately issued in a privately printed pamphlet (No. 147), and included in *Notes on Life and Letters.* This was the first book for which Conrad wrote a Preface.

[146] MADEMOISELLE FIFI

By Guy de Maupassant. Translated by Mrs. John Galsworthy. With a Preface by Joseph Conrad.

16mo, the title printed on the front cover, original paper wrappers. Boston: The Four Seas Company, 1919.

First American edition of this translation.

The first blank leaf is autographed: *Joseph Conrad.*

The preface is the same as that of No. 145.

[147] GUY DE MAUPASSANT

12mo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for private circulation, 1919.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies privately printed for Thomas J. Wise.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

The author has written the following inscription on the title-page:

". . . *And he stoops to no littleness in his art—least of all to the miserable vanity of a catching phrase.*" (*concluding words*) *J. C.*

Laid in is the preface to *Yvette—A Novelette and Ten Other Stories*, extracted from the fourth American edition published by Knopf in 1919. The title-page is signed in full, *Joseph Conrad 1919*, and the reverse of this page is inscribed, *The most accomplished of narrators—J. C.* Conrad has also initialed the end of the article.

This essay was first printed as the Introduction to *Yvette and Other Stories* by De Maupassant, issued in 1914 (No. 145) and included in *Notes on Life and Letters.*

[148] ANATOLE FRANCE

Square 8vo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for Joseph Conrad, 1919.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies privately printed for the author. This is No. 15.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

This essay first appeared in the *Speaker*, July 16, 1904, and was included in *Notes on Life and Letters.*

[149] ANATOLE FRANCE

THE ORIGINAL TYPESCRIPT

This typescript is written on twelve pages, quarto. It was dictated by Conrad to the machine, but is the first and only draft. It is copiously corrected by the author, and more than half of the last page is entirely in his autograph.

[150] ANATOLE FRANCE

L'ILE DES PINGOUINS

Square 8vo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for Joseph Conrad, 1920.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies printed for the author, of which this is No. 11.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*
This article first appeared in the first number of the *English Review*, December, 1908 (see No. 93), and was included in *Notes on Life and Letters.*

[151] TURGENEV
A Study by Edward Garnett.
With a Foreword by Joseph Conrad.
12mo, original cloth. London: W. Collins Sons & Co., 1917.
First edition.
With the following autograph inscription by the author:

1928, October
In a conversation with Conrad in the first days of 1918, he said to me apropos of this book and of Turgenev's life, "Well! this is the end, absolutely, of the society and culture Turgenev has chronicled in his novels." Conrad foresaw much clearer than I did all the implications of the Bolshevik revolution in November, 1917, which he had prophesied in the essay "Autocracy and War" written in 1905. *Edward Garnett*

On the opposite page in bold writing the inscription:

Oswalds
Joseph Conrad
1924

This is the first appearance of this Preface. It was collected in *Notes on Life and Letters* in 1921.

[152] STEPHEN CRANE
A NOTE WITHOUT DATES
In the *London Mercury.*
4to, original wrappers. London, December, 1919.
First appearance in print.

The first page of the article is initialed by the author, *J. C* and the end of the article is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*
This essay was included in *Notes on Life and Letters.*

[153] STEPHEN CRANE

A NOTE WITHOUT DATES

ORIGINAL TYPESCRIPT OF THIS ESSAY.

Typewritten on one side of four quarto sheets, in a levant slip case. A very interesting Conrad and Crane item. The essay consists of about nine hundred words. A number of words have ink lines drawn through them and the manuscript is emendated by the insertion of forty-seven words in Conrad's autograph. The essay is signed with initials *J.C.* and the title *Stephen Crane. A Note without Dates* is written in the autograph of Conrad.
Conrad makes mention of this paper in his Introduction to Thomas Beer's *Stephen Crane.*

[154] TALES OF THE SEA

Square 8vo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for Joseph Conrad, 1919.
First edition.
Limited to twenty-five copies privately printed for the author, of which this is No. 16.
The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*
The half-title further contains the following inscription:

"... *To this writer of the sea, the sea was not an element. It was a stage where was displayed an exhibition of valour, and such success as the world is not likely to see again.*"
J. C.

This essay first appeared in the *Outlook*, June 4, 1898, and was included in *Notes on Life and Letters.*

[155] AN OBSERVER IN MALAY

Square 8vo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Privately printed for Joseph Conrad, 1919.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies printed for the author, of which this is No. 15.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

The balance of the half-title page is occupied by the following autograph note:

It is when dealing with the aspects of nature that Mr. Clifford is most convincing. He looks upon them lovingly, for the land is "very dear to him," and he records his cherished impressions so that the forest, the great flood, the jungle, the rapid river, and the menacing rock dwell in the memory of the reader long after the book is closed. *J. C.*

This article first appeared in the *Academy*, April 23, 1898, and was included in *Notes on Life and Letters.*

[156] BOOKS

Square 8vo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for Joseph Conrad, 1920.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies printed for the author, of which this is No. 8.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

With the following inscription also on the half-title:

"Of all the inanimate objects, of all men's creation, books are the nearest to us, for they contain our very thought, our ambitions, our indignations, our illusions, our fidelity to truth, and our persistent leaning towards error." *J. C.*

This essay first appeared in the *Speaker*, July 15, 1905, and was included in *Notes on Life and Letters.*

[157] AUTOCRACY AND WAR

12mo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for private circulation, 1919.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies privately printed for Thomas J. Wise.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

The inscribed title-page is reproduced on p. 314.

The essay first appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, July, 1905; and was included in *Notes on Life and Letters.*

[158] POLAND: THE CRIME OF PARTITION

In the *Fortnightly Review.*

Original wrappers. London: May, 1919.

First appearance in print of this article.

It was afterwards included in *Notes on Life and Letters* under the title, "The Crime of Partition."

The first page of the essay is signed in full, *Joseph Conrad*, and at the end Conrad has signed his initials *J. C.*

[159] POLAND: THE CRIME OF PARTITION

In *Collier's Weekly.*

New York, June 14, 1919.

AUTOCRACY AND WAR

written in the year 1905.

BY

JOSEPH CONRAD

"...Le prussianisme — voilà l'ennemi!"

(concluding words) J. C.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION
1919

First appearance in print in America.

The beginning of the article is signed and dated *Joseph Conrad, 1919* and contains Conrad's initials, *J. C.* in three different places.

[160] THE POLISH QUESTION

A NOTE ON THE JOINT PROTECTORATE OF THE WESTERN POWERS IN RUSSIA

Small 4to, original wrappers, uncut. London: Privately printed by Clement Shorter, March 1919.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies, of which this is No. 19, and signed by Clement Shorter.

The first page of the article is autographed in full: *Joseph Conrad —1919.*

The first blank leaf contains the following note in the handwriting of the author:

At the date I wrote this paper at the request of a friend, the Russian Revolution was still in the future—and the scheme itself had to recognize the European situation of the day.

Joseph Conrad

and his initials at the end: *J.C.*

This is the first and only separate printing of this essay, later included in *Notes on Life and Letters* under the title "A Note on the Polish Problem." It was written in 1916.

[161] POLAND REVISITED

In *The Book of the Homeless.*

With illustrations, many in colour. 4to, boards. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1916.

First edition.

The four essays listed here as Nos. 163, 164, 165 and 166 are first printed in book form in this volume and appear on pp. 71-97 under the general title "Poland Revisited," the separate titles of the four essays being dropped.

The first page contains the following inscription.

My contribution to this vol: the Polish Journey had appeared first in the Daily News for Mch. 29–31, Ap. 6 and Ap. 9, 1915. *Joseph Conrad*

[162] POLAND REVISITED

THE ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT

Written on 79 pages, folio and small quarto. The manuscript is signed in full, and was written for and published in *The Book of the Homeless*, compiled by Mrs. Wharton for the Benefit of American Hostels for Refugees and the Children of Flanders Rescue Committee.

Included with this manuscript are the following autograph manuscripts, which also appear in the printed book:

Barrès, Maurice, original autograph manuscript written on 5 pages, folio, and signed in full.

More, Paul Elmer, original autograph manuscript of "A Moment of Tragic Purgation," written on 10 pages, quarto.

Yeats, W. B., original autograph manuscript poem, "A Reason for Keeping Silent," one stanza of six lines, signed.

Laid in is the certification on the stationery of the American Embassy at Vienna that Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski, his wife Jessie, one servant, and two sons Borys and John are subjects of Great Britain and asking that the public officers offer every

possible convenience to him so that he may go his way unrestricted and safe. Signed by Frederic C. Penfield, "Ambassador of the United States of America, at present asked to take care of the interests of the government of His Majesty of Great Britain."

Without the assistance of Ambassador Penfield, Conrad would have been interned in Vienna for the duration of the war.

Conrad dedicated *The Rescue* to Ambassador Penfield, the dedication reading:

TO

FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD

LAST AMBASSADOR OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA TO THE LATE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE, THIS OLD-TIME TALE IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED IN MEMORY OF THE RESCUE OF CERTAIN DISTRESSED TRAVELLERS EFFECTED BY HIM IN THE WORLD'S GREAT STORM OF THE YEAR

1914

Under the great seal of the United States of America, Conrad has written out his Polish signature: *Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski.*

[163] THE SHOCK OF WAR

THROUGH GERMANY TO CRACOW

12mo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for private circulation, 1919.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies privately printed for Thomas J. Wise.

The half-title is signed in full, *Joseph Conrad.*

On the title-page occurs the following inscription:

". . . For when a fruit ripens on a branch it must fall. There is nothing on earth that can prevent it." *J. C.*

This article was previously printed in the *Daily News* on March 29, 1915, and later included in *Notes on Life and Letters*, under its original and inclusive title "Poland Revisited."

[164] TO POLAND IN WAR TIME

A JOURNEY INTO THE EAST

12mo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for private circulation, 1919.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies privately printed for Thomas J. Wise.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

The author has written the following inscription on the title-page:

"I had not been half an hour in London before I had run my head against an Act of Parliament! What a hopeless adventure!" *J. C.*

Previously printed in the *Daily News* on March 31, 1915, and later included in *Notes on Life and Letters* under its original and inclusive title "Poland Revisited."

[165] THE NORTH SEA ON THE EVE OF WAR

12mo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for private circulation, 1919.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies privately printed for Thomas J. Wise.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

The author has written the following inscription on the title-page:

". . . *But I had observed long before that German genius has a hypnotizing power over half-baked souls and half-lighted minds.*" *J. C.*

This article first appeared in the *Daily News* on April 6, 1915, and was later included in *Notes on Life and Letters* under its original and inclusive title, "Poland Revisited."

[166] MY RETURN TO CRACOW

12mo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for private circulation, 1919.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies privately printed for Thomas J. Wise.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

The author has written the following inscription on the title-page:

". . . *The air round me was all piety, resignation, and silence.*" (*p. 13*) *J. C.*

Previously printed in the *Daily News* on April 9, 1915, and later included in *Notes on Life and Letters* under its original and inclusive title, "Poland Revisited."

[167] THE FIRST NEWS

Small 4to, original wrappers, uncut. London: Privately printed for Clement Shorter, August, 1918.

First edition.

Edition limited to twenty-five copies.

The title-page bears the following inscription in Conrad's handwriting:

". . . *have been inspired.*" [The last words of the story.]
1919 *Joseph Conrad*

and his initials at the end: *J. C.*

The recto of the title-page contains the following note by the editor:

This little book contains an essay by Joseph Conrad which first appeared in Réveille, No. 1, August, 1918. It is issued here in an edition of twenty-five copies by kind permission of the author for private distribution among my friends.

The essay describes the reception in Cracow of the first tidings of the outbreak of the Great War.

This essay was included in *Notes on Life and Letters.*

[168] THE FIRST NEWS

In *Réveille.* Edited by John Galsworthy. No. 1, London: August, 1918.

The title-page of the article contains Conrad's full signature: *Joseph Conrad.*

[169] WELL DONE

Small 4to, hand-made paper, original wrappers, uncut. London: Privately printed for Clement Shorter, September, 1918.

First edition.

Edition limited to twenty-five copies, signed with the initials of Clement Shorter, the editor. This is No. 3.

The title-page contains the following inscription:

". . . *the supreme 'Well Done!'* " [The last words of the story.]
Joseph Conrad
1919

and his initials at the end: *J. C.*

The reverse of the half-title page contains the following note by the editor:

This little book contains three papers by Joseph Conrad, first contributed to the "Daily Chronicle" of August 22nd, 23rd and 24th, 1918. They are issued here in an edition of 25 copies for private distribution among my friends.

These essays were included in *Notes on Life and Letters.*

[170] WELL DONE

In the *Living Age.*

Volume XII, Eighth Series. Boston, October 19, 1918.

First appearance of this essay in America.

The author has written his full signature, *Joseph Conrad*, at the beginning of the article.

[171] TRADITION

12mo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for private circulation, 1919.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies privately printed for Thomas J. Wise.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

The author has written the following on the title-page:

". . . *the same men, the same stout hearts, the same fidelity to an exacting tradition created by simple toilers, who in their time knew how to live and die at sea.*"
(*p.* 12) *J. C.*

Laid in is a letter from Conrad to me under date of May 6, 1924, referring to this essay.

This article appeared first in the *Daily Mail* March 8, 1918, and was later included in *Notes on Life and Letters.*

[172] CONFIDENCE

Square 8vo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for Joseph Conrad, 1920.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies printed for the author, of which this is No. 14.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

With the following inscription on the title-page:

". . . *My confidence rests on the hearts of men who do not change.*" *J. Conrad*

This article first appeared in the "Golden Peace" number of the *Daily Mail*, June 30, 1919, and was included in *Notes on Life and Letters.*

[173] SOME REFLECTIONS SEAMANLIKE AND OTHERWISE ON THE LOSS OF THE TITANIC

12mo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for private circulation, 1919.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies privately printed for Thomas J. Wise.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

The author has written the following on the title-page:

". . . *Something would have been hurt, but it would not have been the iceberg.*" (*p. 23*) *J. C.*

This article was first printed in the *English Review*, May, 1912 (No. 174), and later included in *Notes on Life and Letters* under the title "Some Reflections on the Loss of the Titanic."

[174] SOME REFLECTIONS, SEAMANLIKE AND OTHERWISE, ON THE LOSS OF THE TITANIC

In the *English Review.*

Original wrappers. London, May, 1912.

First appearance in print of this article.

The title-page is inscribed:

Joseph Conrad
Signed in 1919

and the end of the article is initialed: *J. C.*

[175] SOME ASPECTS OF THE ADMIRABLE INQUIRY INTO THE LOSS OF THE TITANIC

12mo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for private circulation, 1919.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies privately printed for Thomas J. Wise.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*
The author has written the following inscription on the title-page:

"One lives and learns and hears very surprising things—things that one hardly knows how to take, whether seriously or jocularly? How to meet—with indignation or with contempt? . . ." (pp. 23–4) *J. C.*

This essay was first printed in the *English Review*, July, 1912, under the title "Some Aspects of the Admirable Inquiry" (No. 176) and later included in *Notes on Life and Letters* under the title "Certain Aspects of the Admirable Inquiry into the Loss of the Titanic."

[176] SOME ASPECTS OF THE ADMIRABLE INQUIRY
In the *English Review.*
Original wrappers. London, July, 1912.
First appearance in print of this article.
The title-page of the article is inscribed:

Joseph Conrad
Signed in 1919

and the author's initials, *J. C.,* at the end.

[177] THE LESSON OF THE COLLISION
A MONOGRAPH UPON THE LOSS OF THE *Empress of Ireland.*
Square 8vo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for Joseph Conrad, 1919.
First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies privately printed for the author, of which this is No. 14.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

Under the half-title occurs the comment in the handwriting of the author:

"I have been involved in a collision myself." *J..C.*

This article first appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, June 6, 1914, and was included in *Notes on Life and Letters* under the title "Protection of Ocean Liners."

In this final form of the essay there is included on pp. 344-349 of the first edition of *Notes on Life and Letters*, Conrad's letter to the Editor of the *Daily Express* printed in their issue of June 10, 1914, under the heading "Protect the Ocean Liners." This is also the case in all subsequent English and American editions of *Notes on Life and Letters.*

THE ROVER

JOSEPH CONRAD did me the everlasting honour of dedicating to me the last of the books to which he was able to put the finishing touch. Excepting his first novel, *Almayer's Folly,* which he dedicated to the memory of his maternal uncle, Thaddeus Bobrowski (his affectionate guardian, who had just died), this is the only one among his books of which the dedication page bears a name that is not English. Fate willed it that a Frenchman should receive this splendid and sad privilege and become, a few years later, the writer of the extraordinary and noble life of the great novelist whom Poland presented to England and the world.

Joseph Conrad's last two books, *The Rover* and *Suspense,* are set on that Mediterranean horizon which witnessed the first adventures of the author's youth. The cycle of his works closes among French landscapes and persons, just as his English seafaring career, after starting in France, also ended in France. It seems that by a special provision of Destiny this great mind was to be brought back to the scene of his first achievements at the moment when he was about to leave the world.

A Frenchman is able to wonder, better perhaps than any other reader, that Joseph Conrad should have been capable of assimilating not only the various aspects of France and the particular traits of her people, but also the atmosphere of her past

history down to the minutest shades and the most subtle sentiments. *The Rover* bears witness to this in a wonderful manner.

At the end of the spring of 1920, Joseph Conrad, who had just then published *The Rescue*, which he had started twenty years earlier, and evolved a drama from his novel, *The Secret Agent,* commenced another work, the subject matter of which he had been considering for nearly thirteen years and in which he proposed to depict the state of uncertainty, expectation, anxiety and wonderment which prevailed round the western basin of the Mediterranean at the time when Napoleon was in the island of Elba. Although he had been giving his thoughts to it for a long time, it was only with the greatest difficulty that this novel assumed shape. He thought that getting nearer to the actual scene of his story might possibly afford him some help. He travelled through France in a motor car, by slow stages, at the end of January, 1921, and settled down in Corsica, at Ajaccio, where he spent the months of February and March.

The immediate result of this journey gave him little satisfaction: indifferent health, fatigue, nervousness, all conspired to render his task impossible. However, the public library of Ajaccio supplied him with books which—I drew up a list myself—had reference to the Napoleonic period.

On his return to England, at the beginning of April, he was not in any better frame of mind, and finding himself

incapable of maturing the subject of *Suspense,* he yielded to his publishers' solicitations who urged him to collect a few stories which had come out in reviews and had not yet been published in book form. It was found necessary to write one to make a volume of the usual length. He at once set to work. The story was to cover about one hundred pages, but in the course of execution, the subject developed and the story became a novel, *The Rover.* The same thing had happened twenty years before in the case of *Lord Jim* which, at first, was to be a short story only.

There can be no doubt that the choice of a French setting and characters was influenced by the sojourn which Conrad had just made in France and in Corsica a few months earlier. During nearly three months, he had been living in a French atmosphere and had had opportunities to speak and read French, with which he was familiar. Furthermore his whole mind, for over a year, was completely turned towards that part of Europe included between the Provence coast, Corsica, the island of Elba and the Gulf of Genoa. It may be said that *The Rover* was an offshoot of *Suspense,* as "Karain" had been an offshoot of *The Rescue* and "Gaspar Ruiz" of *Nostromo.*

The period of this novel may not be exactly the same as that of *Suspense,* but the difference cannot be more than about fifteen years, and it should be observed that, although the Elba phase, in Napoleon's life, was that to which he had specially attached himself, he had nevertheless, in the course of the

preceding months, read many a book on the life and work of Napoleon generally. Besides, these had been familiar to him ever since his childhood, owing to the personal reminiscences of both his grandfathers and of his uncle Nicolas, who, all three, had been Polish officers in the armies of the First Empire.

Imbued, as Joseph Conrad was, with affectionate sentiments toward both England and France and admirably acquainted with their naval history, that is to say their naval rivalry, it is but natural that the period of the Toulon blockade should have appealed to him more than any other.

The naval rivalry between France and England was a topic to which Conrad referred with pleasure in the course of his conversations. He felt impassioned about it, not so much on account of the results it led to, as because of the spirit it reflected and the way in which, in the course of centuries, the temper, aptitudes, qualities and shortcomings of the two nations were brought out.

I recollect having had with Joseph Conrad many conversations, in the course of which the great novelist took up the theme and emphasized the superiority of the French in matters of naval construction in the days of sailing vessels. This view will be found expressed in several passages of *The Rover*. I cannot forget also the complacency with which Conrad pointed out that among the different nations of Europe that, since the Fifteenth Century, had had navies, France and England were the only ones that had succeeded in giving to

military navigation a true "naval spirit," which had inspired not only naval officers and their crews, but also ministers and kings, and had been capable of making of the navy not merely the support of "discoverers," "conquistadors," or traders, but the very vehicle of the greatness and moral nobleness of the State.

It is indubitable also that Conrad perceived in an episode of this Anglo-French rivalry an opportunity to pay homage, both true and discreet, to France and the French, for whom he had been inspired with feelings of affection by his father in Poland. Besides, it was to them that, at a later date, he owed his first instruction in seafaring and impressions of the sea, and his affinities with the French were deep.

If this story, which takes place at a particularly critical moment of Anglo-French rivalry, between the siege of Toulon and the battle of Trafalgar, enabled Conrad to express his sympathy for both the rival nations, it also afforded him, by reason of subtle associations, an opportunity to make more secret and personal confessions.

When at the beginning of 1921 he again saw Marseilles, the coast of Provence, and the Mediterranean, that is to say the very scene of his first adventures as a young man and seafarer, a flood of reminiscences could not but come to his mind and make him feel how far away were those days, free from cares and full of enthusiasm. Nearly fifty years had passed by since then—fifty years of extreme labour, material difficulties,

perilous voyages, lonely sojourns, and struggles of all kinds. At that time, Conrad felt a great physical and moral lassitude; the idea of the uselessness of struggling, at times, forcibly penetrated his mind and increased his native melancholy.

Next year, when Conrad sent me the proofs of *The Rover,* I was struck by the fact that *for the first time in all his works* the principal character appeared in the form of *a sailor who longs for rest, who no longer wishes to sail.* A few months later I could not help pointing out this unexpected new strain, which was somewhat disquieting to those who knew and loved Conrad—however little influenced they may have been by presages. In an article in *La Revue de Paris* I called attention to this new aspect of Conradian philosophy. It is this frame of mind peculiar to this particular phase of Conrad's life that gave birth to the principal character, Jean Peyrol, who, however, was also born of the recollection of the man who exercised on Conrad's youth the most powerful and durable influence, Dominic Cervoni, the mate of the *Saint-Antoine* of Marseilles, on which he had known him in 1876. This Corsican sailor had taught him the art of seafaring and revealed to him some aspects of eternal wisdom. It was Dominic Cervoni, whose memory Conrad evoked directly and under his real name in *The Mirror of the Sea* and *The Arrow of Gold,* and whose figure and character he transposed in the persons of Tom Lingard of *The Rescue,* of Nostromo in the novel of the same name, and of Attilio in *Suspense*—that Dominic Cervoni, always master of himself, always ready to run

risks, though wisely disdaining officials and open to all the simplest and most generous human sentiments. Conrad did not know Dominic Cervoni at the age he gives here to Peyrol. Peyrol, in the novelist's mind, was born of an imaginary vision of Dominic who has become old and of the feeling of his own old age. All this is transferred to a period preceding that of their two actual existences.

The power of remembrance, which is always so vivid in Conrad's works, is further shown in the creation of another character in *The Rover:* Scevola. There Conrad only pushed back to the period of the Revolution a real man with whom he had been in touch at Marseilles in 1876 and who appears in *The Arrow of Gold* under the name of Ortega. Scevola and Ortega are obviously the same person at two different periods, possessed of the same features, the same mixture of weakness and violence, of patience and anger, and the same jealousy where the part of love is not easily observed.

It may possibly be noticed that the author gave Scevola the name of "Bron" as his surname, which is precisely Rosanette's name, one of the principal characters in Flaubert's *l'Education Sentimentale*, a book for which Conrad had a very special predilection. And yet this is only a simple coincidence; it had entirely escaped Joseph Conrad's attention, when shortly after the publication of the book I pointed it out to him.

If these two characters and the general trend of the book can be attributed to certain sentiments and certain reminis-

cences of the author, it is, on the other hand, very difficult to show how Conrad was able to depict with so much accuracy the places where all this story is unfolded.

On his return from Corsica at the beginning of April, 1921, he made in a motor car the journey from Nice to Toulon and spent a night in the latter town. He was no doubt able during this rapid journey to form an idea of the particular aspects of the surroundings of Hyères and Toulon, the more so as Conrad's vision was extraordinarily swift and keen. However, it does not appear that he ever visited the peninsula of Giens itself, which is the place of the novel. It is quite possible, although it cannot be affirmed, that during his "French life" from 1875 to 1878, Conrad, between two voyages to the West Indies or during the cruising of the *Tremolino*, may have seen from the sea and fairly closely the approaches of the peninsula, the neighbourhood of Porquerolles and the roadstead of Hyères.

In addition to the names Toulon, Hyères, les Salins, Cap Blanc, Cap Cicié, Giens and Porquerolles we find in the book other names of real places like those of Almanarre and La Madrague, which still to-day indicate two points on the coast near Hyères. As to the name of "Escampobar," the farm where the principal protagonists of the novel live, it is only—almost unchanged—the name of Escampobariou, which designates, as in Conrad's story, the summit of the western point of the peninsula of Giens.

A little while ago I decided to go on foot all over the scene of *The Rover*. I took the road which Peyrol followed up to Hyères through the salines, where the grassy ground shows here and there layers of salt and sheets of grey and motionless water. At the present day, as in Peyrol's time, white heaps of salt are seen there covered with red tile roofs along a pebbly and dusty path occasionally sheltered by Scotch firs and plane-trees and thickets of tall reeds. I stopped at Giens, the village in *The Rover*. A priest was crossing the lane near the church to remind me, as it were, of the priest in the novel itself.

Along stony paths overgrown with thick bushes I climbed the steep slopes of Escampobariou, as Peyrol did when he was walking from the tartan to the farm. At the present time, not far from the top, a signboard may be seen bearing this warning notice:

Escampo Path. Military ground. No admission.
Spying Act, Art. 7.

I was holding in my hand an ordnance map and a book in a foreign language (the American edition of *The Rover*)—two very compromising documents in a military area. But how could I have resisted the desire to follow Peyrol's footsteps?

From the top of the peninsula, on this sunny April day there could be seen on the horizon the white houses of Toulon beyond a stretch of limpid blue set off in the foreground by the dark heads of the rocks. It was from there that the tragic tartan had sailed and also there that it had returned to bring

back Arlette when a child. All the scenes of the novel were becoming more real than ever on this spot, although the point of Escampobar and all the peninsula of Giens together are not so bare and are greener than described by Conrad. This is in fact the only inaccuracy in the book which is otherwise so true, historically and psychologically, in evoking the French atmosphere of a period particularly difficult for a foreigner to understand.

I was mechanically looking on the hill for the big mulberry tree under which Peyrol used to sleep and the hanging fir tree from which the rover and Lieutenant Réal were watching the *Amelia*. When I looked round I could see the roadstead of Hyères. A French cruiser, *Jeanne d'Arc*, was there, riding at anchor. The next day I was received on board by the officers, and throughout the day we exchanged expressions of enthusiasm for Conrad and his works. From the deck of the man-of-war I could discover the whole shore, the islands and the sea, such as they presented themselves to Captain Vincent on board the English sloop. I was able to take a position at each of the places of the dramatic action of the story, and to put myself in the place of each of its characters.

From the top of Escampobar I observed La Passe and the spot from which the *Amelia* had sent her boats. Along a narrow lane, where the stones were rolling under my feet, I walked down toward a creek, no doubt the very creek where Symons, tottering and with his head bandaged, had embarked. A very

light surf was gently beating the beach with barely a murmur On the water in front of me the leaf of a cork-tree was floating motionless. The open sea extended below a cloudless sky. The sensation of being a long way from everything, far from men, their cares and their futile but unavoidable agitation, was perfect, and everything explained to me why Peyrol came to seek in such a corner of the earth that rest which he only found quite near by at the bottom of the deep.

G. JEAN-AUBRY

[178] THE ROVER

8vo, original decorative vellum boards, gilt, gilt top, uncut, original dust wrappers. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1923.

First edition.

Large paper issue, limited to 377 copies, of which this is No. 252, signed by the author: *Joseph Conrad.*

This edition was published on November 30, 1923, four days in advance of the first English edition.

The second blank fly leaf contains the following inscription by the author:

The Rover

MS finished August, 1922.
Serialized in "The Pictorial Review" in U.S.A. in 1923. First published in America and England in book form, on 3rd December, 1923. *J. C.*

There is next inserted one quarto page of original holograph manuscript of the novel titled at the beginning—*The Rover* in Conrad's handwriting.

The half-title page and the full page preceding are occupied by the following inscription entirely in Conrad's handwriting:

"The blue level of the Mediterranean, the charmer and the deceiver of audacious men, kept the secret of its fascination—hugged to its calm breast the victims of all the wars, calamities, and tempests of its history, under the marvellous purity of the sunset sky. A few rosy clouds floated high up over the Esterel range. The breath of the evening breeze came to cool the heated rocks of Escampobar; and the mulberry-tree, the only big tree on the head of the peninsula, standing like a sentinel at the gate of the yard, sighed faintly in a shudder of all its leaves as if regretting the Brother of the Coast, the man of dark deeds, but of large heart, who often at noon-day would lie down to sleep under its shade." *J. Conrad*
End-paragraph written in here for G. T. Keating. Oswalds, 1924.

There is next inserted the original sketch drawn by Conrad of old Peyrol. Mrs. Conrad in her little article "Conrad's Skill as an Artist" gives us its history:

This little sketch was made by Joseph Conrad and was his own conception of his character, old Peyrol. Few of his friends were aware of his habit, or even ability, to portray with a few strokes of his pen or pencil, the image of some being conceived in his own mind. I came upon him one day towards the end of his work on *The Rover* sitting quietly back in his favourite big arm-chair, and with a tender smile on his face, a smile I had grown accustomed to know portended some thought or inspiration he had captured to his entire satisfaction. Sometimes that capture would be too fleeting for him to give expression to in words and I would not venture to obtrude my interest, by a word or even a look. This time he looked up quickly and then pushed towards me an old envelope, in the corner of which appeared a small sketch in ink, not yet dry. Only a face, the face of an old "shell-back," as he would fondly have called it, weather-beaten and rugged. I took it in my hands and said quickly, "Old Peyrol." My husband was delighted. "Yes! Jess, but I hope they will not want illustrations. I wonder what they would make of it if they do? Some dam' smooth face landlubber I suppose!"

This original drawing and its inscription by Mrs. Conrad are reproduced opposite p. 342.

This little sketch was the one Joseph Conrad made as an illustration for "The Rover" of "Old Peyrol." He had turned the old envelope out of the drawer of his writing-table.
Jessie Conrad

examine Toulon, I shall take a position off Ustian ready to communicate with the vessels which will join me and by this position to be ready to push for Naples should they be gone there or to protect Sicily. I am very uneasy and unwell therefore I cannot write more, God Bless you my Dear Bill and Believe me Ever most faithfully your Oviged Friend

Nelson & Bronte

The French fleet put to Sea from Toulon on Sunday morning the 3rd of March. at 10 O'Clock they were seen Cape Sice bearing N.E. 10 Leagues the Wind at N.E. and they steering with their Lark.

There is also laid in a photographic facsimile of this sketch, endorsed in the handwriting of Jessie Conrad. This was printed for private distribution to a few of Conrad's friends.

Tipped in on the first page is a magnificent Nelson letter announcing the escape of the French fleet. This autograph letter signed consists of four full pages, quarto, and was written aboard the *Victory* April 6, 1805. A page is reproduced on p. 338. This letter is of the greatest historical interest, wherein Lord Nelson announces the escape of the French fleet from Toulon, and his inability to trace the direction they had taken; after having signed the letter he recommences to announce further news he had received of the French movements. This incident led to Nelson's famous dash to the West Indies, whilst Villeneuve in charge of the French returned to Europe and was met off Cape Finisterre by Sir Robert Calder. Nelson writes in great agitation, and was evidently much distressed at his misfortune. He describes the plan he had followed of sending his ships in all directions, searching for news of the enemy:

. . . The Cartel from Barcelona would have informed you of the French Fleets being at sea, and that Mowbray lost sight of them on Sunday night. I shall report their position from the accounts of Capel & Mowbray on the other side. I am, in truth, half dead, but what man can do to find them out shall be done, but I must not make more haste than good speed and leave Sard, Sicily or Naples, for them to take, should I go either to the Eastward or Westward without knowing something more about them. . . . The French Fleet put to sea from Toulon on Sunday, morning, the 31st of March at ten o'clock they were seen Cape Sici bearing No E 10 leagues. . . .

This remarkable holograph letter of Nelson's must have been written "just as Peyrol smiled to his visions and died." Although the incident in history must have been known to Conrad, he did not see this letter until the writer sent it to him in April, 1924. Indeed Conrad himself has written of the genesis of this novel—"The first notion of this story originated in the reading of Napoleon's dispatch to the Admiral commanding in Toulon in 1804. . . . "—inscription in Mr. T. J. Wise's copy.

Laid in is a 2p. letter of Conrad to the writer dated May 29, 1924, referring to *The Rover* and saying in part: "Many thanks for letting me have a view of the Nelson letter, which is most interesting. I appreciate very much your taking the risk of loss in order to give me that great pleasure."

There are inserted, in their proper places in the text, the original coloured illustrations by Mead Schaeffer, extracted from the *Pictorial Review.*

There is also inserted a 3p. letter signed by Conrad to Edward Garnett, December 4, 1923, giving the "Secret History" of *The Rover.* It reads in part:

> Therefore I gather like a real treasure all the words of commendation you give to Cath., Arlette, and the doctrinaire Real. I gather them the more eagerly because what I most feared in the secret of my heart was an impression of sketchiness. This is perhaps my only work in which brevity was a conscious aim. I don't mean compression. I mean brevity ab initio, in the very conception, in the very manner of thinking about the people and the events. I am glad you find Peyrol captivating; and indeed I am made glad by all the appreciative remarks you make which are much, very much beyond my highest expectations;

though of course, my dear, I won't pretend I did not know that you would be looking for good points and make the most of them; for nothing can be less doubtful to me than your affection and your amazing faculty of comprehension. What you say about the English side of the book,—the fleet, the Vincent scenes etc.—shows how you do marvelously respond to the slightest shades, the faintest flavours, the simplest indications of sentiment underlying the action. My dear Edward, it is good to write while there is a reader like you about.

And of course your critical ability, that very sensitiveness in response, has made you put your finger on the weak spot. I can honestly say that I did see it myself but not so clearly as since I have read your letter. You were not likely to miss Scevola, and, by Jove, now you have uttered the words he does look to me like a bit of a "scarecrow of the Revolution." Yet it was not my intention. It is not the fault of the original conception but the fault of presentation, of the literary treatment. But apart from that, to take him fundamentally—pray look at my difficulty! Postulating that Arlette had to remain untouched, the terrorist that brought her back could have been nothing else than what he is or the book would have had to be altogether different. To me S. is not revolutionary, he is, to be frank about it, a pathological case more than anything else. I won't go into a deeper exposition. Your intelligence will take the hint at once. The situation at Escampobar could not have lasted seven or eight years if S. had been formidable. But he was never formidable except as a creature of mob psychology. Away from the mob he is just a weak-minded creature. As you know there were many like that. I tried to give a hint of it in what Catherine says about him: "the butt of all the girls," "always mooning about," "run away from his home to join the Revolution." He is weak-minded in a way as much as my poor Michel, the man with the dog, whose resigned philosophy was that "somebody must be last." Even amongst terrorists S. was considered a poor creature. But his half-witted soul received the impress of the Revolution which has missed the simple minded Michel altogether. I never intended S. to be a figure of the Revolution. As a matter of fact if there is a child of the Revolution there at all, it is Real, with his austere and pedantic turn of mind and conscience. The defect of Scevola, my dear Edward, is alas in the treatment, which instead of half-pathetic makes him half-grotesque; and no amount of wriggling and explaining will do away with the fact that so far he is a failure. A created figure that requires explaining to Edward Garnett *is* a failure. That is my sincere conviction. But as to a "formidable" Scevola. . . .

Yes, my dear. I know you will believe me when I tell you that I had a momentary vision of quite a great figure worthy of Peyrol; the notion of a struggle

between the two men. But I did deliberately shut my eyes to it. It would have required another canvas. No use talking about it. How long would I have had to wait for that mood?—and the mood of the other was there, more in accord with my temperament, more also with my secret desire to achieve a feat of artistic brevity, once at least, before I died. And on those grounds I believe you will forgive me for having rejected probably a greater thing—or perhaps only a different one.

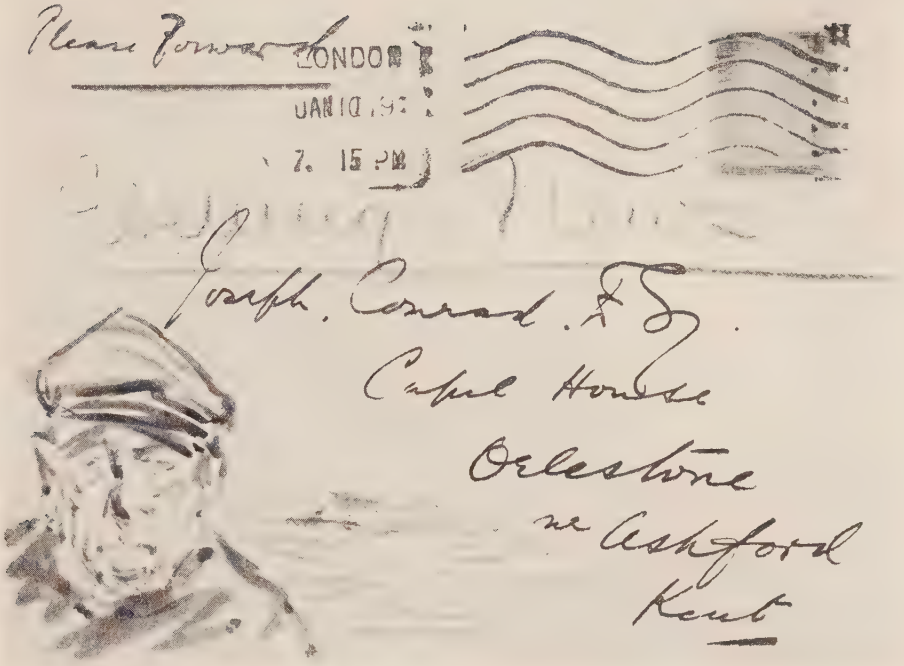
What I regret now is the rejection of a half thought-out scene, four pages or so, between Catherine and Scevola. But when it came to me the development of the story was already marked and the person of Catherine established psychologically as she is now. That scene would have checked the movement and damaged the conception of Catherine. It would have been, and it would have looked, a thing "inserted." I was feeling a little bit heartsick then, too, and anxious also to demonstrate to myself as soon as possible that I could finish a piece of work. So I let it go.

Here you have, my dear Edward, the confession of my weaknesses in connection with the secret history of "The Rover." Had I been writing with pen and ink I would probably come nearer to expressing myself. You can form no idea of how much your letter has eased and comforted me, even physically. It was good of you to have written at once and while (as you say) "heavy with a cold." I hope it isn't the beginning of anything. I hope, too, my dear, that you will be able to let me have a look at you soon. As soon as you like. You know, it won't be really safe for me to come up to town for quite a long time. . . .

The seven last blank leaves in the volume are occupied by the following appreciation of *The Rover* and Conrad written out in the holograph of Christopher Morley:

Roslyn Heights, L. I.
May 18, 1924.

And in the month of January 1924, George Keating wrote asking me to put a postscript in his copy and in the month of May, 1924, I got around to doing it! But my delay was something more than mere procrastination—and the difficulty of writing in such a fat book, where the wrist has to rise several inches above sea-level. . . .I tried once as G. T. K. knows, in the Bookman, *to say a few words about* The Rover: *it was attempted hurriedly, and fell short. It fell short, just as even Conrad, and any writer (I care not who) must fall short in his honorable attempts to fix in parallel lines the disorderly and magically harmonious mystery of life, of human emotion, human ambition, human greed and*



This little sketch was the one Joseph Conrad made as an illustration for 'The Rover' of 'Old Peyrol'. He had turned the old envelope out of the drawer of his writing table.

Jessie Conrad.

courage and despair. But what I love specially in Conrad is that beneath his personal simplicity, fidelity, affectionate and open-hearted mind (wide open to those whom he imagines to be capable of mutual understanding) there is the intuition of the Heart of Darkness, the strange tangle of inward obscurities and revelations through which winds the bright river of Time, or Consciousness, or whatever we call it. I have been newly impressed, lately, with that story of his (in 'Twixt Land and Sea) *called "The Secret Sharer." Whether so intended or not, I see in it an amazingly potent allegory: a fable of the man who, on the eve of undertaking some new and grave responsibility, is suddenly aware of a secret weakness in himself; and who lives in agony through days of apprehension until he is aware that that weakness, that temptation, is finally overboard and away. That story, if you will read it with a double eye, runs very deep into human truth. It is also specially charming because it illustrates very brightly Conrad's particular sense of humor; the capacity to cause sudden contortions of mirth is one that is not always accredited to Conrad: but it is there, as it must be in every writer of universal stature.*

God defend us from being sententious, towing here in a dinghy tied to Conrad's taffrail, and bobbing about in his wake! I do not attempt to rehearse what I said in the Bookman *about* The Rover: *for what has been once said cannot be recalled or repeated. That book, which has been argued about by various commentators, is to me very fascinating because of the* minuteness *of his discerning observation, the perfection of romance and foreboding in the setting, and the sheer capitulation to simplicity in the dénouement. Critics, who are often so pettifoggishly sagacious; who live so little and so thinly, and who yammer so much; have (some of them) decried the conclusion of* The Rover. *Yet I affirm it to be sound and obvious: and life, if given rein is often far more terribly logical than the reviewers are aware. These minor speculations are trifling anyhow. Critics are mostly quite useless: the only critic a man can trust is his own heart, for literature is essentially an individual affair. Even a man like Galsworthy is of small account as a critic: he tells you, for example, that W. H. Hudson writes beautifully. The truth is that Hudson wrote, often, very carelessly: what is valuable is that he* thought *beautifully. Any quick-witted man with a nicety of feeling can write cleverly: but only the Hudsons and the Conrads and people of that sort can* think *beautifully. There is so much bosh and nonsense said about Writing that sometimes one grows weary: these impromptu musings here are probably futile: but I honor Conrad and love him because he is aware of the passionate tenderness and dismay of the human heart; and fortune gave him as a school for thinking, the loneliest and hardest and most urgently inevadable of careers, that of the sailing ship quarter-deck. There the master is alone against reality. There he must be "true to the kindred points" of Heaven and Hell. There, as every artist must, he probably goes a little mad. The human personality—as Shakespeare well knew—does not become subject for great art until it shakes off some of its dogged self-preserving sanity.*

As a curio, I append a snapshot of (I suppose) the only dog in existence called Peyrol! *A lovable, but base-born wistful mongrel—a dog of "dark deeds but of large heart"—who was found by my wife and me roving the highway one day just after we read this book.*

Salaams!

Christopher Morley

There is inserted a photograph of C. M. Jr. and "Peyrol" taken in front of Green Escape (Christopher Morley's home) at Roslyn Heights, L. I.

[179] THE ROVER

12mo, original dark blue cloth. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1923.

First regular edition.

Issued on December 1, 1923, predating the first English edition.

The first blank leaf contains the Author's full signature: *Joseph Conrad.*

[180] THE ROVER

12mo, original dark green cloth. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1923.

First English edition.

With the following autograph inscription on the first blank leaf:

"'Steady!' . . . And with the sound of that familiar English word ringing in his ears Peyrol smiled to his visions and died." (p. 229) 1924. *J. Conrad*

The note inside the wrapper (which is preserved) is Conrad's first composition of its kind, and was written at the request

of the publishers. The note describes the present work, giving the location, time, etc., of the story.

[181] THE ROVER

12mo, original dark green cloth. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1923.

First English edition.

PRESENTATION COPY TO MRS. CONRAD

The first blank leaf is inscribed in Conrad's handwriting:

Dear Jessie's
Copy
December, 1923

The half-title page and the verso thereof contain the following inscription in the handwriting of Mrs. Conrad:

In this, the last book published by Joseph Conrad, I would wish to say how much I hope your collection may contain most, if not all you desire, that has reference to the work of my husband. Certain it is, that you have in your possession things none other can have, for only those you hold were ever in existence. They are papers I have treasured for many years, even more than Conrad himself and only chance assisted me in their preservation. It is a great comfort to me to know that they are all together and are so to remain when I have "passed on." I have great reluctance to part with them and were it not that my memory is exceptionally good and enables me to call every instance to mind, at will, I would find it impossible to let them go.

As always,
Yours sincerely,
Jessie Conrad

[182] THE ROVER

8vo, gilt top, full blue crushed levant, gilt tooled, bound especially for William McFee, by the French Binders of Garden City. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1923.

First edition.

Joseph Conrad

The Rover.

Begun in October 10th 1921. J.C.

After entering at break of day the inner roadstead of the port of Toulon, exchanging several loud hails with one of the guardboats of the fleet which directed him where he was to take up his berth, old Peyrol let go to anchor of his sea worn and battered ship in that part of the rather crowded sheet of water which lies between the arsenal and the town, in full view of the principal quay. The course of his life which in the opinion of any ordinary person might have regarded as full of marvellous incidents (only himself had never marvelled at them)

Another copy of the first edition, which was limited to 377 copies. This is not numbered or signed.
Presented to me by William McFee, who has written in his autograph four full pages of appreciation and analysis of the work.

[183] THE ROVER

A PORTION OF THE ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT

Consisting of nine quarto sheets written in ink on one side, and two sheets in heavily corrected typescript.
This portion of the MS contains the first and last pages of the novel, the former dated October 10, 1921 (reproduced on p. 346) and the latter July 16, 1922. The last page is in typewritten form, but the changes in the author's autograph practically rewrite the entire passage, making it in effect a holograph. The other typewritten sheet is also much corrected. The author's full signature appears on both the first and last pages.

[184] THE ROVER

In the *Pictorial Review.*
Folio, original wrappers, four numbers. New York, September to December, 1923.
First appearance in print of this novel.

[185] THE NATURE OF A CRIME

BY JOSEPH CONRAD AND F. M. HUEFFER

12mo, original red cloth, original dust wrappers. London: Duckworth & Co., 1924.

First edition.

The half-title contains the following inscription by F. M. Hueffer (Ford):

"'The stress of every secret emotion makes for sincerity in the end. Silence is like a dam. When the flood is at its highest the dam gives way.' p. 22. I am sure that the above passage and what follows as far as p. 25, 'a mouse had just come out,' etc., is by Conrad. My mind never worked like that. I could not, for instance, have written 'my only refuge from the tyranny of my desire was in abasement.' On the other hand, I am sure *of my mouse."*

Ford Madox Ford,
New York MCMXXVI

Laid in is the ORIGINAL HOLOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT OF CONRAD'S PREFACE. This consists of four large quarto sheets entirely in the author's handwriting. It is titled "Foreword"—"For the Nature of a Crime." It is dated May 14, 1924. Ford believes this MS the last complete work from Conrad's pen, but there is little doubt that the MS of the special Preface written for *The Shorter Tales of Joseph Conrad*, which volume was published about a month later than *The Nature of a Crime* really post-dated this manuscript. The MS was a gift from the author, and the concluding page contains the following inscription:

Presented to G. T. Keating by his friend, J. Conrad. May 1924

This story originally appeared in the *English Review*, and when Mr. Hueffer wished to reprint it in book form Conrad had quite forgotten he had collaborated in the work. The book contains an Appendix in which Ford analyzes the collaboration of *Romance.*

[186] THE NATURE OF A CRIME

BY JOSEPH CONRAD AND FORD MADOX FORD (F. M. HUEFFER)

12mo, original decorative boards, cloth back, paper labels, uncut, original dust wrappers. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1924.

First American edition

Issued simultaneously with the English edition, September 26, 1924.

With the following inscription on the first blank leaf:

All this took place long ago: most of it in another century during another reign; whilst an earlier but not less haughty and proud generation were passing away.

Ford Madox Ford,
New York, Nov. MCMXXVI

Laid in is the ORIGINAL CORRECTED TYPESCRIPT OF CONRAD'S PREFACE. Typewritten on two quarto pages, heavily corrected by the author. It is titled *The Nature of a Crime* on the first page in Conrad's handwriting, and signed on the first and second pages, *J. Conrad.*

[187] THE NATURE OF A CRIME

In the *English Review.*

Original wrappers, two numbers. London, April and May, 1919.

First appearance in print.

It appeared under the pseudonym "Baron Ignatz von Aschendorf."

Autographed on the title-page of the first number:

Ford Madox Ford (per Hueffer)
New York
December 1927

bearing the same inscription in the second number, and on the front cover of the first number: *Ford Madox Ford.*

SUSPENSE

AT NOWOFASTOV, in Poland, at his country residence where he was in the habit of spending his holidays, Joseph Conrad had the opportunity of meeting one of the last survivors of the Grand Army, an uncle of his on his mother's side. Napoleon's exploits were still capable of calling forth a fervent admiration throughout all Poland. The Emperor had spared a moment in which to raise hopes of liberty to oppressed Poland, and this was good reason in itself for extending to him an everlasting pardon for failing to keep his promises, for forgiving him for all his faults and his fall, and for endowing his memory with the character of a national hero. There was scarcely a single household in all Poland but had given at least one of its sons to Napoleon's legions, which from Portugal as far as the very heart of Russia had given astonished Europe repeated evidence of an incredible power of endurance and a never faltering courage. Descended on both sides from military stock, Joseph Conrad was thus able to store up with the reminiscences of his childhood and early adolescence innumerable stories in which history and the family chronicles were blended, as it were, with the overpowering shadow of Napoleon.

Urged by an irresistible calling, he left Poland when he was sixteen years of age and went to France for the purpose of

following the sea, and one of the very first persons he met at Marseilles was an old sailor who was old enough to have actually seen Napoleon disembarking on the coast of France on his return from Elba. The young man took in greedily all that this old sailor could tell him, so that the island of Elba became for him no longer a mere vague geographical expression. The island was only a few miles from where they were standing, and nearly everybody with whom he came into contact had actually seen it. A few months later, from the deck of a British ship in which he was serving before the mast and which was carrying him across the Mediterranean Sea he was able, himself, to see it, this historical island, rising grim and gray on the near horizon.

Many years afterwards, Asia, Africa, the Malay Archipelago, had shown this young man the calm or awe-inspiring splendours of their lands, and oceans far and wide had rocked him calmly to sleep or had shown him the rough side of their soul. Visions lying dormant in his mind were ready to spring into life as soon as ever the traveller, weary of knocking about the world for such a long time, should stop and closing his eyes review these visions passing before him, illumined by the powerful fires of remembrance.

After some twenty-five years, as he was approaching the fifties, he returned to the spot where he had first been initiated into the mysteries of the ocean; he passed through the Mediterranean again, from Capri to Marseilles, and as he was

crossing the Gulf of Leghorn, he remained for a long time on the deck of the vessel with his eyes riveted on the island of Elba. The flood of his youthful reminiscence surged up within him, but his extreme restraint impelled him to remain passive.

Two years later on, at Montpellier, place de la Comedie, where the Three Graces, gilded by the rays from the tropical winter sun, cut the horizon with their harmonious grouping, we find him seated at a café in company with a French artillery officer. This chance meeting developed into a daily chat, his military enthusiasm was revived, and he found delight in these conversations. They spoke of France, of her soldiers, of Napoleon; they exchanged anecdotes and reminiscences about their families and their readings. Suddenly he gave up the novel he had taken up and in a few weeks he wrote the first of his military stories, "The Duel," the only one amongst them that does not end tragically. The traveller from England enjoyed the French officer's company and they met again. One evening, a remark suddenly crystallized, in the novelist's imagination, what so far had been but a hazy nebula. The next morning—it was in January, 1907—we find the English writer, that descendant of Polish officers in the Imperial Army, hurriedly crossing the square of this town of southern France. He was going to the library with the object of reading up at once everything that could be found about Napoleon's stay in the island of Elba.

The library of Montpellier, however, contained but a single book on the subject, and then it happened that the novelist's children were one after the other at the point of death, and had to be at once removed to Switzerland, whilst heaps of proofs had to be corrected, the end of a novel had to be completed, and books he had promised had to be finished. He had again to fight against ill luck.

The idea of the book that he had visualized on that winter evening was henceforth going to haunt constantly his mind. Thirteen more years would be required before he could undertake it and until the idea had matured. The intention was to depict the state of uncertainty, uneasiness, expectation, hope, and fear which prevailed in the western part of the Mediterranean when Napoleon was at Elba.

Joseph Conrad was well acquainted with that part of the world. It was the place of his first adventures. He was familiar with all the ports from Marseilles to the Spanish coast, from Corsica to the river of Genoa; and was it not also the domain of the great inspiring companion of his youth, Dominic Cervoni?

In the first pages of his book, we find them both again: the master and the disciple. They may appear here as Cosmo Latham and Attilio, but all the same they are Conrad and Dominic, the *padrone* and the *signorino* of *The Arrow of Gold*, the accomplices of the *Tremolino.* In the story, where the action takes place a century before the time when he wrote it, Joseph Conrad wanted, as everywhere else, to feel that he was quite

in touch with the reality, and he was anxious not to trust to the uncertainty of mere invention. Had he not, in fact, been himself also unexpectedly mixed up in the past with a nearly similiar adventure? Had he not also, long ago, been in the Mediterranean on deck a tartan applying to Dominic, as Cosmo applies to Attilio in the last pages of the book, when he says "in a quiet, almost confidential tone, and laying his hand for the first time on the shoulder of that man a little older than himself: 'Tell me, what am I doing here?' "

But his own recollections were not enough for him, no more than his wonderful knowledge of men and things of that already distant period. He borrowed the reality from the actual past; a French book supplied him with six of his leading characters. He hardly altered them, retained their mutual relationship and only resorted to imagination when he placed them in contact with the Cosmo who might have been himself and is in fact a projection of himself. The *Mémoires de la Comtesse de Boigne* appeared in 1907 at the very moment when the novel which was to be *Suspense* flashed through his mind. Whether he read the first volume itself at that time, I am unable to say, but there can be no doubt that the reading of it, then or later, left a deep impression upon him. For my part, I heard him on three or four occasions speak enthusiastically of that work and recommend the reading of it.

It is easy to recognize here, in Sir Charles Latham, the Marquis d'Armand, Adèle de Montevesso, the General de

Montevesso, Dr. Martel, Aglaé and Bernard, the real characters of Sir John Legard, Count d'Osmond, Adèle de Boigne, the General de Boigne, Marshall, the negress and Bermont, as we find them in the *Mémoires.* Nothing in their temperament or in their appearance is altered, and most of the circumstances of the novel are those related by Madame de Boigne herself: the life of the refugees in that Yorkshire castle, the peculiar circumstances of the marriage of the young girl belonging to the aristocracy to that adventurer who made a fortune in India, no one knows how, the movements of that strange English courier, and the young wife's stay at Genoa, where her father had become French Ambassador—all these facts and their circumstances and atmosphere appear in *Les Mémoires de Mme de Boigne;* but, however vivid they may be, they show nowhere that kind of magnified life with which Conrad endows the characters and happenings. Nowhere in these *Mémoires* do we find that feeling of continuous mystery which impregnates throughout the starting of the action. Let us compare *Suspense* with the passages in the *Mémoires* from which Conrad borrowed the information and sometimes even the very letter, and we shall then better understand the genial power of transmutation of the reality which this seer of grandeur possessed.

What would this book have been, if it had been completed? The question is both very tempting and very futile. A rather exhaustive study of Conrad's methods of working enables me

to affirm that a considerable portion of the text, as the novelist's sudden death left it to us, would not have been retained. It goes without saying that he would have corrected oversights, done away with repetitions and dealt with defects in cadence; and probably he would have also condensed all this introductory part.

The three hundred pages we have are in reality only a preamble and a setting out of the various characters and their relations. Even if the work was really to be in two volumes (as Joseph Conrad wrote to a French friend) and even if we bear in mind the usual movement in Conrad's creations, which at first progresses slowly and gradually increases in speed until it reaches in a rush the catastrophe, it is difficult to think that three hundred pages more would have been sufficient to build up and develop the situation and to exhibit all its inner and visible springs. I feel that, as in the case of some of his other books, when the writer had reached the conclusion, he would have found it necessary to condense the introductions.

Howbeit, we cannot regard *Suspense* as the final portion of an unfinished work, but merely as a sketch where the characters allow you to see their countenances without yet letting you observe their gestures. Unfortunately death has left in the penumbra these characters who were coming toward us. Yet their faces already bear so distinctly the impress of their creator that the mystery of their actions held in suspense adds to their features an undefinable fascination. G. JEAN-AUBRY

[188] SUSPENSE

A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL

8vo, original decorative vellum boards, gilt top, uncut, original dust wrappers. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1925.

First edition.

Published July 3, 1925. Large paper, limited to 377 copies of which this is No. 240.

Laid in is one page of THE ORIGINAL TYPESCRIPT heavily corrected by the author. This fragment of manuscript was a gift from Mr. Thomas J. Wise.

Inserted is a 2p. autograph letter signed by Conrad to his friend and collaborator, Ford Madox Ford, referring to his novel:

15 Dec 21

MY DEAR FORD:

Thanks for your letter and enclosure.

The novel I am writing (very slowly) now has nothing to do with the Restoration—or anything so reasonable as that. The date is Jan. Febr., 1815, but all the action takes place in Genoa, and thereabouts, and does not touch upon affairs in France except in the most distant way. It ends with Nap's departure from Elba.

We can't possibly clash. I am not surprised at your turning Cincinnatus. You always had a love for Mother Earth, etc. Yours,

J. CONRAD

This letter was presented by Mr. Ford to be included in this library.

Laid in is a review of the novel by William McFee, together with the article "The Inner History of Conrad's Suspense, Notes & Extracts from Letters" by G. Jean-Aubry, extracted from the *Bookman's Journal* for October, 1925.

THE LAST PICTURE. TAKEN IN THE GARDEN AT BISHOPSBOURNE THE LATTER PART OF JULY 1924

[189] SUSPENSE

A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL

12mo, original dark blue cloth, original dust wrappers. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1925.

First regular American edition.

Published on September 15, 1925.

Inserted is one page of the AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL TYPESCRIPT heavily corrected by Conrad.

Inserted are a number of reviews of the novel.

[190] SUSPENSE

With an Introduction by Richard Curle.

With a frontispiece drawing of Conrad and Captain Bone after a drawing by Muirhead Bone. 12mo, original red cloth, original dust wrappers. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1925.

First English edition.

Published September 16, 1925.

This edition was the first to have the 3p. Introduction by Mr. Curle. The text, corrected by him, varies a little from that of the American editions. The American editions were published before these revisions reached the publishers.

This copy contains the following inscription on the first blank leaf:

Conrad was speaking to me about "Suspense" less than 24 hours before he died. He told me he saw about six different lines of treatment he might follow in it.

Richard Curle,
July 1928

Tipped in on the half-title page is one page of the ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT. This is so heavily corrected by Conrad that it is practically rewritten in his handwriting. It constitutes the text of page 244 in the book in this edition, next to the last page of Part III.

Laid in is a 4p. autograph letter signed by Conrad, unpublished, to Sir Sidney Colvin, on his return from America (with impressions), his apparent neglect of his friends, and his novel, *Suspense*. ". . . I was more than glad to see your handwriting. I am touched by the thought and the time you have given to one who (whatever he may have been at one time) wears now the aspect (but not the heart) of a 'graceless wretch.'" He explains why he has not visited the Colvins. "On my return from America I went home at once. We had to entertain in a small way our American hosts who had come over with me. I fully expected to be in town again in a few days. Instead of which I had to go to bed with what seemed but a slight attack of gout yet made me feel uncommonly ill for days. That over I thought I would try to get hold of my work after that thoroughly disturbing interruption. (By this I do not mean the gout but the view of the 'American Scene,' as poor Henry James called it). I found the job so difficult that I remained at it ever since holding on with clenched teeth. Bulldoggedly, as it were." He has only been in town once during that time—and on no pleasant errand. When it was settled he "just crawled" into a train and went back. "I recovered sufficiently on my way home

to have a bad time meditating on my total loss of all manly virtues. For indeed I had intended to present myself at the Residenz (in Palace Gardens) to kiss hands on my return and give a verbal report to both your Serene Highnesses. Of course I have no right to ask you to believe me. I have no rights—except such as mere compassion will accord to the most discredited of mankind. But as your letter holds out the gracious promise of an audience (at any time) at the Present Summer Palace I will not give way to despair about myself." He abandons his semi-facetiousness and becomes very serious. The fact is he must push on with his novel, and he can only do that by segregating himself "and cudgeling my wretched brains from morning to night. A dismal prospect." But the task may prove easier than he expects, so that he may allow himself a little latitude. "Till then I trust the generosity and the affection of you both not to cast out of your hearts one not easily forgetful 'but being wrought perplex'd in the extreme.'"

A splendid letter. Twelve months later, within a day, Conrad was dead, and his own protracted suspense was over, though the *Suspense* he was still working at was not yet finished.

[191] SUSPENSE

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT OF A PORTION OF THE NOVEL

Comprising Part III, Chapter III, as originally conceived by Conrad but not incorporated in the printed version.

Moreover it was very early yet. All ~~the~~ same he couldn't bear ~~to stay~~ in that room from which Mr Cosmo had vanished. It made his heart sick. But as he made to the hall below it was with the hope of seeing at any moment the crown of Cosmo's hat ascending the stairs. No. Of course not. But he went ~~to the~~ door to look at the square. Flower sellers were lying out their wares on the pavement. Teams of dappling horses ~~were~~ pulled carts painted bright blue and with enormous wheels. Sunlight lay on the walls ~~[illegible]~~ carved stones. A good many people mostly in black were moving about on the grey flagstones, and triangles of shade lay on the heavy fronts of houses. A

The manuscript consists of about eighty-seven hundred words written in ink on one side of the paper, sixty-nine pages, quarto, enclosed in a full levant solander case.

This is the first draft of this chapter as originally written by Conrad but afterward cancelled. With many corrections, deletions, and emendations in his hand. Very valuable as showing the way the author worked, and the changes in his ideas in the construction of this novel.

A page is reproduced on p. 362.

[192] SUSPENSE

FIRST DRAFT OF THE TYPESCRIPT OF PART III, CHAPTER III

Thirty-two pages, quarto, in a levant slipcase.

This is the first draft of the typescript of Part III, Chapter III, as actually printed in the published book as far as to the next to the last page in the latter. The typescript is heavily corrected throughout in the autograph of Conrad. This is the final form of the chapter. Several of the leaves are almost entirely deleted and the text rewritten in the hand of the author.

TALES OF HEARSAY

[193] TALES OF HEARSAY
With a Preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham.
12mo, original dark green cloth, original dust wrappers. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1925.
First edition.
Published January 23, 1925.
Contains "The Warrior's Soul," "Prince Roman," "The Tale," and "The Black Mate."
These stories were first brought out in privately printed editions and this collected edition is the first popular edition issued.
The MS of "The Warrior's Soul" is in this library (No. 196).
The first blank page is inscribed by R. B. Cunninghame Graham who has contributed a 22p. Preface:

R. B. Cunninghame Graham,
London,
May 12, 1928

and further contains the following long inscription by Mrs. Conrad, extending to four pages:

My recollections of the writing of the four stories that form the volume "Tales of Hearsay" in the order in which they appear are as follows:

First of all the title was chosen by Conrad himself for his next volume of short stories.

The Warrior's Soul

I found this story one of the most terrible to type, and I remember I was icy cold even on a hot summer day. There is in this story such a wonderful store of words, words manipulated

by a master hand, with such consummate skill as to bring out each, as it were, in vivid colours; like a piece of priceless patchwork, where each brilliant portion blends with the other. The whole leaving no feeling of dissatisfaction, no sense of pain to the eye or ear, showing no clumsy joint or disfiguring shape. Yet with the inevitable tragedy plainly visible from the beginning.

Prince Roman

This story was intended to be included in a second volume of Reminiscences. I remember begging hard for it not to form part of three preceding volumes. It is purely reminiscent, the tender treatment shows it up like a wonderful crystal, deep and clear, reflecting untold emotions in its smooth surface. Moreover it is the first conscious dip into Joseph Conrad's early family history. Those early days were very much concealed by a sensitive reserve, and even in Poland in 1914, he had evidently forgotten that even to me so much was unknown. Within a few moments of our arrival at the Hotel in Cracow cards poured in upon us and strangers appeared as if from the skies. All were successful in recalling themselves to my husband's recollection; each in turn were presented to me and Joseph Conrad impatiently insisted that I had heard all about them many times from him.

A Tale (The Tale)

This is the one thing I never saw until it was printed, it having been born during one of my visits to a Nursing Home.

The Black Mate

This is one of the two stories written by Joseph Conrad that he liked least. Yet curiously enough it holds a prominent position because of a misleading statement made by Conrad himself. I was amazed one day to hear him assuring Mr. Curle that it was the first thing he had written. My mild protest called forth such a violent excitement that I forebore to insist. This was to be regretted as it caused Mr. Cunninghame Graham to make the misleading statement in his Preface to this book. I gave my husband the facts and matter for the tale but he received it in such a manner that my astonishment was great when I saw the "bones" I had given clothed in the story and heard his unexpected claim that it was his first story.

Jessie Conrad

Laid in is a 2p. autograph letter signed by Conrad, unpublished, dated February 2, 1917, and referring to his *Land and Water* story, "The Warrior's Soul." This story appeared in *Land and Water* March 29, 1917, and in 1920 was privately printed for the author in an edition of twenty-five copies. It is rather amusing that after the appreciation Colvin had evidently

expressed, Conrad should mention casually that the story was only a pot-boiler. It may have been, in his own mind; but to most others it was something else.

[194] TALES OF HEARSAY

With a Preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

12mo, original dark blue cloth, original dust wrappers. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1925.

First American edition.

Published January 23, 1925, simultaneously with the English edition which makes this only the first American edition.

The first page is signed in full:

R. B. Cunninghame Graham,
May 12, 1928

Laid in is a 2p. 4to autograph letter signed by Conrad, unpublished, to Sir Sidney Colvin on personal matters, Perceval Gibbon, the war in the Balkans, etc.

The page preceding the half-title contains the following inscription by Mrs. Conrad:

I have little to add to what I have already written in the English edition of this book at Mr. Keating's request. Perhaps a remark made to a friend by an old admirer may be worth recording: "The works of Conrad will live after present favourites have long been forgotten. I call him Conrad! because thus we speak of Shakespeare and Christ!" I don't think the man meant to be profane!

Jessie Conrad

[195] THE WARRIOR'S SOUL

Square 8vo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for Joseph Conrad, 1920.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies printed for the author, of which this is No. 10.

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad*, and underneath in the author's handwriting *For G. T. Keating*, and under the printed half-title the following inscription:

Who possessing the original MS has no need for further inscription.
J. C.

This story first appeared in *Land and Water*, March 29, 1917, and was included in *Tales of Hearsay*.

[196] THE WARRIOR'S SOUL

THE ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT

The complete holograph manuscript of this story, written on fifty-seven pages, folio. Bound in full blue levant, with a sepia portrait as a front doublure. Conrad had chosen tentatively two other titles than the one finally selected, namely: "The Meeting" and "The Humane Tomasov," both of which appear, deleted, on the first page of the MS, reproduced on p. 368 with "The Warrior's Soul" written in red pencil over one of the rejected titles. The manuscript was completed in March, 1916.

[197] PRINCE ROMAN

Square 8vo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Printed for Joseph Conrad, 1920.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies printed for the author, of which this is No. 16.

~~The Meeting~~

The Humane Tomasov.

The ~~gener~~ old officer with the long white moustaches gave rein to his indignation.

"It is possible that you youngsters have no more sense than that. It would become better some of you to wipe the milk off your upper lip rather than pass judgment on the ~~a generation that has seen great things and has done great things~~ of a generation which has done and suffered not a little in its time."

His hearers having expressed much compunction the ancient warrior became appeased, but he was not silenced.

"I am one of them – the survivors I mean" he began patiently. "And what did we do? What have we done? He – the Great Napoleon – started ~~[illegible]~~ up on us to

The half-title is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

The rest of the half-title page is occupied by the following note:

". . . *How much of his awakened love for his native country? That country which demanded to be loved as no other country has ever been loved, with the mournful affection one bears to the unforgotten dead and with the unextinguishable fire of a hopeless passion which only a living, breathing, warm ideal can kindle in our breasts, for our pride, for our weariness, for our exaltation, for our undoing.*"
G. T. Keating's selection from the text. *J. Conrad*

This tale first appeared in the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* October, 1911, and was included in *Tales of Hearsay.*

[198] THE TALE

4to, hand-made paper, original wrappers, uncut. London: Privately printed by Clement Shorter, March, 1919.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-five copies, of which this is No. 11, and signed by the editor.

The title-page contains the following autograph inscription:

". . . *pressed her hands to his lips and went out.*" [The last words of story.]
Joseph Conrad
1919.

and his initials at the end, *J. C.*

The reverse of the half-title page contains the following note by the editor:

Twenty-five copies of this little book have been privately printed by Clement Shorter with the permission of the Author for distribution among his friends. The story originally appeared in the "Strand Magazine" for October, 1917.

[199] THE TALE

In the *Strand Magazine.*

Original wrappers. London, October, 1917.

First appearance in print.

The title-page of the story is autographed in full, *Joseph Conrad*, and the author has also signed the last page of the story: *J. Conrad.*

[200] THE BLACK MATE

A STORY

8vo, hand-made paper, original green cloth, uncut. Edinburgh: Printed for the author, 1922.

First edition.

Limited to fifty copies for private distribution.

Autograph presentation from the author, with the following inscription:

Signed for
George T. Keating
with friendly regards
by Joseph Conrad

See the first edition of *Tales of Hearsay* (No. 193), in which it was included, for Mrs. Conrad's account of the genesis of this story.

LAST ESSAYS

[201] LAST ESSAYS
With an Introduction by Richard Curle.
12mo, original green cloth, original dust wrappers. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1926.
First edition.
Published March 3, 1926.
Two of the twenty uncollected essays in this volume are here first printed: "Memorandum on the Scheme for Fitting Out a Sailing Ship" and "The Future of Constantinople." The article "Legends," written for the *Daily Mail*, was left unfinished at the author's death.
The frontispiece is a facsimile of the last page of the MS of this article.
The first blank leaf contains the following inscription by Richard Curle, who contributed the 8p. Introduction:

I wrote this introduction on board the S/S Mauretania *on my way to New York in October, 1925. Most of these garnered essays were, if I remember rightly, printed from copies in my own collection; at least a number were.* *Richard Curle,*
July 1928

Laid in is a 4p. autograph letter signed by Conrad to Sir Sidney and Lady Colvin written on July 8, 1924. It is a letter of the strongest emotion and deepest affection. In less than a month Conrad was dead—he died at half past eight in the morning

of August 3, 1924. Lady Colvin died a few days before him. Conrad, when writing this letter, knew—he had just learnt—that the friend he loved was dying. He did not know that he would follow her so soon.

[202] LAST ESSAYS
With an Introduction by Richard Curle.
12mo, original dark blue cloth, original dust wrappers. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1926.
First American edition.
Published March 26, 1926.
The Introduction is signed in full: *Richard Curle.*
Inserted is a 2p. autograph letter signed by the author dated June 8, 1924, addressed to Mrs. Willard. This letter, written about the time of his collapse, reveals the nervousness and depression which foreshadowed his end. After a few lines of condolence, Conrad writes, "Jessie is writing by this post so I am sending only this scrap of paper to tell you of my heartfelt sympathy. What with one thing or another I am half out of my mind. . ."

[203] GEOGRAPHY AND SOME EXPLORERS
8vo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Privately printed by Strangeways & Sons, 1924.
First edition.
Limited to 30 copies, of which this is No. 5, signed by the author: *Joseph Conrad.*

The book was a gift from the author, and contains the following note on the title-page:

For G. T. Keating
J. Conrad

The verso of the title-page is occupied by the following fully signed inscription:

"Thus the sea has been for me a hallowed ground, thanks to those books of travel and discovery which had peopled it for me with unforgettable shades of the masters in the calling which, in a humble way, was to be mine, too; men great in their endeavour and in hard-won successes of militant geography: who went forth, each according to his light and with varied motives, laudable or sinful, but each bearing in his breast a spark of the sacred fire."
Joseph Conrad

This essay was written as a general introduction to a serial publication called *Countries of the World.* It appeared in the first number, February, 1924, under the title "The Romance of Travel." It first appeared in the United States in the *National Geographic Magazine*, March, 1924, under its final title, "Geography and Some Explorers." It was included in *Last Essays.*

[204] GEOGRAPHY AND SOME EXPLORERS

ORIGINAL HOLOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT

Written in ink on one side of sixty-two quarto pages.
There are also included twenty-three pages of heavily corrected typescript, so heavily corrected that "the corrected typescript really amounts to another MS"—extract from letter from Conrad to me dated January 28, 1924.
Enclosed in a full solander case.

took in the mystery of Sir John's fate. The "Voyse of the Fox" – a little yacht of 170 tons – was translated I believe into every language of the white races and my copy was probably in French. But I have glanced through it many times since. ~~and we~~ ~~[illegible]~~ I got a popular copy not long time ago, got exactly as I remember my first one with the touching fac-simile of a printed report form to put under a cairn ~~giving its details~~ summary record of the ships' work with "Sir John Franks. Commanding ~~and~~ the Expedition" and its underlined ~~[illegible]~~ confident "All well" less than a year before the ships were abandoned and the crews long and vain struggle ~~for life began~~ against cold and starvation began. There could have been a better book to let in a breath of polar atmosphere ~~air~~ into a life

"Geography" was Conrad's first choice of a title.
A page of the MS is reproduced on p. 374.

. . . Once only did that enthusiasm expose me to the derision of my schoolboy chums. One day, putting my finger on a spot in the very middle of the then white heart of Africa, I declared that some day I would go there. My chums' chaffing was perfectly justifiable. I myself was ashamed of having been betrayed into mere vapouring. Nothing was further from my wildest hopes. Yet it is a fact that, about eighteen years afterwards, a wretched little stern-wheel steamboat I commanded lay moored to the bank of an African river.

Everything was dark under the stars. Every other white man on board was asleep. I was glad to be alone on deck, smoking the pipe of peace after an anxious day. The subdued thundering mutter of the Stanley Falls hung in the heavy night air of the last navigable reach of the Upper Congo, while no more than ten miles away, in Reshid's camp just above the Falls, the yet unbroken power of the Congo Arabs slumbered uneasily. Their day was over. Away in the middle of the stream, on a little island nestling all black in the foam of the broken water, a solitary little light glimmered feebly, and I said to myself with awe, "This is the very spot of my boyish boast."

A great melancholy descended on me. Yes, this was the very spot. But there was no shadowy friend to stand by my side in the night of the enormous wilderness, no great haunting memory, but only the unholy recollection of a prosaic newspaper "stunt" and the distasteful knowledge of the vilest scramble for loot that ever disfigured the history of human conscience and geographical exploration. What an end to the idealized realities of a boy's daydreams! I wondered what I was doing there, for indeed it was only an unforeseen episode, hard to believe in now, in my seaman's life. Still, the fact remains that I have smoked a pipe of peace at midnight in the very heart of the African continent, and felt very lonely there. . . .

As Richard Curle says in his Introduction to *Last Essays*, in which this essay was finally included, it is a "fascinating essay."

[205] THE ROMANCE OF TRAVEL
In *Countries of the World.*
4to, original wrappers. London, February, 1924.

First appearance in print of this essay.

Later reprinted as "Geography and Some Explorers" and included under the latter title in *Last Essays.*

[206] GEOGRAPHY AND SOME EXPLORERS

In the *National Geographic Magazine.*

4to, original wrappers. Washington, D.C., March, 1924.

First appearance in print in America.

[207] THE "TORRENS"

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE

4to, wrappers and stitched. London: Privately printed by F. A. Hook, 1923.

First edition.

Limited to twenty copies, of which this is No. 3, signed in ink by the author: *Joseph Conrad.*

The inscribed title-page is reproduced on p. 377.

Basil Lubbock in his *The Colonial Clippers* writes of the *Torrens:*

> . . . Of other ships managed by Elder & Co., the most noteworthy were the *Glen Osmond*, *Collingrove* and *Torrens*. Of these the *Torrens* requires special mention, as she was without doubt one of the most successful ships ever built, besides being one of the fastest, and for many years she was the favourite passenger ship to Adelaide. She was built in 1875 by James Laing, of Sunderland, and launched in October of the year, her chief measurements being
>
> | | |
> |---|---|
> | Registered tonnage | 1276 tons |
> | Length | 222.1 feet |
> | Beam | 38.1 " |
> | Depth | 21.5 " |
>
> She was composite-built with teak planking and was specially designed for carrying passengers, having a poop eighty feet long. A beautifully modeled ship

THE "TORRENS."

A Personal Tribute

By

JOSEPH CONRAD.

to the last ship of his seaman's life. While on board of her I wrote two books recording every hour of her sea-life on two voyages. Those were her log-books, and each page of both of them was, according to custom, initialled by me thus: JC — or form I no longer use. The present form which I use to initial that's entry is thus: J.C.

Twenty Copies
Privately Printed for F. A. Hoover
October, 1923.

and a splendid sea boat, she was very heavily sparred and crossed a main skysail yard. She was also one of the last ships to hold on to fore topmast stunsails; indeed for years she was the only ship with stunsail booms aloft in the Australian trade.

Regarding her capabilities as a sea boat, in easting weather she would drive along as dry as a bone, making three hundred miles a day without wetting her decks. But it was in light winds that she showed up best, her ghosting powers being quite extraordinary. The flap of her sails sent her along two or three knots, and in light airs she was accustomed to pass other clippers as if they were at anchor.

Captain H. R. Angel, who had previously commanded the *Glen Osmond* and *Collingrove*, was the chief owner of the *Torrens*, and had a great say in her design; and after overlooking her building, he took her from the stocks and commanded her for fifteen voyages. Under him she was a wonderfully lucky ship and a great deal of the credit for her success undoubtedly belonged to Captain Angel.

Her biggest run in the 24 hours was 336 miles; and her fastest speed through the water by the log was 14 knots. Her average for 15 outward passages under Captain Angel was 74 days from Plymouth to the Semaphore, Port Adelaide. Captain Angel always brought her into the St. Vincent's Gulf via the Backstairs Passage, east of Kangaroo Island, instead of through Investigators' Straits. On the homeward passage he always took the Cape route, for the benefit of his passengers, calling in at Capetown, St. Helena, and Ascension.

As commodore of the Elder Line, Captain Angel flew a white flag with red crescent and stars at the masthead of the *Torrens*, instead of the ordinary house-flag with red ground, white crescent and stars.

In the autumn of 1890 Captain Angel retired from the sea and handed over the *Torrens* to Captain Cope. With the change of captain, the *Torrens*' luck deserted her. On her first passage out under her new commander the *Torrens* lost her foremast and main topmast in 6° N., 27° W., and put into Pernambuco to refit; and before she was refitted she caught fire. However, the fire was put out, she was remasted, and she eventually reached Adelaide, 179 days out.

Whilst Captain Cope had her, the *Torrens* had the honour of having Joseph Conrad as mate. Conrad made two important literary friendships whilst on the *Torrens*, for W. H. Jacques made the voyage in her, and Galsworthy was a passenger from Adelaide to Capetown.

Conrad made two voyages in the *Torrens*. He first signed at London as Mate on November 20, 1891. The vessel left Plymouth

on February 25, 1892, and arrived at Adelaide after a voyage of ninety-five days. She touched at Capetown and St. Helena on the way back and arrived at London the end of August. He was discharged September 3, 1892. Conrad sailed again on the *Torrens*, also as Mate, on October 25, 1892, and reached Adelaide January 30, 1892. The two discharges issued to Conrad and countersigned by him are in this library (No. 232). It was on board the *Torrens* in March, 1893, that John Galsworthy first met Conrad in Adelaide Harbour and sailed in his company for fifty-six days. (See John Galsworthy's "Some Reminiscences of Conrad.") Galsworthy left the *Torrens* at Capetown in the middle of May, 1893. Conrad was discharged on July 26, 1893, but in the essay itself Conrad evidently made a mistake in the exact date because he writes, ". . . on the 15th of October, 1893, when, in London Dock, I took a long look from the quay at that last of ships I ever had under my care, and, stepping round the corner of a tall warehouse, parted from her forever, and at the same time stepped (in merciful ignorance) out of my sea life altogether."
This essay is included in the posthumous *Last Essays*, published in 1926.

[208] THE "TORRENS"
In the *Blue Peter*.
4to, original wrappers. London, October, 1923.
First appearance in print.

[209] THE "TORRENS"

In *Collier's Weekly.*

Folio, original wrappers. New York, October 27, 1923.

Appeared in this magazine as "A Clipper Ship I Knew."

First appearance of this essay in print in the United States.

The beginning of the article is initialed by the author, *J. C.*, and at the end is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

[210] CHRISTMAS DAY AT SEA

In the *Daily Mail.*

Folio, original wrappers. London, December 24, 1923.

First appearance in print.

Laid in is a letter from the editor of the *Flying Horse*, London, dated December 24, 1923, asking for permission to reprint this article. The letter is endorsed in the handwriting of Conrad:

DEAR SIR:

Regarding your note, the copyright of this article is vested in The Dly. Mail and I cannot give you the authorization to reprint. J. CONRAD

It was afterwards included in *Last Essays.*

[211] OUTSIDE LITERATURE

ORIGINAL TYPEWRITTEN MANUSCRIPT

Written for the "Literary Supplement" for 1922 of the Manchester *Guardian.*

It consists of six quarto pages of typewritten manuscript, so heavily interlined, deleted and corrected by the author as to give the appearance of an autograph in some portions. The

force of its conditions more vocational than it can be at the present day. My shipmaster had that way with him. What way? Well, — all I can say is that one dropped everything. I can't describe it better. So I dropped whatever I was doing, and he said: "You will find a Notice on the cabin table. Go in and enter it on proper Admiralty sheets. Do it now." Which I hastened to do.

That examination in issue of which hung on a capital letter had consequence to be officially certified as fit to undertake that particular duty; and ever since then my familiarity with Notices to Mariners, which are not literature, which ungrowing through a course of years up to the moment when stepping ashore for the very last time, I lost all touch with the most trustworthy kind of printed prose. Henceforth I had to begin, while totally unprovided with Notices to Authors to write prose myself; and the pains I took with it only my Maker knows! And yet I could never learn to trust it. I don't trust it to this day. We who write prose which is not that of the Notices to Mariners are forgotten by Providence. No Angel watches over our [illegible]. A dreadful doubt hangs over the whole achievement of literature, I mean that of its greatest and this humblest men. Was it not papa Angier who being given a copy of Hamlet as a remarkable play, glanced through it expertly and then dropped it with the remark: "Vous appelez ça une pièce, vous?" The whole tragedy of art lies in the outshoot of this terrifying anecdote. But it never will occur to anybody to doubt the prosaic force of the author of Notices to Mariners and his successful fidelity to his honourable ideal — the ideal of Perfect Accuracy.

[illegible] Conrad.

article was dictated by the author direct to his secretary and then revised by him. No holograph version was ever made. The author has written out in his handwriting a title-page:

OUTSIDE LITERATURE
written
for the Manchester Guardian
(Literary Supplement for 1922)
by
Joseph Conrad

Bound in quarto volume full crimson crushed levant morocco, gilt top, by Riviere, and further enclosed in a blue levant slipcase.

The last page is reproduced on p. 381.

It was printed in the Manchester *Guardian* as "Notice to Mariners," and the extract from the paper in printed form has been cut out and mounted on both sides of a quarto sheet.

[212] NOTICE TO MARINERS

In the Manchester *Guardian* Weekly.

Folio, original wrappers. December 8, 1922.

First appearance in print.

It was afterwards included in *Last Essays* under the original manuscript title, "Outside Literature."

[213] LEGENDS

In the *Daily Mail.*

Folio, original wrappers. London, August 15, 1924.

First appearance of the last work from Conrad's pen.

He was at work on this article, specially for the *Daily Mail*, on the day before he died, and within a few hours of being stricken by the illness which proved fatal. Earlier in the same morning he had been discussing it with his friend Richard Curle, and had told him how he hoped that from this one article—which is apparently three-quarters complete—would spring a volume of intimate memories of the sailors he had met which would be a kind of pendent volume to *The Mirror of the Sea*. That book, he explained to his friend, dealt more with the seas he had known than with the sailors he had known, but this new volume was to have treated rather with the sailors than with the seas.

This and the preceding two items are gelatinized for preservation.

This article is included in *Last Essays*.

[214] ADMIRALTY PAPER

4to, uncut, original paper covers. New York: Privately printed, 1925.

First edition.

Only ninety-three copies privately printed by Jerome Kern, from type, Christmas, 1925.

Autograph presentation copy from Jerome Kern. With the inscription:

Given cheerfully to George T. Keating, with the good wishes of his faithfully,
Jerome Kern

Laid in is the original photograph of H. M. S. *Ready*, to which is appended a note in Conrad's handwriting, both reproduced opposite p. 390.

Also laid in is a sketch-chart showing the course of H. M. S. *Freya* (the *Ready*) while Conrad was aboard of her. It is inserted in an envelope inscribed in Conrad's hand:

Track of H M B Freya (The Ready)

This essay was included in the collected volume, *Last Essays,* under the title, "The Unlighted Coast." It was written by Conrad in January, 1917.

It recalls Conrad's own experience on the "mystery ship," H. M. S. *Ready* during the Great War. It is the only essay actually from his pen describing this experience and impressions, although Commander Sutherland in his book, *At Sea with Joseph Conrad*, gives a full and interesting account of the cruise (No. 215).

The latter portion of the paper gives a dramatic description of the bringing down of a Zeppelin as told by the hero of the occasion to Conrad himself.

This is not a technical report to the Admiralty, nor is it, as its title might indicate, a disquisition on the needs of the Navy. It is the impressions made upon the mind and soul of the great novelist under service with the Royal Naval Reserves.

I came ashore bringing with me strongest of all, and most persistent, the impression of a great darkness. I do not mean darkness in a symbolic or spiritual sense. Indeed, one couldn't come from the contact with our watchers of that

darkness, and the workers therein, otherwise than spiritually strengthened. What I mean is the fact itself, the fact of darkness spread over the land and water of old civilization such as wrapped up early mariners' landfalls on their voyages of exploration.

[215] AT SEA WITH JOSEPH CONRAD

By J. G. Sutherland, Captain, R. N. R.

With a Foreword by Joseph Conrad.

8vo, boards with canvas back, uncut. London: Grant Richards, Ltd., 1922.

First edition.

Limited to 1250 copies, not to be reprinted in this or any other form.

The first blank leaf is inscribed:

To George T. Keating, Esq.
with friendly greetings from the Author,
J. G. Sutherland, Captain R. N. R.
Junior Army & Navy Club
London S.W.
25th February, '24

Beneath this inscription Conrad has written:

I talked to very few persons about it. . . .
J. Conrad

There are inserted in this copy two mounted photographs of Conrad taken on board H. M. S. *Ready*. These, with notes in his autograph, are reproduced opposite p. 278.

There is also laid in a letter from Captain Sutherland reading in part:

As a friend of Conrad's, I have no hesitation in telling you that Conrad's modesty forbade me writing much that I should have liked to, and to have been able to recount our many conversations would have been a real joy, had I been permitted to do so. . . .

In this library are included the original autograph letters written by Joseph Conrad to Mrs. Conrad during the period when Conrad was in the North Sea with the British Navy. This covered the cruise on H.M.S. *Ready* with Captain Sutherland These letters are dated between September 14, 1916, and November 8, 1916 (No. 287).

[216] THE DOVER PATROL

A TRIBUTE

8vo, original wrappers, uncut. Canterbury: Printed for private circulation, 1922.

First edition.

Limited to seventy-five copies.

Autograph presentation copy from Conrad, with the following inscription on the half-title:

George T. Keating
with friendly regards
from
Joseph Conrad

And on the recto of the front wrapper Admiral Bacon, who commanded the Dover Patrol, has inscribed his signature:

R. H. Bacon,
Admiral

Laid in is a 2p. autograph letter signed by Admiral Reginald H. Bacon.

This essay was written at the request of Lord Northcliffe, and appeared in *The Times* of July 27, 1921. It was later included in *Last Essays.*

[217] TRAVEL

A Preface to *Into the East: Notes on Burma and Malaya* by Richard Curle.

12mo, original wrappers. Edinburgh: Privately printed for Richard Curle, 1922.

First edition.

Limited to twenty copies, privately printed from the book by Richard Curle.

On the half-title Conrad has signed his full name: *Joseph Conrad, 1922.*

The balance of the half-title page and the whole of the following page are occupied by the following inscription in the handwriting of the author:

. . . This it is that forces him, while looking into the night from the deck of an Irrawaddy flotilla steamer, to admit to himself man's secret antagonism to the wilderness; or during his few hours' stay in Bhamo, a town on the very frontier of the Chinese empire, where caravans come and go through mysterious valleys and where people live on rumors from day to day, to absorb its spirit of secrecy and waiting and hear suddenly around him "the whisper of innumerable hills passing on one to another the restless murmur of men's hearts."

J. Conrad

On the verso of the title-page appears the following inscription:

I have always regarded this essay as one of Conrad's most charming pieces of prose.

Richard Curle,
July 1928

This essay was later included in *Last Essays.*

[218] INTO THE EAST

NOTES ON BURMA AND MALAYA

By Richard Curle.

With a Preface by Joseph Conrad.

Small 4to, original boards, canvas back, original dust wrappers. London: Macmillan and Co., 1923.

First edition.

Large paper issue, limited to 125 copies.

The first blank leaf is inscribed by Conrad: "*There is no fate so uncertain as the fate of books of travel.*" *Joseph Conrad*

The half-title is signed in full by the author, *Richard Curle,* and bears the following inscription:

It was about a year after Conrad promised to write this beautiful Preface that he delivered the typescript. His work on "The Rover" had delayed him, but it was well worth waiting for! *Richard Curle*
July 1928

The Conrad Preface was reprinted separately for Richard Curle in an edition limited to 20 copies, and issued in 1922 (No. 217) It was later included, with the title "Travel," in *Last Essays.*

[219] STEPHEN CRANE

A STUDY IN AMERICAN LETTERS

By Thomas Beer.

With an Introduction by Joseph Conrad.

Royal 8vo, original boards, canvas back, uncut. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1923.

First edition.

Large paper issue limited to 165 copies of which this is No. 38.
The first blank leaf contains the following inscription:

" '. . . *I—like—that—Joseph*' "
Joseph Conrad

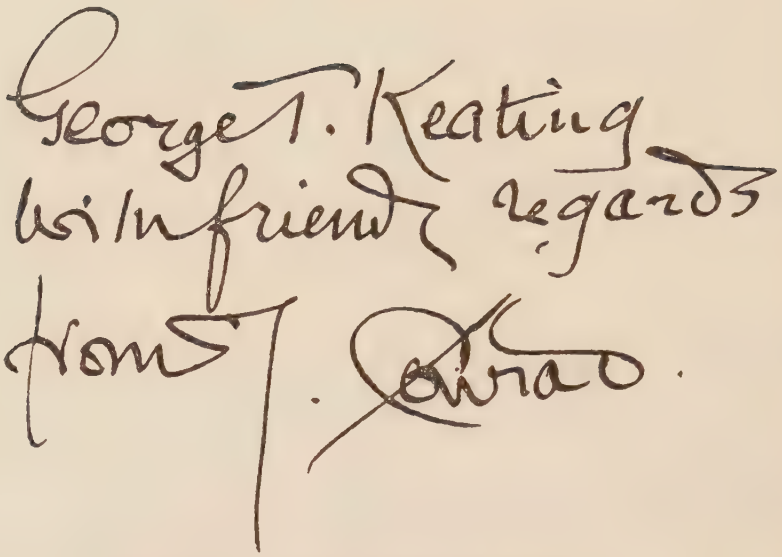
The title-page is inscribed by the author:

For George T. Keating
from—Thomas Beer.
Feb. 2, 1924.

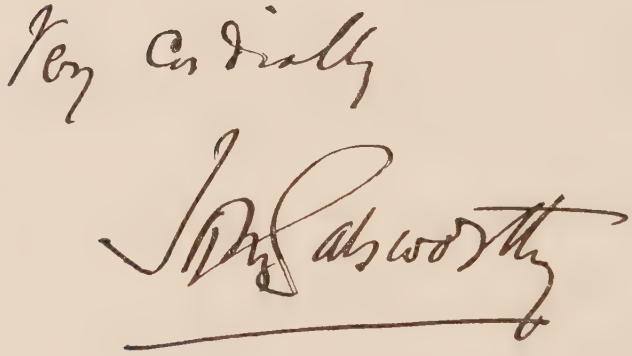
Included in *Last Essays.*

[220] THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE
By Stephen Crane.
With a Preface by Joseph Conrad.
12mo, original cloth, original dust wrappers. London: William Heinemann, Ltd., 1925.
First edition with the Conrad Preface.
Conrad wrote this Preface, entitled "His War Book," especially for this popular edition of Crane's masterpiece.
Inserted is an unpublished 2p. autograph letter signed by Conrad to Caroline Marwood, written from Capel House, May 11, 1918, on personal matters.
Included in *Last Essays.*

[221] JOHN GALSWORTHY
AN APPRECIATION
12mo, original wrappers, uncut. Canterbury: Printed for private circulation, 1922.
First edition.



JOHN GALSWORTHY.



1916 Oct. 1st.

H.M.S. Ready (Special Service)

110 tons, (about) fitting out. Oct. 1916.

two 18 hdw. 14-pounders amidships
two 12 hdw. 14-pounders aft.
masked by screens simulating deck-load
of pit-props.

Civilian crew of 7 men. Mr Woodgate master
Naval crew of 40 men.
Comm[r] J. Sutherland R.N.
Lieut: H.J. Osborn R.N.R.
Gunner ——— 2.

(name painted on the stern. Freya — Bergen.)

Limited to seventy-five copies.

Autograph presentation copy from the author; the inscribed half-title page reproduced on p. 390.

Laid in is a 3p. autograph letter from Conrad dated October 28, 1922, presenting this item.

This review of Galsworthy's *A Man of Property* was printed in the London *Outlook* for March 31, 1906, under the title *A Middle Class Family.* It was omitted from *Notes on Life and Letters* published in 1921 because Conrad had forgotten its existence, but was collected in *Last Essays* in 1926. In the above letter to me Conrad wrote, "Neither text has ever been published in book form and probably never will be."

[222] THE SHORTER TALES OF JOSEPH CONRAD 8vo, original blue cloth, gilt, gilt top, uncut. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1924.

First edition.

Published Oct. 30, 1924, after the death of Conrad.

This volume contains a special preface by Conrad, which was afterwards included in *Last Essays.*

Laid in is the original cablegram in Conrad's autograph sent to Doubleday, Garden City, N. Y., on hearing that they had accepted his plan for a volume of stories:

> Delighted with letter accepting so heartily my plan for volume of stories, and submit after earnest reflection that the Inn be thrown out altogether being obviously inferior and replaced by Falk as the last story of second part (stop) Agree with your view of not referring stories to original vols (stop) Pray advise me latest date for delivery new preface. Kindest regards. CONRAD

The cablegram is written on one sheet of note paper both sides, with several corrections in the text.

[223] THE SHORTER TALES OF JOSEPH CONRAD

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE PREFACE

The last complete work from the pen of Joseph Conrad.

Written on twenty-one pages, large quarto, and signed at the end: *J. Conrad—Oswalds, 1924.* The manuscript is heavily corrected. The first page is reproduced on p. 393.

Together with the ORIGINAL TYPESCRIPT OF THE PREFACE

Consisting of ten pages of heavily corrected typescript. The author has corrected the title of the Preface to *The Shorter Stories of Joseph Conrad* in his handwriting, but this was changed in the final printing to *The Shorter Tales of Joseph Conrad.*

The manuscript and the typescript are bound together in crushed levant morocco.

[224] SIMPLE COOKING PRECEPTS FOR A LITTLE HOUSE

By Jessie Conrad.

With a Preface by Joseph Conrad.

12mo, stitched. Privately printed, n. p., n. d. [1922].

First edition.

Limited to 100 copies of which this is No. 51. This edition was separately printed before the publication of Mrs. Conrad's book.

One

Preface
to the Vol of Selected Stories.

The idea of publishing a vol of collected stories has not been adopted without a good deal of hesitation on my part. It is not the object of this preface to expose the reasons the state of my feelings at the time. These were partly personal and private My hesitation was I may say of a private character, private in a sense that it was rooted deep in my personality and not easily explainable even to such good friends as it has been my work's good fortune to find in the American public. Those deep, and complex (and at times even contradictory) feelings which make up the very essence of an author's attitude to his own creation are real things enough yet must often

Autographed by Conrad on the title-page:

". . . *to increase the happiness of mankind.*"
Joseph Conrad
51

This 4p. Preface was written especially for his wife's book, and had never appeared before. It is included in *Last Essays*, with the title "Cookery."

[225] A HANDBOOK OF COOKERY FOR A SMALL HOUSE
By Jessie Conrad.
With a Preface by Joseph Conrad.
12mo, cloth with paper labels. London: Heinemann, 1923.
First published edition.
The first blank leaf contains Conrad's full signature: *Joseph Conrad—1924.*
The second blank leaf is inscribed by the author:

To Mr. George Keating
from Jessie Conrad—1924

[226] A HANDBOOK OF COOKERY FOR A SMALL HOUSE
By Jessie Conrad
With a Preface by Joseph Conrad.
12mo, cloth with paper labels, original wrappers. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1923.
First American edition.
The first blank leaf is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

The next blank leaf is inscribed:

Signed with regards for Mr. George Keating,
Jessie Conrad—1924.

[227] JOSEPH CONRAD'S DIARY

OF HIS JOURNEY UP THE VALLEY OF THE CONGO IN 1890

With an Introduction and Notes by Richard Curle.

8vo, original cloth, paper label, gilt top, uncut. London: Privately printed, 1926.

First edition.

Limited to 100 copies.

This diary first appeared in the *Blue Peter* in October, 1925, was again printed in the *Yale Review*, January, 1926, and was included in *Last Essays.*

The first blank leaf contains the following inscription by Richard Curle, who edited the diary and who wrote a special introduction to the same:

The two notebooks in which the Congo diary was kept, the second being technical, are not reprinted here,—now repose in the Harvard Library. They were originally given to me by Mrs. Conrad after Conrad's death, but as was only proper, I had them sold for the benefit of the Estate. *Richard Curle,*
July 1928

Inlaid is a 3p. holograph letter signed by Conrad dated November 28, 1889. It was written to M. Albert Thys, Managing Director of the Société Belge du Haut-Congo, correcting him on the relationship between the Captain and Messrs. Wolford of Antwerp. It was not until the following April (1890) that Conrad obtained the command he so much desired, of a small

steamer on the Congo River. The letter is written in French but is accompanied by a typewritten translation on Japan paper.

[228] JOSEPH CONRAD'S DIARY
OF HIS JOURNEY UP THE VALLEY OF THE CONGO IN 1890
With an Introduction and Notes by Richard Curle.
In the *Blue Peter.*
With frontispiece portrait of Conrad and Captain Bone on the bridge of the *Tuscania,* 4to, original paper wrappers. London October, 1925.
First appearance in print.

[229] JOSEPH CONRAD'S DIARY
OF HIS JOURNEY UP THE VALLEY OF THE CONGO IN 1890
In the *Yale Review*
Original wrappers. January, 1926
First appearance in America.

PERSONAL DOCUMENTS, ETC.

[230] THE NEW TESTAMENT OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST IN MALAY

12mo, original cloth. Singapore, 1866.

The second and revised edition of this translation of the New Testament into the Malayan tongue.

CONRAD'S OWN COPY

The first blank flyleaf containing his autograph, *J. Conrad*, and he has also autographed the second page, the index of the chapters.

[231] JOSEPH CONRAD'S NAVIGATION CHARTS

Each chart is backed on linen and all are preserved together in a levant slipcase.

Nine navigation charts formerly belonging to Joseph Conrad and actually used by him on his voyages. Most of the charts contain his markings and figures in pencil. They are all of the East India and China Seas. Included is the actual chart of the Torres Strait, which Conrad used in navigating the *Otago*, his first command, in 1888. He writes very beautifully of this in "Geography and Some Explorers":

. . . for what would the memory of my sea life have been for me if it had not included a passage through Torres Strait, in their fullest extent, from the mouth of the great Fly River right on along the track of the early navigators. . . . It was not without a certain emotion that, commanding very likely the first, and

(E) CERTIFICATE OF DISCHARGE,

FOR SEAMEN NOT DISCHARGED BEFORE A SHIPPING MASTER.

SANCTIONED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE, MAY 1855.
In pursuance of 17 & 18 Vict. c. 104.

Name of Ship.	Official Number.	Port of Registry.	Registered Tonnage.	Description of Voyage or Employment.
Skimmer of the Sea	41560	Lowestoft	215	Coasting

Name of Seaman.	Place of Birth.	Date of Birth.
Conrad de Korzeniowski	Poland	3rd Nov. 1857.

Number of Fund Ticket (if any).	Capacity.	Date of Entry.	Date of Discharge.	Place of Discharge.
Nil	A. B D. G.	11th July 78	23rd Sept 78	Lowestoft

I CERTIFY that the above particulars are correct, and that the above-named Seaman was discharged accordingly.

Dated this 23rd Day of September 1878

(Countersigned) Conrad de Korzeniowski Seaman. (Signed) Wm Cook Master.

Witness Arthur Wm Chandler

Address of Witness Pakefield

Occupation of Witness Mariner

NOTE.—One of these Certificates must be filled up and delivered to every Seaman who is discharged otherwise than before a Shipping Master

LONDON: Printed by GEORGE E. EYRE and WILLIAM SPOTTISWOODE, Printers to the Queen's most Excellent Majesty

certainly the last, merchant ship that carried a cargo that way—from Sydney to Mauritius—I put her head at daybreak for Bligh's Entrance, and packed on her every bit of canvas she could carry. Windswept, sunlit, empty waters were all around me, half-veiled by a brilliant haze. . . . And thus I passed out of Torres Strait before the dusk settled on its waters.

On the chart of the Torres Strait Mrs. Conrad has written:

This Navigation Chart formerly belonged to Joseph Conrad and was used by him when at sea, the passage he made through these Straits being described in "Geography and Some Explorers" (see Last Essays, 1926, p. 26). [First Edition.] *Jessie Conrad*

And on each of the others: *This Chart formerly belonged to Joseph Conrad and was used by him when at sea. Jessie Conrad.*

[232] DISCHARGES ISSUED TO CONRAD

Twelve of the original certificates of discharge issued to Joseph Conrad.

Bound in full levant, with fully descriptive notes regarding the voyages and their relationship to his books.

They commence with the discharge issued from the *Skimmer of the Sea* at Lowestoft, September 23, 1878. Conrad was twenty years of age, and it is countersigned by him as of that date. This signature is the earliest example of Conrad's signature in English, perhaps of his handwriting, extant. This discharge is reproduced on p. 398.

In every instance, these discharges bear Conrad's autograph signature as of the dates he was discharged. With the exception of his service in the French Marine, and his voyages in SS. *Tilkhurst, James P. Best, Anna Frost* (there is no official record of this voyage), *Roides Belges* (his Congo experience),

Dis. I.

CERTIFICATE OF DISCHARGE

FOR SEAMEN DISCHARGED BEFORE THE SUPERINTENDENT OF A MERCANTILE MARINE OFFICE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, A BRITISH CONSUL, OR A SHIPPING OFFICER IN BRITISH POSSESSION ABROAD.

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE 1890.

No. 55

Name of Ship.	Offic^l. Number.	Port of Registry.	Reg. Tonnage.
S/S Adowa	85197	London	1547

Horse Power of Engines (if any).	Description of Voyage or Employment.
150	Foreign Rowen

Name of Seaman.	Age.	Place of Birth.	No. of R. N. R. Commission or Certif.	Capacity. If Mate or Engineer. No. of Cert. (if any).
J. Conrad	36	Poland		2nd Mate 08361

Date of Engagement.	Place of Engagement.	Date of Discharge.	Place of Discharge.
29th Nov 93	London	14.1.94	London

I certify that the above particulars are correct and that the above named Seaman was discharged accordingly,* and that the character described hereon is a true copy of the Report concerning the said Seaman.

Dated this 18 day of Jan 7 1894

Fred^k Paton MASTER.

AUTHENTICATED BY [signature]

Signature of Superintendent, Consul, or Shipping Officer.

M. M. OFFICE OFFICE SEAL OR OFFICIAL STAMP. 1 JAN 94

* If the Seaman does not require a Certificate of his character, obliterate the following Words in lines two and three, and score through the Discs.

CHARACTER FOR CONDUCT.

CHARACTER FOR ABILITY.

VERY GOOD

Signature of Seaman } J. Conrad

NOTE.—Any Person who forges or fraudulently alters any Certificate or Report, or who makes use of any Certificate, or Report, which is forged or altered or does not belong to him, shall for each such offence be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and may be fined or imprisoned.

N.B.—Should this Certificate come into the possession of any person to whom it does not belong it should be handed to the Superintendent of the nearest Mercantile Marine Office, or be transmitted to the Registrar-General of Seamen, Custom House, London, E.C.

and the *Otago* which he commanded himself, these discharges represent all of his marine life. Most of these ships are intimately connected with his literary life, and from his experiences on these ships he created most of his stories.

The complete list follows:

Skimmer of the Sea issued at Lowestoft, September 23, 1878
Duke of Sutherland issued at London, October 19, 1879
Europa issued at London, January 30, 1880
Loch Etive issued at London, April 25, 1881
Palestine issued at Singapore, April 3, 1883
Riversdale issued at Madras, April 17, 1884
Narcissus issued at Dunkirk, October 16, 1884
Highland Forest issued at Samarang, July 1, 1887
Vidar issued at Singapore, January 4, 1888
Torrens issued at London, September 3, 1892
Torrens issued at London, July 26, 1893
Adowa issued at London, January 17, 1894

The last is reproduced on p. 400.

[233] ORIGINAL LETTERS OF REFERENCE ISSUED TO JOSEPH CONRAD

Six letters of recommendation issued to Conrad by the owners or masters of the *Palestine, Narcissus, Highland Forest, Vidar* and *Torrens*. Inlaid and bound together in full levant morocco. The five vessels are connected with Conrad's most interesting experiences at sea, from which he drew most of the inspiration for his immortal stories.

The first letter was delivered to Conrad at Marseilles April 26, 1880. The original, authenticated by "Adre. Escarras, Courtier Maritime," by "G. Guerin, Le Président de Tribunal de

Commerce" and by "Francis W. Mark, British Vice-Consul," is in French. The accompanying translation, made May 4, 1880, at the French consulate in London, follows:

Traduction

We, the undersigned, C. Delestang & Son, late shipowners, certify that Conrad de Korzeniowski, native of Poland, entered our service in the month of February, 1874, as midshipman on board our vessel, the "Mont-Blanc," then served as lieutenant on board our ship, the "St. Antoine" and left this last named vessel after three years' constant service in the West India and South America trade on the 14th of February, 1877, and that during that time he gave perfect satisfaction to his superior officers by his sobriety, general conduct and strict application in the discharge of his duties.

Marseilles, 26th April, 1880
(Signed) C. Delestang & Son, Late Shipowners

The two French authenticating declarations are also translated, and the translation is signed by "J. Braquehais, Chancelier," whose signature is witnessed by "J. J. Jusserand, Le Consul Suppléant gérant de Consulat Général."

The second letter was delivered to Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski by E. Beard, master of the barque *Palestine*. "As to the captain—he could just write a kind of sketchy hand and did not care for writing at all" ("Youth," p. 5 of the first edition). It is dated at Singapore April 4, 1883, and reads:

This is to certify that Conrad Korzeniowski served as Second Mate for Eighteen Months on board the barque Palestine of London under My Command and that I can recommend him as a sober, steady mate to anyone that may require his service.

E. Beard, Master
Barque Palestine

The next recommendation is from the master of the *Narcissus*, Arch. Duncan, certifying that Conrad served with him on

board the *Narcissus* as second mate and recommending him to any ship master requiring his service as a good and sober officer, and should take him as chief officer if he should succeed in passing. This is reproduced on p. 40.

The fourth certificate is dated Samarang, July 2, 1887, signed by John McWhirr, of the *Highland Forest*, whose name, features and temperament Conrad was to give later on to the hero of "Typhoon" as MacWhirr. He is also mentioned in *The Mirror of the Sea*—at least his habit of remaining invisible in his cabin for the first few days of the voyage; a habit which left the entire responsibility to Conrad. It was on board the *Highland Forest* that Conrad was struck in the back by "a piece of minor spar" which knocked him down, and after the accident he suffered from rather strange symptoms. After leaving Samarang, he went to Singapore and remained in the hospital some additional weeks. This letter of recommendation advises that "Conrad has served with me as chief mate on the voyage from Amsterdam to this port. He now leaves me through illness. I can with confidence recommend him to any master requiring a good and Reliable Servant."

The fifth is dated January 5, 1888, and certifies that "Conrad Korzeniowski has sailed with me as Chief Officer on the SS. *Vidar* for a period of seven months and during that time I found him a steady, sober and attentive officer at all times. I can recommend him to any Owner or Master to look after their interest and a good seaman. J. Craig, Master."

The sixth letter of recommendation is dated London, October 17, 1893, and is from the master of the last ship that Conrad actually sailed in, the famous *Torrens.* It reads:

This is to certify that Joseph Conrad has sailed with me as chief officer for two round voyages between London and Adelaide. I have found him sober, honest and trustworthy—as I left him in full charge of the ship while I was away at Melbourne and shall be glad to hear of his future success in life.

WALTER H. COPE,
Master, Ship *Torrens.*

[234] PHOTOGRAPHS AND PORTRAITS OF CONRAD

A collection of thirty photographs and portraits of Conrad, including the following:

Photograph of Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski and one of Jessie Conrad Korzeniowska taken in 1896 (the year of their marriage), each photograph inscribed by Jessie Conrad.

Photograph by G. C. Beresford taken in 1904, signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

Photograph of Conrad, Mrs. Conrad and Borys Conrad, taken at Capel House in 1915, signed: *J. Conrad.*

Photograph by Coburn, signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

Drawing by William Rothenstein, done in 1916, signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

Photograph of the bust by Jo Davidson, signed: *J. Conrad—1916.*

Photograph taken in 1917, signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

Photograph taken in 1918, signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

Sketch of Conrad by William Rothenstein done in 1903, with the following inscription: *Signed by Joseph Conrad in 1919.*

Proof copy of the same sketch done in 1903, with the following inscription: *For my very dear Jessie this drawing, made at The Pent, now in the Nat. Portrait Gy. from her friend—Will. Rothenstein.*

Sepia portrait of Conrad done in his home in 1915, with two very long, intimate inscriptions.

Proof engraving of the fine pen-and-ink drawing by Powys Evans. On quarto sheet upright. A very fine head-and-shoulders study. Signed in full by the artist and by Conrad.

Unique portrait printed on genuine vellum and signed in full: *Joseph Conrad, 1918.*

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot, with the following inscription: *Mrs. Fay L. Hand from Joseph Conrad, 1920.*

Another photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot, printed in sepia.

Etching by P. S. Mathews, initialed by Conrad: *J. C. 1921.*

Unpublished drawing by K. Gorski, done in Poland in 1914, with the following inscription: *To George Keating with kind regards from Jessie Conrad.*

Photograph of A. S. Kinkead's oil portrait of Conrad, with the following inscription: *Jessie—with love from A. S. Kinkead.*

Another sepia portrait of the Jo Davidson bust.

Reproduction of the original portrait by J. S. Sargent, dated 1917.

Sepia portrait taken in Glasgow in 1923, prior to Conrad's sailing in the *Tuscania.*

Etching from life by Walter Tittle, pulled on early 18th century antique paper, inscribed *For collection of G. T. Keating* and signed *Walter Tittle.*

Photograph in sepia by Will Cadby, inscribed by Conrad: *With dear love from J. C., 1913.*

". . . Of a similar simplicity, and yet how grand and austere in air, was Joseph Conrad. I first met him in an attic owned by an American lady in London. He turned it into an embassy with one glance of his imperious eyes. When he talked with you, he condescended. Do not misunderstand me. He did not patronize. He had to stoop. That was the height of the man. For sheer impressiveness he stands foremost in my contacts with the great of the earth."—*On Meeting the Great,* by Cecil Roberts.

[235] AUTOGRAPH LETTERS FROM JOSEPH CONRAD TO MAJOR ERNEST DAWSON

Inlaid to size and bound in full levant morocco.

Consisting of eight original autograph letters signed by Conrad written between December, 1902, and July, 1924. Most of these letters are unpublished, and relate largely to Conrad's work.

[236] JOSEPH CONRAD

THE ROMANCE OF HIS LIFE AND HIS BOOKS

By Alfred A. Knopf.

Frontispiece by Will Cadby. 16mo, original wrappers. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1913.

First edition.

This little brochure was one of the first issued by Doubleday, Page & Company on Conrad. It contains the first reprint of James Huneker's "A Pen Portrait of Joseph Conrad," first published in the New York *Times* November 17, 1912.

The frontispiece by Will Cadby, a photograph reproduced, was taken in September, 1913.

The article is signed in the beginning by the author, *Alfred A. Knopf.*

There appears in the text a portrait of Mrs. Conrad and their youngest son John, together with a view of Capel House, near Ashford, Kent. This is inscribed by Conrad:

Joseph Conrad, signed in 1919 in a house called Oswalds, about 20 miles north of this one.

The last page is initialed, *J.C.*

[237] JOSEPH CONRAD

THE ROMANCE OF HIS LIFE AND HIS BOOKS

By Alfred A. Knopf.

Frontispiece by Will Cadby. 16mo, original wrappers. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1915.

Second printing.

Signed on the cover, *J. Conrad.*
The first page contains a sketch by G. F. W. Hope of the *Otago*, Conrad's first command, and the *Duke of Sutherland.*
The page containing these two pictures is inscribed: *J. Conrad.*
This brochure contains a map of the world with a key showing Conrad's voyages, with special reference to the books to which they pertain.

[238] JOSEPH CONRAD

A STUDY

By Richard Curle.
8vo, original cloth, uncut. London: Kegan Paul, Trench Trübner & Co., 1914.
First edition.
The first binding.
The half-title is signed by Richard Curle and it is further inscribed by the author:

Conrad's feelings about this book were, I think, rather mixed. There were things he liked about it, but I fancy he deprecated the arrangement I adopted. But he always stood loyally by it and said he was sure it would become better appreciated as time went on. This is the first book of any length ever written on or regarding Conrad.

Richard Curle
July 1928

On the same page Conrad has written the following inscription:

In this book the biographical facts have been checked by me. *Joseph Conrad*

The first long critical study of Conrad.

[239] JOSEPH CONRAD

A SHORT STUDY OF HIS INTELLECTUAL AND EMOTIONAL ATTITUDE TOWARD HIS WORK AND THE CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS NOVELS

By Wilson Follett.

12mo, original boards, paper labels, uncut. Garden City, New York: Privately printed by Doubleday, Page & Co., 1915.

First edition.

With the following inscription on the first blank leaf:

Do you know, I rather envy you your possession of this brochure—first, and least, because it is a long time since I have seen or heard of the original printing, with the misspelled signature and all the drunken compositors' misques uncensored and unproofread; secondly, and most, because you seem to have persuaded Mr. Conrad to tell you (albeit rather crisply) what he has never told me. *Yours sincerely,*
Wilson Follett

On the title-page the following inscription by Conrad:

Approved.
Joseph Conrad, 1919

[240] WISDOM AND BEAUTY FROM CONRAD

Selected and arranged by M. Harriet M. Capes.

12mo, full original dark green cloth. London: Andrew Melrose, Ltd., 1915.

First edition.

The first blank flyleaf is inscribed:

Oswalds.
Joseph Conrad
1924.

This edition of the first anthology of Conrad's writings was suppressed after publication for infringement of copyright.

[241] WISDOM AND BEAUTY FROM CONRAD
Selected and arranged by M. Harriet M. Capes.
16mo, original boards with cloth back. London: Andrew Melrose, Ltd., November, 1922.
First edition of the re-issue.
In this copy the publishers have observed the copyright regulations and have added an Acknowledgment to those publishers whose books had been drawn upon for this anthology. The first blank leaf is inscribed by the author:

Oswalds,
Joseph Conrad,
1924

[242] WISDOM AND BEAUTY FROM CONRAD
Selected and arranged by M. Harriet M. Capes.
16mo, original boards with paper labels. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1923.
First American edition.
The first blank leaf is inscribed by the author:

Oswalds,
Joseph Conrad,
1924

Printed from the English plates.

[243] AUTOGRAPH LETTERS OF CONRAD TO MISS M. HARRIET M. CAPES

Collection of seventeen autograph letters signed by Conrad addressed to Miss M. Harriet M. Capes. Each letter has been inlaid to size and the collection is bound in full levant.

Laid in is an autograph letter dated June 9, 1928, from Mrs Conrad:

. . . The seventeen letters you have in your collection were written by Joseph Conrad to Miss Harriet Capes during the twenty-five years of friendship; between 1899 and 1924. This friendship began, as many others began, through an exchange of letters. Miss Capes' brilliant intelligence interested Conrad from the first and Miss Capes he always considered as one of our most intimate friends, a friend belonging to us both together and to each separately. The letters show plainly that understanding that renders the true value of one long friendship. It seems only fitting that they should form some part of your Conrad Memorial Collection and I am quite sure that this knowledge would have pleased Miss Capes were she now living. . . .

A Set of Six was dedicated to Miss Capes.

With one or two exceptions, none of these letters has been published before. They record a very happy friendship and also in a number of instances bear on Conrad's work.

. . . I am glad you find Romance tolerable. The book has been hammered at with infinite industry and is but little the better for it. The dedication verse is Hueffer's of course. He is the poet of the team. And yet I too have seen visions. Auch! io sou pittore! But they fade, they fade, quicker alas, than life itself. . . .

. . . I am so delighted to hear that my Rem[s] in the English Review find favour in your eyes. They are indeed written for friends—and only friends will discover how unreservedly frank I am in these confidences. I lay my temperament quite bare before the world in the assurance that the world at large will never perceive the whole extent of my sincerity. And it's just as well, perhaps that it should not. . . .

. . . I regret that you don't like Victory. I regret it the more because of my respect for your judgment and my sincere affection for you. But the book is out. The milk is spilt. I won't cry. I won't even say that I regret having written the book. But I will not pretend that I care for the book myself very specially. After all, in 20 years of scribbling it's very difficult to avoid writing something silly or even something distasteful to people whose opinion is far from being indifferent to one. The press was good. The sales about the same as Chance. . . .

[244] JOSEPH CONRAD

By Hugh Walpole.

16mo, original cloth. London: Nisbet & Co., 1916.

First edition.

The first blank flyleaf contains the following inscription by the author:

To George T. Keating
With best wishes
from Hugh Walpole.
Nov. 7th '19

Also autographed on the same page: *J. Conrad.*

[245] A BOOK OF PREFACES

By H. L. Mencken.

8vo, original cloth. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1917.

First edition.

Containing critical essays: "Joseph Conrad," "Theodore Dreiser," "James Huneker," "Puritanism as a Literary Force."

The half-title to "Joseph Conrad" is inscribed by the author:

Give me Conrad and you can take all the rest. *H. L. Mencken*

Each of the three remaining half-titles also is inscribed by the author.

Laid in is an autograph letter signed by Conrad referring to his manuscript and mentioning Mencken: "Mencken has been splendid for years! Such sympathy and recognition are a great reward for one's work which has not always been easy to do."

[246] BEFORE THE WAR

By Viscount Haldane.

8vo, original cloth. London: Cassell and Company, Ltd., 1920.

First edition.

CONRAD'S OWN COPY

Signed by Conrad on the first blank leaf:

Joseph Conrad
Oswalds '20

[247] A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF JOSEPH CONRAD (1895-1920)

By Thomas J. Wise.

Small quarto, original boards, uncut. London: Printed for private circulation, 1920.

First edition.

Limited to 150 copies.

Signed in full by the famous bibliographer: *Thomas J. Wise.*

The first blank leaf is fully occupied by the following note in the handwriting of Conrad:

For G. T. Keating.
I believe very correct, and to me interesting as showing in the reproduced pp. the changes in my hand-writing from 1889 to about 1920. This note gives the latest specimen, with a broad-nibbed pen I have been using since that year. *J. Conrad*

[248] A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF JOSEPH CONRAD (1895-1921)

By Thomas J. Wise.

Small quarto, original boards, uncut. London: Printed for private circulation, 1921.

Second edition.

Revised and enlarged. Limited to 170 copies.

Signed in full: *Thomas J. Wise.*

The first blank leaf is also signed by Conrad:

Oswalds
J. Conrad
1924

[249] THE WORKS OF JOSEPH CONRAD

19 vols., large 8vo, original light brown paper boards backed with canvas, uncut. London: William Heinemann, 1921.

The set consists of 19 volumes issued to date. The set is to be complete in 20 volumes. In the first volume appears the following note:

This edition of "The Works of Joseph Conrad" printed from type that has been distributed, is limited to 750 sets, of which 720 are for sale and 30 for presentation.
This is No. 402. [Signed in his autograph] *Joseph Conrad*

with the further inscription:

This is a unique set of this edition of which every vol. has been signed at the request of Mr. George T. Keating. *J. C.*

The volumes are:

1. *Almayer's Folly—Tales of Unrest*
2. *An Outcast of the Islands*
3. *The Nigger of the Narcissus—Typhoon*
4. *Lord Jim*
5. *Youth*
6. *Romance*, also signed: *F. M. Hueffer—Ford Madox Ford*
7. *Nostromo*
8. *The Secret Agent—The Inheritors*, also signed: *F. M. Hueffer—Ford Madox Ford*
9. *A Set of Six*
10. *Under Western Eyes*
11. *A Personal Record—The Mirror of the Sea*
12. *'Twixt Land and Sea*
13. *Chance*
14. *The Shadow Line—Within the Tides*
15. *Victory*
16. *The Arrow of Gold*
17. *The Rescue*
18. *Notes on Life and Letters*
19. *The Rover*, containing a page of the original manuscript in Conrad's handwriting (not signed as it was issued after Conrad's death).

[250] LANDSCAPES OF CORSICA AND IRELAND
By A. S. Kinkead.
With Foreword by Joseph Conrad.
4pp., 8vo, original wrappers. London: The United Arts Gallery, 1921.
One of a limited issue.
First appearance of this Foreword.
It was written for a catalogue of the Paintings of A. S. Kinkead exhibited at the United Arts Gallery in November and December, 1921.

Autographed in full by the author on the front wrapper: *Joseph Conrad*

[251] LANDSCAPES OF CORSICA AND IRELAND

ORIGINAL TYPEWRITTEN MANUSCRIPT OF THIS FOREWORD

With many corrections in Conrad's handwriting and eight lines entirely in his autograph. It is marked at the head: *For Kinkie.*

[252] NOTES ON MY BOOKS

8vo, original decorative vellum boards, gilt, uncut. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1921.

First edition.

This edition was limited to two hundred and fifty autographed copies of which this is No. 5, signed in ink by the author, *Joseph Conrad.* Issued March 4, 1921, predating by approximately ten weeks the English issue, which appeared on May 19, 1921, and which was printed from the American plates. With the following autograph inscription by the author:

Signed for G. T. Keating with my thanks for his expressed affection for this little book. *J. Conrad*

This is the first collection of the Author's Notes written, for the most part, for the first collected editions in England and America.

[253] NOTES ON MY BOOKS

8vo, original board, vellum back, gilt, uncut. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1921.

First edition.

This edition was limited to two hundred and fifty autographed copies of which this is No. 167 signed in ink by the author, *Joseph Conrad.*

PRESENTATION COPY TO MRS. CONRAD

The first blank leaf contains the following inscription in the handwriting of the author:

Dear Jessie's copy
1921

and on the same page Mrs. Conrad has written:

I owe the possession of this copy to the merest chance and only the fact that an old friend borrowed it within a few hours of my ownership enabled me to keep it. We had on the day it was signed an unexpected visit from an old Polish friend—and I was called upon as usual to forego my prize. Conrad's exasperation when he heard it was not even in the house was impressive but my book remained mine, and I add it to your collection in real friendship. *Sincerely yours,*
Jessie Conrad

[254] NOTES ON MY BOOKS

8vo, original boards, vellum back, uncut. London: William Heinemann, 1921.

First English edition.

This edition was limited to two hundred and fifty copies, signed and dated by the author. Printed in America by Doubleday, Page & Co., and bound in London by Heinemann. Issued on May 19, 1921.

With the following autograph inscription by the author:

Both sets belong to the same edition, printed in Garden City. This is a copy of the 250 apportioned to England. *Joseph Conrad*

[255] JOSEPH CONRAD. HIS ROMANTIC-REALISM
By Ruth M. Stauffer.
12mo, original cloth, paper label. Boston: The Four Seas Co., 1922.
First edition.
Autographed on the first page:

To a fellow lover of Conrad
With the compliments of
Ruth M. Stauffer

Beneath which Conrad has added his signature: *J. Conrad.*

[256] A HUGH WALPOLE ANTHOLOGY
Selected by the Author.
With a Note by Joseph Conrad.
Frontispiece portrait. 18mo, original cloth. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1922.
First edition.
The first page contains the following inscription by Conrad:

An anthology should speak for itself. . . . Joseph Conrad

On the title-page the following inscription by Hugh Walpole:

Conrad is right—An anthology should speak for itself. This one doesn't altogether because my prose has never been anything to rave over. The best thing here I fancy is Jeremy's Merry-go Round. *Hugh Walpole,*
Jan. 26. 27.

[257] JOSEPH CONRAD IN THE EAST
By Richard Curle.
Small quarto, stitched. London: Privately printed for the Author, July, 1922.

First edition.

Limited to twenty-one copies.

Signed by the author on the title-page, *Richard Curle*, and further inscribed as follows:

When Conrad first saw the MS of this essay, he was far from pleased with it. Later, when I had adopted some of his suggestions, he became mollified. The story is told for all to read in my volume of Conrad's letters. *Richard Curle,*
July 1928.

Also signed on the title-page, *J. Conrad.*

[258] JOSEPH CONRAD IN THE EAST

THE CORRECTED TYPESCRIPT OF THE ARTICLE BY RICHARD CURLE, DELETED AND CORRECTED THROUGHOUT IN CONRAD'S AUTOGRAPH

Consisting of 13pp., quarto, and numbered 2–10, 13–14, 20–21. Signed at the end: *Richard Curle.*

Besides the corrections of text, Conrad has written many little notes to the author in regard to various boats mentioned. At the bottom of p. 13 he says, *Do try to keep the damned sea out if you can. My interests are terrestrial after all.* Again at the bottom of p. 14 he has written, *My dear, I have always tried to avoid eloquence, a thing contemptible in itself.*

[259] SHANDYGAFF

By Christopher Morley.

8vo, original boards. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1922.

First edition.

FROM CONRAD'S LIBRARY

Presentation copy with the following inscription on the first blank leaf:

This little book, written several years ago by an ill-disciplined youngster, is now—though with private hesitation and reluctance, much of it being so very juvenile, signed by the author with all honest sentiments of affection and respect

for Joseph Conrad

it being understood that if the book should reach him, he will read only pages 238–245 where the vanishing youth who wrote it may, by genuine and honorable enthusiasm, have been lifted a little nearer truth.

January 1923. *Christopher Morley*

The pages referred to are those of a chapter on Conrad. The running head reads "The Skipper," but is corrected in Morley's autograph to read correctly, "The Master." There is another correction on p. 239.

[260] INWARD HO!

By Christopher Morley.

12mo, original cloth. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1923.

First edition.

FROM CONRAD'S LIBRARY

Presentation copy with the following inscription on the first page in the handwriting of the author:

This little "airy citadel" goes over the horizon and the slopes of many longitudes to Joseph and Jessie Conrad with love and gratitude from Christopher Morley and though this copy is specially fortunate in its destination, yet every other carries also, and not humbly, its testimony of allegiance!

October 29, 1923.

[261] CONRAD AND THE REPORTERS

By Christopher Morley.

16mo, original boards. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1923.

First edition.

Edition limited to 850 copies.

With the following inscription by the author:

For George T. Keating
in memory of J. C. K.
this is signed by one of the reporters—
Christopher Morley

[262] JOSEPH CONRAD

AN APPRECIATION

By Ernst Bendz.

8vo, original wrappers. Gothenburg: N. J. Gumpert, 1923.

First edition.

Limited to five hundred copies printed in English although published in Sweden.

The first blank leaf is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

[263] BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS BY CONRAD IN THE LIBRARY OF JOHN QUINN

8vo, original paper wrappers. New York: The Anderson Galleries, 1923.

The Conrad section of the Quinn Catalogue. With the items priced.

Autographed by Conrad on the front cover: *Joseph Conrad.*

[264] BRITAIN'S LIFEBOATS

THE STORY OF A CENTURY OF HEROIC SERVICE

By Major A. J. Dawson.

With a Foreword by Joseph Conrad.

8vo, original cloth, original dust wrappers. London: Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., 1923.

First edition.

The first blank flyleaf contains Conrad's bold signature: *Joseph Conrad.*

Inserted is a 2p. autograph letter signed by Conrad dated May 26, 1920, addressed to his literary agent, J. B. Pinker, on personal matters.

[265] ADVENTURE IN THE NIGHT

By Warrington Dawson.

With a Foreword by Joseph Conrad.

12mo, original cloth, original dust wrappers. London, T. Fisher Unwin, 1924.

The Foreword by Conrad is in the form of a letter reprinted in full.

[266] INVENI PORTUM

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

Large crown 8vo, original pale blue printed wrappers. Cleveland, Ohio: The Rowfant Club, 1924.

First edition.

The edition consisted of 157 copies.

Handsomely, as he who lay in it might well have said, they lowered the coffin down. The priest had left his Latin and said a prayer or two in English, and I was glad of it, for English surely was the speech the Master Mariner most loved, and honoured in the loving with new graces of his own.

The voyage was over and the great spirit rested from its toil, safe in the English earth that he had dreamed of as a child in far Ukrainia. A gleam of sun lit up the red brick houses of the town. It fell upon the tower of the cathedral, turning it into a great, glowing beacon pointing to the sky. The trees moved gently in the breeze, and in the fields the ripening corn was undulating softly, just as the waves waft in on an atoll in the Pacific, with a light swishing sound. All was well chosen for his resting-place, and so we left him with his sails all duly furled, ropes flemished down, and with the anchor holding truly in the kind Kentish earth, until the Judgment Day. The gulls will bring him tidings as they fly past above his grave, with their wild voices, if he should weary for the sea and the salt smell of it.

[267] JOSEPH CONRAD

A PERSONAL REMEMBRANCE

By Ford Madox Ford.

8vo, original cloth. London: Duckworth & Co., 1924.

First edition.

The first blank leaf and the half-title page are occupied by the following inscription entirely in the autograph of Ford Madox Ford:

". . . *Rather on the small side, his shoulders very broad, his arms long, the short beard and the hair very black, the teeth very white, the voice very deep, when his attention was really aroused, he used to insert an eye-glass in his left eye and scrutinized you very closely.* . . .

"*And he said insistently to me:*

"'*My dear it is—our profession—a true dog's life.* . . . *You will write and write. And no one—no soul in the world will understand either what you mean or what it has cost in pains, blood, and sweat. And you shall know fasting and cold at night for want of clothes and bitter viands and sleep haunted by regret.*'"

[*Translated from the French of the inscription.*] *F. M. F.*

"I do not think that any man can have been more intimate than myself with Joseph Conrad—at any rate with Joseph Conrad as writer, and I think that this was the highest privilege of my life. . . . He was the noblest human being I have ever known; he had a peculiar rectitude which is expressed by the Anglicism 'ship-shape' and that whether in words or in his activities, from sailing of ships to harnessing phrases. He knew the English language relatively ill and I have seen him suffer really physical agony in the attempt to get the right word—but always and always and always he did get the right word before he completed his job of work. He carried that principle all through life. In spite of being a very nervous man, he was a seaman of great efficiency and extraordinary daring. He had the same job as Hudson or as Drake—great gentleman adventurers, and he had the same job as the Elizabethan writers—the great poets. In both he surpassed. He lived in the era of sails and of romance, both of which have passed away and he lived in it very splendidly."

From a speech delivered at the Seaman's Church Institute, Joseph Conrad Memorial, New York, November 3, MCMXXVI.

For Mr. George T. Keating *Ford Madox Ford*

On the end-papers Mr. Ford has written out in his handwriting the translation of the opposite page written in French quoted above. Laid in is a typewritten translation of the Appendix, originally printed in French, together with the comments of the translator, Frances Colbourne.

[268] JOSEPH CONRAD

A BRIEF CHRONICLE

12mo, original wrappers. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1924.

First edition.

The cover is signed in full: *Joseph Conrad.*

The frontispiece is a caricature by a European artist. Beneath the portrait Conrad has written in his autograph: *He has never seen me, to my knowledge, at least.* *J. C*

[269] JOSEPH CONRAD'S LAST DAY

By Richard Curle.

12mo, original wrappers, uncut. London: Privately printed, 1924.

First edition.

Limited to 100 copies.

Presentation copy from the author inscribed on the half-title:

George T. Keating
from
R. C.
10/12/24

and bearing the further inscription:

This little essay, remodeled, forms the final chapter to my book, "The Last Twelve Years of Joseph Conrad." *Richard Curle, July 1928*

[270] PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOSEPH CONRAD

By Jessie Conrad.

12mo, original cloth. London: Privately printed, 1924.

First edition.

Limited to 100 copies, of which this is No. 6, signed in ink: *Jessie Conrad.*

Presentation copy with the following inscription on the first blank leaf:

Dear Mr. Keating:

This little book, written some months before the death of Joseph Conrad, was read and approved of by him. It was intended to form part of a collection of recollections covering nearly thirty years of our life together. Other little incidents recalled to my memory may be recorded later. *Jessie Conrad, 1924*

Inserted is a 4p. autograph letter signed by Mrs. Conrad mentioning this book, together with two informal and unpublished snapshots of Conrad in his garden at Bishopsbourne.

[271] CONRAD

A RECORD

Large folio, bound in full levant by the French Binders.
Under the front cover appears a proof copy of the Walter Tittle drawing.
There is inlaid under the rear cover a portrait of Mrs. Conrad, inscribed:

To Mr. and Mrs. Keating,
with Hearty Christmas Greetings
from Jessie Conrad, 1926

This book is a record of the later years of Conrad. There have been preserved and gelatined clippings from the various New York papers recounting his visit to the United States in May, 1923, and there are also preserved and gelatined notices from the principal New York and London papers of his death in August, 1924. There are also preserved photographs, portraits, informal and unpublished snapshots, a full collection of the frontispieces for the Concord Edition, and a complete list of the plates of the frontispieces in the Memorial Edition. For this latter, the Conrad Memorial Library supplied ten of the twenty-one originals. Also included are all the Introductions to the Memorial Edition and hundreds of pictures and

clippings of the novelist. The collection is source material of the history of his last days.

[272] MARCEL PROUST
AN ENGLISH TRIBUTE
By Joseph Conrad, Arnold Bennett, etc.
Collected by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff.
8vo, original boards, vellum back, gilt top, uncut. London: Chatto & Windus, 1924.
First edition.
Large paper edition limited to 150 copies of which this is No. 51.
The first blank leaf is inscribed:

Oswalds
Joseph Conrad
1924.

Conrad's contribution to this collection is on three pages (126-128) and is entitled—"Proust as Creator." The compiler explains that this is an extract from a letter of Conrad's to him in response to his request for an article to be included in this volume.

[273] JOSEPH CONRAD: THE MAN
By Elbridge L. Adams.
A BURIAL IN KENT
By John Sheridan Zelie.
With a frontispiece portrait after an etching by Muirhead Bone. 8vo, original decorative boards, cloth back, gilt top,

uncut. New York: The Printing House of William Edwin Rudge, 1925.

First edition.

Edition designed by Bruce Rogers, limited to 485 copies.

[274] THE PERSONALITY OF JOSEPH CONRAD

By Richard Curle.

8vo, original wrappers. London: Privately printed, 1925.

First edition.

Limited to 100 copies. Privately reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review* of January, 1925.

Presentation copy from the author, with the following inscription on the front wrapper:

George T. Keating
from
R. C. 30/1/25

The recto of the cover contains the following inscription:

This essay, much changed, forms one of the chapters of "The Last Twelve Years of Joseph Conrad." *Richard Curle*
July 1928

[275] FIVE LETTERS BY JOSEPH CONRAD

WRITTEN TO EDWARD NOBLE IN 1895

Foreword by Edward Noble.

8vo, original pale brown paper wrappers, uncut. London: Privately printed, 1925.

First edition.

[276] NOTES BY JOSEPH CONRAD IN A SET OF HIS FIRST EDITIONS

IN THE POSSESSION OF RICHARD CURLE

With Introduction and explanatory notes, and a Preface by Jessie Conrad.

8vo, original light buckram boards with paper label. London: Privately printed, 1925.

An edition of only 100 copies was printed, of which this is No. 3, all of which were signed by Richard Curle.

The first blank leaf contains the following inscription:

These books are now, alas, scattered to the four winds. *Richard Curle,*
July 1928.

[277] JOSEPH CONRAD AU CONGO

D'Après des Documents Inédits.

Par G. Jean-Aubry.

8vo, original wrappers, uncut. Paris: Extrait du Mercure de France, 1925.

First edition.

No. 5 of 50 copies signed by the author.

The following inscription on the half-title:

To George T. Keating
in addition to his Conrad Collection.
With kind regards
G. Jean-Aubry

Inlaid facing p. 18 is a 3p. autograph letter signed by Conrad dated April 11, 1890. It is written from Kazimierowka (in Polish Ukraine) and is addressed to M. Albert Thys, Managing

Director of the Société Anonyme Belge Pour le Commerce Du Haut-Congo, in Brussels. In this letter Conrad wishes to keep the Managing Director informed of his movements in Russia and advising he will be in Brussels by April 30th, and will report without loss of time at the offices of the Société Du Haut-Congo in order to learn what their decision is in regard to his appointment to a steamer on the Congo.
Written in French, together with a later typewritten translation in English.

[278] JOSEPH CONRAD IN THE CONGO
By G. Jean-Aubry.
8vo, original buckram, uncut. London: The Bookman's Journal Office, 1926.
First English edition.
Limited to 470 copies of which this is No. 388, and signed by the author, *G. Jean-Aubry.*
Also inscribed by the author:

To George T. Keating
that account of one of the most
important chapters of the life
of Conrad.
From the Author,
G. Jean-Aubry

Sept. 1927.
Inlaid facing p. 30 is a 2p. autograph letter signed by Conrad in French addressed to the Société Belge du Haut-Congo. It is dated London, December 27, 1889. The translation from the

French is also laid in. The editor, G. Jean-Aubry, has reproduced the original letter in facsimile facing p. 35.

[279] JOSEPH CONRAD IN THE CONGO
By G. Jean-Aubry.
8vo, original buckram, uncut. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1926.
First American edition.
Limited to 470 copies, of which this is No. 120, and signed by the author, *G. Jean-Aubry.*
With the following further inscription:

To George T. Keating
the happy possessor of the Congo letters.
With the author's kind regards—G. J-A.

Inlaid facing p. 67 is the original letter written by Camille Delcommuné, the Manager of the Société Anonyme Belge pour le Commerce du Haut-Congo station. It is dated Stanley Falls, September 6, 1890, and addressed to Monsieur Conrad Korzeniowski, Captain: "I beg herewith to ask you to take command of the SS. *Roi des Belges* from this date until the recovery of Captain Koch. Believe me," etc. (signed.) This proves quite conclusively that Conrad was actually in command twice in his career, and is contrary to what Marlow says in "Heart of Darkness"—"was only acting as Mate"—it is certainly in the capacity of Captain that he brought the steamer back from Stanley Falls to Pool, as evidenced by this original letter. Conrad further confirms this in "Geography and Some Explorers,"

SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME BELGE
pour
COMMERCE DU HAUT CONGO

Bureaux : 9, rue Bréderode.

ADRESSE TÉLÉGRAPHIQUE
Kassaï - Bruxelles

N° 62 A

ANNEXE

Stanley-Falls le 6 [illegible] 1880

Monsieur Conrad Korzeniowski
Capitaine

J'ai l'honneur de vous prier de bien vouloir prendre en date de ce jour et jusqu'au rétablissement du Capitaine Cock, le Commandement du Steamer "Roi des Belges".

Veuillez agréer Monsieur, l'assurance de ma Considération distinguée

Le Directeur adjoint

[illegible]

p. 31 of the first edition, when he writes: "Yet it is a fact that, about eighteen years afterwards, a wretched little stern-wheel steamboat I commanded lay moored to the bank of an African river." The letter by M. Delcommuné is reproduced on p. 431.

[280] NOTES ON JOSEPH CONRAD

WITH SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

By Arthur Symons.

With frontispiece portrait of Conrad. Square 8vo, original boards. London: Myers & Co., 1925.

First edition.

Autographed on the half-title page:

Arthur Symons
June 5, 1928

[281] NOTES ON JOSEPH CONRAD

WITH SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

By Arthur Symons.

Square 8vo, original boards, with linen back. London: Myers & Co., 1926.

Edition de luxe, limited to 250 copies.

Autographed on the first blank leaf:

To George Keating
from
Arthur Symons,
June 5, 1928.

The book was a gift from the author.

[282] A TALK WITH JOSEPH CONRAD

A CRITICISM OF HIS MIND AND METHOD

By R. L. Megroz.

12mo, original boards. London: Elkin Mathews, Ltd., 1926.

First edition.

With an inscription on the half-title page:

With Greetings to a Fellow-Enthusiast!
R. L. Megroz,
August, 1928

[283] JOSEPH CONRAD AS I KNEW HIM

By Jessie Conrad.

12mo, original cloth. London: William Heinemann, Ltd., 1926.

First edition.

This is an enlarged and revised version of the privately printed *Personal Recollections of Joseph Conrad* (No. 270). It contains a short introduction by Richard Curle.

A presentation copy from the author:

To George T. Keating
With very friendly regards and remembrances
from—Jessie Conrad.
September, 1926.

[284] JOSEPH CONRAD AS I KNEW HIM

By Jessie Conrad.

12mo, original cloth New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1926.

First American edition.

The first blank leaf contains the following inscription:

To George Keating
With every good wish
Jessie Conrad—1927

[285] LETTERS TO CONRAD

12 vols., 8vo to 16mo, original wrappers, in board portfolio, buckram back. London: The First Edition Club, 1926.

First appearance in print of these letters.

The edition is limited to 220 copies.

This book was a gift from Mrs. Conrad and contains the following inscription:

To George Keating,
In grateful friendship and good
will from his friend
Jessie Conrad,
1927

A collection of twelve pamphlets, eleven of which contain the first printings of letters to Conrad, and the twelfth an introduction to these by G. Jean-Aubry. Two letters from George Gissing, two letters from Stephen Crane, four letters from Edward Garnett, a letter from Rudyard Kipling, three letters from Henry James, a letter from Arnold Bennett, and others. All these contain remarkable tributes to Conrad's genius from the foremost literary men of his generation.

[286] JOSEPH CONRAD'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE

Large square 8vo, original limp imitation morocco binding London: Privately printed, 1927.

First edition.

The edition is limited to 220 copies, of which this is No. 57, signed by Mrs. Conrad.

The first blank leaf contains the following inscription:

To George Keating with warm gratitude for many kindnesses. I am glad to know that he holds the originals of these letters. *Jessie Conrad*
1928

The letters are thirty-six in number.

[287] JOSEPH CONRAD'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE

Inlaid to size, interleaved with the printed pages extracted from *Joseph Conrad's Letters to His Wife,* and bound in full levant.

The original thirty-six autograph letters written by Conrad to Mrs. Conrad between 1916 and 1924. These cover nearly the whole of the correspondence that ever passed between them. These intimate letters, very few of which are included in G Jean-Aubry's *Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters,* mainly cover the period when Joseph Conrad was in the North Sea with the British Navy and also when he made his visit to America in 1923. A number of well-known people and friends are mentioned in this correspondence. The letters extend from two to eight pages and include the thirty-six letters published in the preceding item and in addition two letters that have never been published.

There are also laid in five letters from Mrs. Conrad to Joseph Conrad.

[288] THE RICHARD CURLE CONRAD COLLECTION

With thirty facsimile reproductions. Royal 8vo, original wrappers. New York: American Art Association, Inc., 1927.

Sold Thursday, April 28, 1927.

Priced throughout.

With the following inscription on the first blank leaf:

I confess that I feel a sort of vain regret on looking at this catalog—it makes me more than ever glad that I did not part with all my Conrad library.

Richard Curle,
September 1928

[289] JOSEPH CONRAD: LIFE AND LETTERS

By G. Jean-Aubry.

Two volumes, royal 8vo, original dark blue cloth. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1927.

First edition.

Published September 16, 1927.

The first half-title page is inscribed:

To George T. Keating
with kind regards
from the author
G. Jean-Aubry
London,
Oct. 10, 1927

There is laid in facing p. 79, Vol. I, one of the earliest autograph letters of Conrad in English. It was written on September 27, 1885, aboard the SS. *Tilkhurst* at Singapore

27th September 1885.
Ship "Tilkhurst"
Singapore.

Dear Sir.

According to Your kind ex-
pressed wish and my promise
I hasten to acquaint You
with my safe arrival here. —
This globe accomplished almost
half a revolution since I parted
from You in the station at
Cardiff; and Old Father Time
always diligent in his business
has put his eraser over many
men, things and memories;
yet I defy him to obliterate
ever from my mind and heart
the recollection of kindness You
and yours have shown to a
stranger, on the strength of a
distant national connection
I fear I have not expressed
adequately to your wife and
yourself all my gratitude;
I do not pretend to do so now,
for in my (my case) the heart is full

and is addressed to Mr. Spiridion Kliszczewski. The letter follows:

According to your kindly expressed wish and my promise, I hasten to acquaint you with my safe arrival here.

This globe accomplished almost half a revolution since I parted from you in the station at Cardiff: and old Father Time always diligent in his business has put his eraser over many men, things and memories: yet I defy him to obliterate ever from my mind and heart the recollection of the kindness you and yours have shown to a stranger, on the strength of a distant national connection. I fear I have not expressed adequately to your wife and yourself all my gratitude: I do not pretend to do so now, for in my case when the heart is full the words are scarce, and the more so the more intense is the feeling I wish to express.

I am in hopes of receiving a letter from you some time next month. Besides a natural desire to be assured of your and your family's welfare I await with anxiety the news of your father's health. We had a very fine passage, and my health is comparatively good.

Not wishing to take up more of your valuable time I shall bring this letter to a close, reserving any further intelligence that may be worth communicating for my next. In answer to yours, I hope.

My compliments to Mme Kliszczewska and a hearty handshake all round for the boys.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Yours gratefully and faithfully,
CONRAD N. KORZENIOWSKI

This letter is printed in full, Vol. I, p. 79.
There are further laid in various clippings and reviews concerning the work.
The authorized Life.

[290] JOSEPH CONRAD: LIFE AND LETTERS
By G. Jean-Aubry.
Two volumes, royal 8vo, original cloth. London: William Heinemann, Ltd., 1927.
First English edition.

Published October 27, 1927.
Volume I is inscribed:

To George T. Keating—
the result of ten years of
friendship and of three
years of devotion to his
memory.
G. Jean-Aubry

Volume II is inscribed:

With my kindest regards,
G. Jean-Aubry
London 1927

There is printed in Vol. II, p. 288, a long letter from Conrad to me containing the following interesting passage concerning H. L. Mencken and his allusions to his Slavic ancestry:

. . . Mencken's vigour is astonishing. It is like an electric current. In all he writes there is a crackle of blue sparks like those one sees in a dynamo house amongst revolving masses of metal that give you a sense of enormous hidden power. For that is what he has. Dynamic power. When he takes up a man he snatches him away and fashions him into something that (in my case) he is pleased with—luckily for me, because had I not pleased him he would have torn me limb from limb. Whereas as it is he exalts me almost above the stars. It makes me giddy. But who could quarrel with such generosity, such vibrating sympathy and with a mind so intensely alive? What, however, surprises me is that a personality so genuine in its sensations, so independent in judgment, should now and then condescend to mere parrot talk; for his harping on my Slavonism is only that. I wonder what meaning he attaches to the word? Does he mean by it primitive natures fashioned by a Byzantine theological conception of life, with an inclination to perverted mysticism? Then it cannot possibly apply to me. Racially I belong to a group which has historically a political past, with a Western Roman culture derived at first from Italy and then from France; and a rather Southern temperament; an outpost of Westernism with a Roman tradition, situated between Slavo-Tartar Byzantine barbarism on one side and

the German tribes on the other; resisting both influences desperately and still remaining true to itself to this very day. I went out into the world before I was seventeen, to France and England, and in neither country did I feel myself a stranger for a moment: neither as regards ideas, sentiments, nor institutions. If he means that I have been influenced by so-called Slavonic literature then he is utterly wrong. I suppose he means Russian; but as a matter of fact I never knew Russian. The few novels I have read I have read in translation. Their mentality and their emotionalism have been always repugnant to me, hereditarily and individually. Apart from Polish my youth has been fed on French and English literature. While I was a boy in a great public school we were steeped in classicism to the lips, and, though our historical studies were naturally tinted with Germanism, I know that all we boys, the six hundred of us, resisted that influence with all our might, while accepting the results of German research and thoroughness. And that was only natural. I am a child, not of a savage but of a chivalrous tradition, and if my mind took a tinge from anything it was from French romanticism perhaps. It was fed on ideas, not of revolt but of liberalism of a perfectly disinterested kind, and on severe moral lessons of national misfortune. Of course I broke away early. Excess of individualism perhaps? But that, and other things, I have settled a long time ago with my conscience. I admit I was never an average, able boy. As a matter of fact, I was not able at all. In whatever I have achieved afterwards I have simply followed my instinct: the voice from inside. Mencken might have given me the credit of being just an individual somewhat out of the common, instead of ramming me into a category, which proceeding, anyhow, is an exploded superstition.

This outburst is provoked, of course, by dear Mencken's amazing article about me, so many-sided, so brilliant and so warm-hearted. For that man of a really ruthless mind, pitiless to all shams and common formulas, has a great generosity. My debt of gratitude to him has been growing for years, and I am glad I have lived long enough to read the latest contribution. It's enough to scare anyone into the most self-searching mood. It is difficult to believe that one has deserved all that. So that is how I appear to Mencken! Well, so be it.

What more could anyone expect! . . .

Laid in Vol. I is a 2p. autograph letter signed by Conrad to Edward Garnett. It is dated December 11, 1923, and speaks of his failing health. He says—"*Of course it will do me in the end* [his gout] *but one must go sometime.*"

[291] CONRAD AS A SHIP'S PROW

By Jessie Conrad.

In *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly.*

4to, original wrappers. London, June 25, 1927.

First printing of this article.

Inscribed:

To George Keating
with kindest regards
from
Jessie Conrad

[292] THE EDWARD GARNETT CONRAD COLLECTION

INSCRIBED BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPH MATERIAL OF JOSEPH CONRAD (AND W. H. HUDSON)

Royal 8vo, original wrappers. New York: American Art Association, Inc., 1928.

Sold April 24 and 25, 1928.

The items are priced.

The first blank leaf is inscribed by Richard Curle:

Edward Garnett was Conrad's oldest literary friend and for some thirty years the two men knew one another intimately and the friendship, which began in 1894, was only closed with Conrad's death.

[293] LETTERS TO THE COLVINS

Royal 8vo, original wrappers. New York: Anderson Galleries, 1928.

Being the sale catalogue of 104 letters sold by the Executors of the Estate of Sir Sidney Colvin, May 7, 1928.

The items are priced.

Richard Curle has written the following inscription on the first blank leaf:

Conrad had a great liking for Sir Sidney Colvin. And this seemed rather strange, because for the work of Sir Sidney's other distinguished friend, R. L. Stevenson, Conrad usually expressed considerable contempt. *Richard Curle,*
July 1928

The letters from Conrad comprise Nos. 70–174, a most splendid series of letters, of which only fifteen were previously published in G. Jean-Aubry's *Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters.*

[294] THE SISTERS

With an introduction by Ford Madox Ford.

Large 8vo, original boards. New York: Crosby Gaige, 1928. *First edition.*

One of 926 copies on hand-made paper printed by Bruce Rogers at the press of William Edwin Rudge.

The Introduction has been signed in full: *Ford Madox Ford.*

The first edition of an unfinished story by Joseph Conrad. It was commenced in 1896, but Conrad put it aside in accordance with his custom of postponing a piece of writing when another presented itself with a more urgent appeal. Conrad turned from *The Sisters* to *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, fully intending to finish the first, but never doing so. During those years Conrad was closely associated with Ford Madox Ford (Hueffer), his friend and collaborator. Ford has written a splendid and illuminating Introduction to the book and gives his

recollection of Conrad's account of the problem he had set himself in the story.

Inserted is a 3p. autograph letter signed by Conrad dated December 7, 1896, addressed to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, and referring to Sir Roger Casement. The letter is unpublished.

The Introduction is the article entitled "Tiger, Tiger" listed under No. 295, revised and enlarged. At the end of the Introduction Mr. Ford has written:

Ford Madox Ford
16th April 1929
for
George T. Keating

[295] THE SISTERS

In the *Bookman.*

4to, original wrappers. New York, January, 1928.

First appearance in any form.

Ford Madox Ford's article immediately follows the text of "The Sisters" and is titled, "Tiger, Tiger."

The beginning of the article is autographed:

For George T. Keating,
Ford Madox Ford,
July 1928

[296] LETTERS FROM JOSEPH CONRAD—1895–1924

Edited with Introduction and Notes by Edward Garnett.

8vo, original cloth. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill Co., 1928.

First edition.

First publication of the most interesting series of letters written by Conrad yet published. Many of the originals of these letters appear in this library.
The first blank leaf is inscribed:

September 25, 1928
George T. Keating
in recognition of his aims.
Edward Garnett

[297] LETTERS FROM JOSEPH CONRAD TO EDWARD GARNETT—1895–1924
Edited with Introduction and Notes by Edward Garnett. With two portraits. London: Nonesuch Press, Bloomsbury, W. C., 1928.
First English edition.
This edition is limited to 920 copies, of which this is No. 539.
The first blank leaf is inscribed:

September 1928
To George T. Keating
Greetings!
Edward Garnett.

[298] A CONRAD LIBRARY
A Catalogue of Printed Books, Manuscripts and Autograph Letters by Joseph Conrad, Collected by Thomas James Wise. Portrait. Facsimiles of title-pages, autographs, etc. 4to, original buckram, uncut. London: Printed for private circulation only, 1928.
First edition.

One of 180 copies.
The first blank leaf contains the following inscription:

For George Keating
from
Thos. J. Wise.

The book was a gift from Mr. Wise.

[299] LETTERS FROM JOSEPH CONRAD TO RICHARD CURLE
Edited with Introduction and Notes by Richard Curle.
Large 8vo, original cloth and boards. New York: Crosby Gaige, 1928.
First edition.
This edition is limited to 850 copies, all on hand-made paper, printed at the press of William Edwin Rudge; typography by Bruce Rogers.
The first blank leaf contains the following:

Signed for
George T. Keating
by his friend
Richard Curle,
1928

There is inserted an original 4p. autograph letter signed by Conrad addressed to Richard Curle dated January 7, 1914; it refers to the sympathetic understanding displayed by Richard Curle in his first book on Conrad, which had just been published. The letter is printed in full on p. 10.

[300] LETTERS TO A FRIEND

150 SELECTED LETTERS FROM JOSEPH CONRAD TO RICHARD CURLE

Edited with Introduction and Notes by R. C.

8vo, original cloth. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., 1928.

First regular American edition.

Published October 23, 1928, about one month later than the first edition (No. 299).

The first blank leaf contains the following inscription:

The introduction, the notes and the text are all to some extent different from those in the Crosby Gaige edition. This book, in short, represents the final form of the work.

Richard Curle,
October 1928

[301] LETTERS TO A FRIEND

150 SELECTED LETTERS FROM JOSEPH CONRAD TO RICHARD CURLE

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by R. C.

8vo, original black cloth. London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., Ltd., 1928.

With facsimile inserted.

First English edition.

Published subsequently to the Crosby Gaige edition (No. 299).

The first blank leaf contains the following inscription:

For
George T. Keating,
Richard Curle,
1929

[302] THE LAST TWELVE YEARS OF JOSEPH CONRAD

By Richard Curle.

With frontispiece and plates. 8vo, original black cloth. London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., Ltd., 1928.

First edition.

Inserted at the commencement of the volume is an autograph letter signed by Conrad addressed to Richard Curle relating to the manuscript of the *Torrens*, and to the publication of pamphlets, etc. The letter is unpublished.

The first blank leaf contains the following inscription by the author:

George T. Keating
from his friend
Richard Curle,
October 1928

The book was a gift from the author.

[303] THE LAST TWELVE YEARS OF JOSEPH CONRAD

By Richard Curle.

With frontispiece and plates. 8vo, original blue cloth. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., 1928.

First American edition.

Published on October 23, 1928, about four weeks later than the first edition (No. 302).

The first blank leaf contains the following inscription:

My chief wish in this book was to convey an accurate picture of Conrad as he really was. How far my portrait is partial and how far just his friends may decide. But this is the Conrad I knew. *Richard Curle, 1928*

[304] MARRIAGE

A FRAGMENT OF AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF CONRAD

Consisting of three folio pages entirely in Conrad's handwriting.

Even to the dullest of men marrying is for the most part an imaginative act. I mean marrying as a step in life sanctioned by law, custom, and that general consent of mankind which is the hall-mark of every irrational institution. By irrational I do not mean wrong or stupid or simply noxious, and as either of these three things despicable. On the contrary; marriage is august by the magnitude of the issues it involves balancing peace and strife on the fine point of a natural impulse refined by the need of a tangible ideal. I am not speaking here of mere domestic peace or strife which for people that count are a question of manners and mode of life. And I am thinking of the peace mostly—the peace of the soul which yearns for some sort of certitude on this earth, the peace of the heart which yearns for conquest, the peace of the senses that dread deception, the peace of the imaginative faculty which in its restless quest of a high place of rest is spurred on by these great desires and that great fear.

And even Edward Burden's imagination is moved by these very desires and by that fear—or else he would not have dreamt of marrying. I repeat marriage is an imaginative institution. It's true that his imagination is a poor thing, but it is genuine nevertheless. That faculty of which I speak is of one kind in all of us. The differences are only differences of degree. Not to everyone is given that depth of feeling, that faculty of absolute trust which *will not* be deceived and the resulting masterfulness of the senses which are the marks of a fearless lover. Fearless lovers are rare if obstinate and sensual fools are countless as the grains of sand by the seashore. I can imagine that correct young man perfectly capable of setting himself deliberately to worry a distracted girl into surrender. Lack of imagination alone can betray a man into that sort of baseness of which some men may be proud in secret. And his lack of imagination is great if I am to judge by his slowness in making his choice. The dullest creature has the instinct of self-preservation. But there are men who carry their safety within themselves.

I am afraid it would be some vanity on my part to think I could add anything to Mr. Conrad's memory by way of literature. However, as an avid reader of everything he has written and as one under obligation for many hours of great pleasure, I would be glad to support any memorial to his memory.

HERBERT HOOVER

[From a letter to the Conrad Memorial Room Committee of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York City.]

At eight-thirty o'clock in the morning of August 3, 1924, Joseph Conrad "smiled to his visions and died."

In my copy of the first edition of *Youth*, H. L. Mencken has written the following tribute:

I have written my share about Conrad, but now, contemplating him dead, I hesitate to write. There was in him something of the monumental character of Beethoven—something almost suggesting the vastness of a natural phenomenon. He transcended all the rules. There have been, perhaps, greater novelists, but I believe that he was incomparably the greatest artist who ever wrote a novel.

A tower has fallen; a star has set!

—Moorish Proverb.

THIS BOOK IS SET IN MONOTYPE GARAMONT AND PRINTED ON WHITE LINWEAVE TEXT BY R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS COMPANY; DESIGNED BY AND MADE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF W. A. KITTREDGE; FIRST PUBLISHED IN AN EDITION OF 501 COPIES OF WHICH 425 ARE FOR SALE, AND OF WHICH THIS IS NO. 204

A
CONRAD
MEMORIAL
LIBRARY
✡
KEATING